Collier's

TEN CENTS

AUGUST 19, 1944

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London Fights the Robots

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

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Self-Imposed Discipline

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In his befuddled mind, Adolph Hitler fallaciously thought that, because Americans were free men, they constituted an undisciplined and chaotic mob.

Hitler overlooked the capacity of lovers of liberty, in voluntary association with their fellow citizens, to discipline themselves.

It is this self-imposed discipline which enables every thrifty American to save as seed corn part of each year's earnings.

This same forbearance, in creating savings which leave unconsumed part of each year's production, provides the superior tools which aid the human worker to produce more. In recognition of his increased productivity, the worker gets, in time of peace, more and better things in exchange for a week's work.

Business management provides a creative leadership, which lifts the ability to produce of the rank and file of workers.

The competence of business management in the matter of leadership is continuously tested.

The scoreboard of efficiency is the cost sheet.

If management is wasteful and inexpert, it pays for its economic sins and weaknesses in inability to get back in the selling prices received for its products sufficient to recoup its costs.

Continuous losses inevitably lead to business mortality.

The process commonly called "the survival of the fittest" ceaselessly takes place in the business world in a competitive economic society like ours.

Through such natural selection the four-flushers and second-guessers of business are soon eliminated. They cannot find "angels" permanently to fund their deficits.

Thus the cost sheet is a powerfully effective disciplinarian.

It keeps the businessman alert, and forces him to proceed along economical and constructive lines which customers of his products will approve.

Inspired by awareness of the customer's insatiable longing for better products, Armour engages in continuous research in the broad field of packinghouse products to give customers the variety and quality of products they want and to distribute them at an ever decreasing cost. Flowing from Armour to the customer as the result of this research have been, among many other things, important items whose ingredients were once discarded as waste materials. Glue, fertilizer, cup greases, candles, paints and enamels, adhesives and plastics are products whose life begins at Armour and which testify to Armour ingenuity. In its march in the parade of progress, Armour has added to its retinue of products, not only "neo-fats" which play lead roles in industrial uses today, but also, the emergency food rations widely used by the Army and Navy.

Armour owes its continuing leadership for 76 years to its capacity to serve and please large groups of customers through succeeding generations.

G A Eastwood

President, Armour and Company

Second of a series of statements on the American system of free enterprise which makes possible such institutions for service as Armour and Company.

Buy the Best
Buy Armour's Star
Armour's
STAR
Armour's
Highest Quality
BACON
Selected Slices
1 lb net wt.
Armour and Company Gen'l Office Chicago, Ill.

America's best-tasting bacon makes this favorite supper

Use Armour's Star Bacon for this dish. And cook it according to the recipe, to get all its satisfying flavor.

Bacon and broiled peaches or any fruit are a grand-tasting combination . . . especially when you use Armour's Star Bacon.

That's because Star Bacon has so much satisfying flavor, that just a few slices make a hearty meat serving in this or any meal.

When you buy Armour's Star Bacon, this is what you get: Choice bacon, selected for its fine flavor right at the start . . . then sugar-cured by Armour's exclusive process that cuts down curl and shrinkage when you cook it . . . then slowly smoked over fragrant hickory and hardwood fires to bring out all its smooth, mellow taste.

To do justice to the flavor of Star Bacon, cook it right. That's very important. You'll find cooking instructions in the recipe below. They'll help you make sure that *all* of Star Bacon's goodness comes to your table.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

Recipe:

Armour's Star Bacon and Broiled Peaches

½ lb. Armour's Star Bacon	¼ cup sugar
2 large or 4 small peaches	1 tbsp. Cloverbloom Butter
1 tbsp. lemon juice	

Peel peaches and cut in half. Lay in flat pan and cover with a mixture of lemon juice, sugar and ½ cup water. Bake in a 350° F. oven, basting once or twice until fruit is tender (about 20 minutes). Add butter to centers of peaches and place under broiler long enough to brown edges. To cook bacon: place slices on broiler 4 inches under heat unit. Broil 2 to 3 minutes to the side. 4 servings.

You can use almost any other canned or fresh fruits in this recipe . . . because Armour's Star Bacon tastes so good with all of them. And to complete this supper, serve French fried potatoes, tossed salad, hot biscuits with Cloverbloom Butter or Mayflower Margarine blended with orange marmalade.

More Armour ideas next month to help you make the most of meat.

© ARMOUR AND COMPANY

ARMOUR
and Company

Tune in "DATELINE" Every Monday Night Over CBS. Thrilling Behind-the-Fronts Program. See Local Paper for Time.

4 billion miles now run on synthetic tires

How good are today's tires? Users' experiences give the answer

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS of B. F. Goodrich all-synthetic Silvertowns are now on the cars of essential drivers. The most conservative estimate of the distance they have run is *four billion* miles.

Parke P. Bryson of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, is just one of hundreds of car owners who have written in from every state of the union to tell of their experience with these new tires. His car is in constant use on many kinds of roads. He bought one of the first sets of all-synthetic tires. When this picture was taken, they had gone over 41,000 miles.

No tires ever made can go that far without good care, and Mr. Bryson follows the simple, well-known rules of wartime driving. And others are reporting similar results. Many have written that they have had at least as many miles as they ever got from prewar tires.

Such performance reports come from B. F. Goodrich Silvertown users because B. F. Goodrich has had more experience with synthetic rubber than any other manufacturer. No other manufacturer made and sold tires containing synthetic rubber before the war. Before any other manufacturer even *started* to sell them, those made by B. F. Goodrich had *completed* an 80-million-mile road test on the wheels of American cars. That extra experience can save you money, give you extra value in the new tires you buy today.

You may be eligible for these new tires. It's easy to find out by asking any B. F. Goodrich dealer. He'll tell you just what to do, will fill out all the papers for you, help you get a tire certificate, give you advice about recapping, repairs and other things. Ask him how to make your present tires last longer. *Ask anything and everything you want to know about tires.* Just look for a B. F. Goodrich sign. Drive in and talk it over. There's no obligation, no need to buy anything unless you wish. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

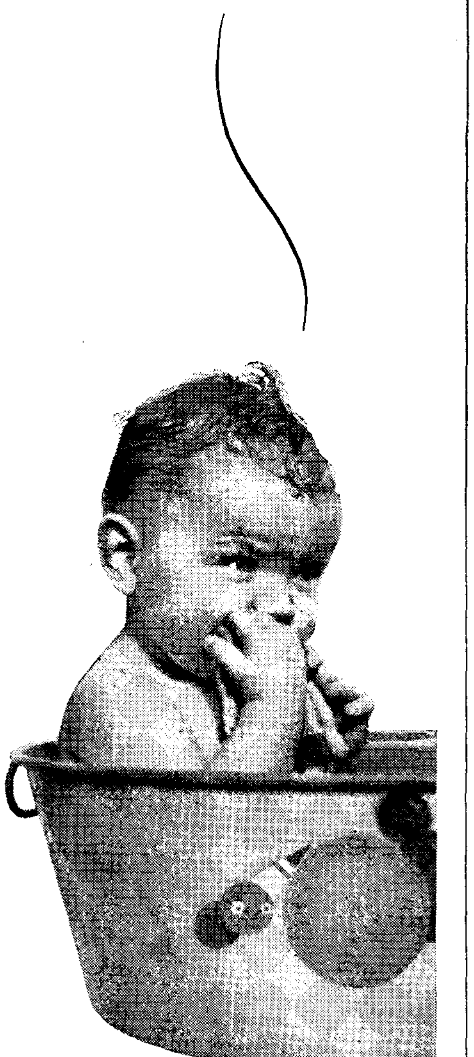
In war or peace

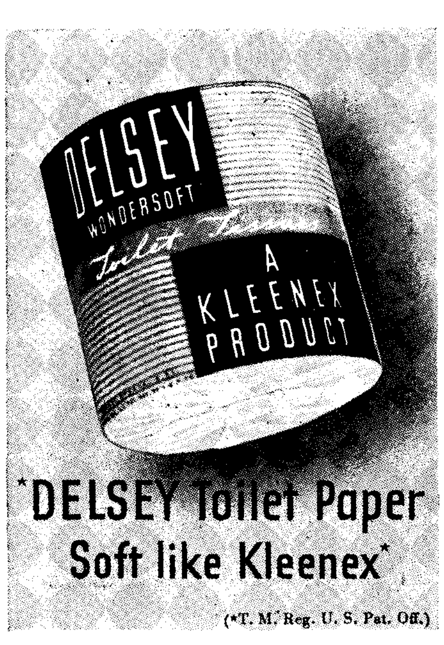
B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

Who wouldn't worry?

—no more Delsey 'til after the war!





(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Collier's

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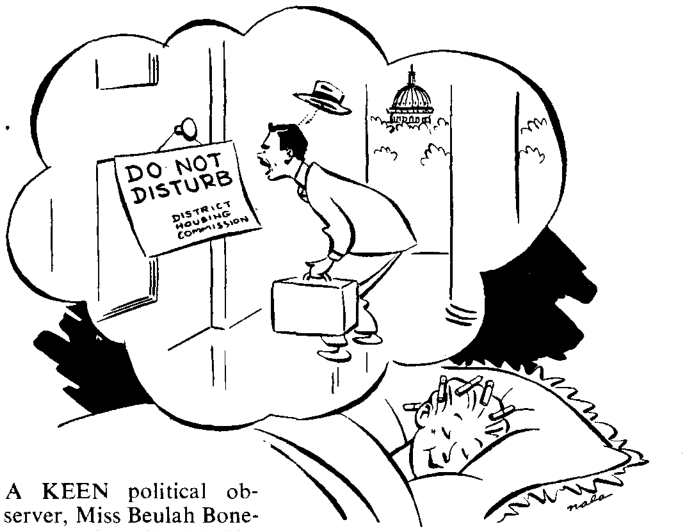
Any Week



A KEEN political observer, Miss Beulah Bonesteel of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, tells us that all the thinkers have overlooked a most important factor. It came to her in a dream. She dreamed that Dewey was elected but could not get into the White House because the Roosevelt family had appealed to the District housing commission. Just couldn't find another place to live. However, Mr. Luke Bell Knox of Richmond, Virginia, says that, with all this technological advance the war has given birth to, we ought certainly to produce a self-ejecting White House. This is strictly hot-weather stuff.

WE GOT this from a child psychologist. He was in the process of making something out of it. Maybe you can, too. It's about a Washington child whose male parent is not only old Boston Back Bay but very Harvard. The mother is equally Mississippi. So one evening the child announced that she "was going into the bawthroom and wash her haid."

AND while this one's a bit belated, it, too, is significant of something. That able journalist, Mr. James S. Pooler of Detroit was assigned on July 4th to wander the streets and parks inquiring of whom he should meet what was being celebrated on that day. Fewer than half the people he accosted had anything approximating the answer you'd expect. A gentleman at the zoo was feeding cherries to bears. Of course, you can't expect too much from a guy who feeds cherries to bears, so all he said was that July 4th was the day "when we get a lot of rest from labor." Mr. Pooler then addressed himself to a lady and gentleman and their young offspring. They consulted with each other before replying. Then the mother found the answer: "Sure, it's the baby's first Fourth of July is why we celebrate it." And the father smacked her on the back and added: "Sure, it's to celebrate the baby's first." A girl on a bicycle said sure, it was the day we won from the British, but that her heart wasn't in it, because her boy friend was in the Army. And so on. Mr. Pooler was philosophic about it. "It's probably one of the blessings of liberty," he told us. "The right to take it for granted."

A CUSTOMER in Moline, Illinois, informs us that his hogs are very fond of fried eggs but won't eat omelets. An ad in the Los Angeles Herald-Express offers a house with a "solid glass bathroom with a built-in Collier's (whatever that means) and a picturesque wine cellar that could be converted into a sewing room." And Miss Frances Hansford of Washington, D. C., reports that a Middle Western lady has written her congressman protesting against "these interminable congressional investigations when there is so much important work to do." She goes on: "Out here we have a crop to raise and harvest and we sure could use those representatives and senators and their wives in the fields." An ominous political note from a bookmaker: "I'm betting Dewey," says he. "I never did know a champ who didn't get in the ring just once too often." Mrs. Dorothy L. Freed of Studio City, California, wants to know: "What's become of the Atlantic Chowder?" . . . W. D.

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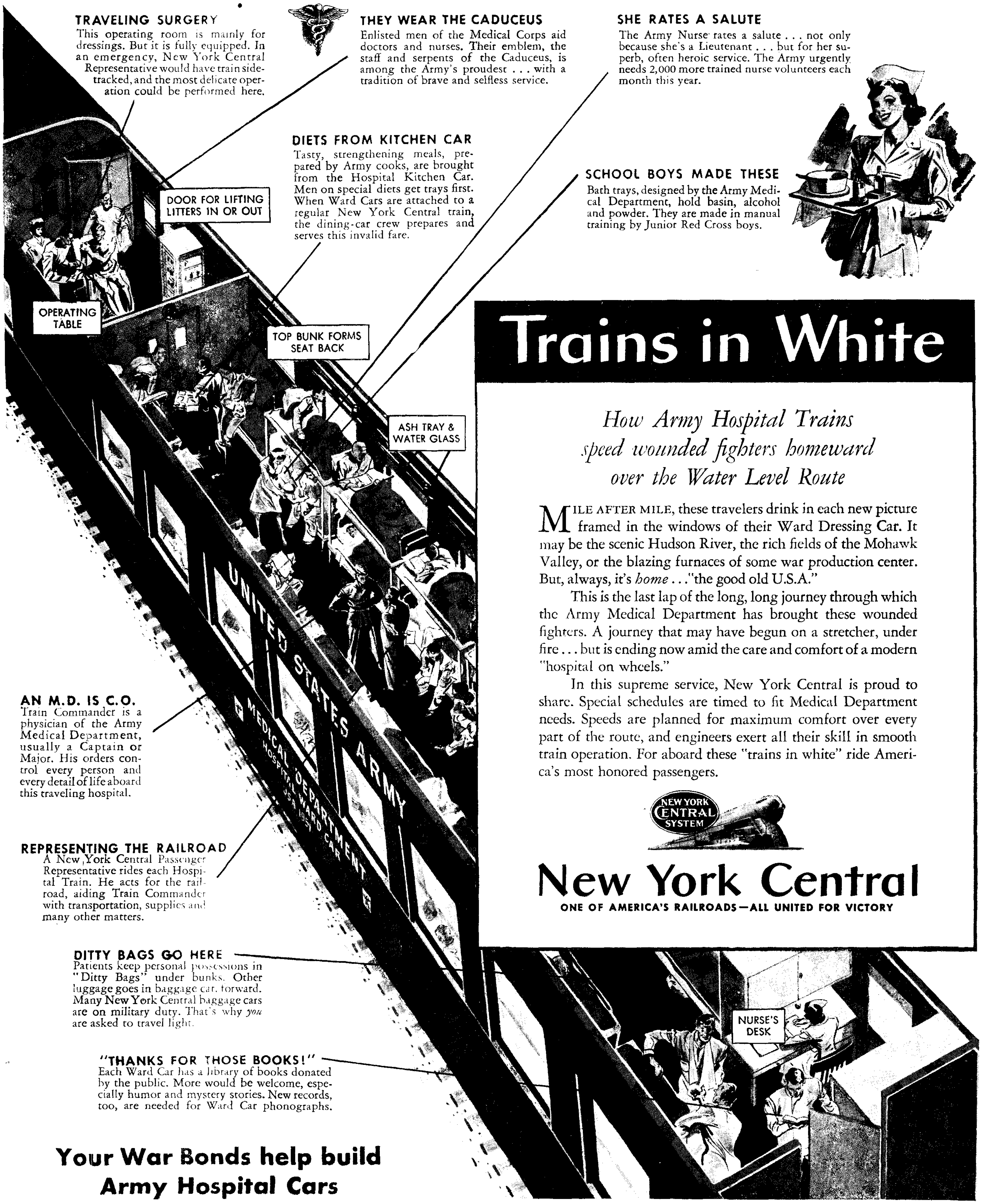


TRAVELING SURGERY
This operating room is mainly for dressings. But it is fully equipped. In an emergency, New York Central Representative would have train sidetracked, and the most delicate operation could be performed here.

THEY WEAR THE CADUCEUS
Enlisted men of the Medical Corps aid doctors and nurses. Their emblem, the staff and serpents of the Caduceus, is among the Army's proudest . . . with a tradition of brave and selfless service.

SHE RATES A SALUTE
The Army Nurse rates a salute . . . not only because she's a Lieutenant . . . but for her superb, often heroic service. The Army urgently needs 2,000 more trained nurse volunteers each month this year.

DIETS FROM KITCHEN CAR
Tasty, strengthening meals, prepared by Army cooks, are brought from the Hospital Kitchen Car. Men on special diets get trays first. When Ward Cars are attached to a regular New York Central train, the dining-car crew prepares and serves this invalid fare.

SCHOOL BOYS MADE THESE
Bath trays, designed by the Army Medical Department, hold basin, alcohol and powder. They are made in manual training by Junior Red Cross boys.

AN M.D. IS C.O.
Train Commander is a physician of the Army Medical Department, usually a Captain or Major. His orders control every person and every detail of life aboard this traveling hospital.

REPRESENTING THE RAILROAD
A New York Central Passenger Representative rides each Hospital Train. He acts for the railroad, aiding Train Commander with transportation, supplies and many other matters.

DITTY BAGS GO HERE
Patients keep personal possessions in "Ditty Bags" under bunks. Other luggage goes in baggage car forward. Many New York Central baggage cars are on military duty. That's why *you* are asked to travel light.

"THANKS FOR THOSE BOOKS!"
Each Ward Car has a library of books donated by the public. More would be welcome, especially humor and mystery stories. New records, too, are needed for Ward Car phonographs.

Trains in White

How Army Hospital Trains speed wounded fighters homeward over the Water Level Route

MILE AFTER MILE, these travelers drink in each new picture framed in the windows of their Ward Dressing Car. It may be the scenic Hudson River, the rich fields of the Mohawk Valley, or the blazing furnaces of some war production center. But, always, it's *home* . . . "the good old U.S.A."

This is the last lap of the long, long journey through which the Army Medical Department has brought these wounded fighters. A journey that may have begun on a stretcher, under fire . . . but is ending now amid the care and comfort of a modern "hospital on wheels."

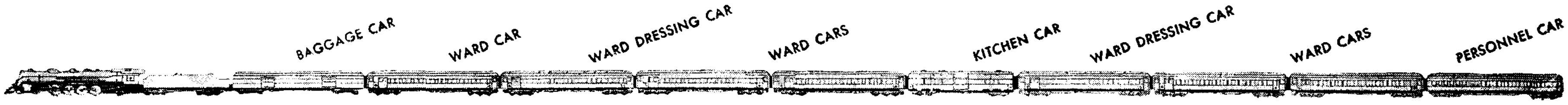
In this supreme service, New York Central is proud to share. Special schedules are timed to fit Medical Department needs. Speeds are planned for maximum comfort over every part of the route, and engineers exert all their skill in smooth train operation. For aboard these "trains in white" ride America's most honored passengers.

NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM

New York Central

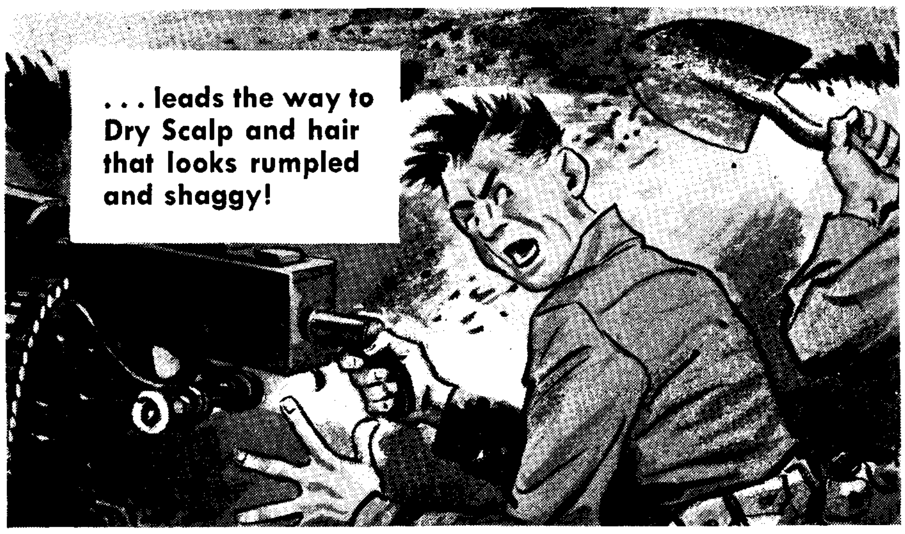
ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS—ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

Your War Bonds help build Army Hospital Cars



How "Devil Dogs" master the Dry Scalp disaster!

A marine's tough training in wind, rain, and scorching sun . . .



. . . leads the way to Dry Scalp and hair that looks rumpled and shaggy!

but...5 drops a day keeps DRY SCALP away

... MAKES 'VASELINE' HAIR TONIC FIRST WITH SERVICE MEN IN AMERICA!

Vaseline
HAIR TONIC

Gives you better-looking hair, too!

Take a hint from our fighting men all over America and use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! Just comb in a few drops daily, or apply directly to the scalp. Apply it before shampooing, too, with massage. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic checks Dry Scalp and loose dandruff by supplementing the natural scalp oils . . . gives you a neat, well-groomed look! Buy a bottle today! It's the *sure* way to good-looking hair!

DIG DOWN DEEP FOR WAR BONDS

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Keep up with the world

W. EUGENE SMITH—BLACK STAR

by Freling Foster

About 15,000 of the 100,000 colored Jews in the United States live in New York City, where many of them are "naturals" as kosher cooks for orthodox Jewish families who prefer colored servants and who adhere to the Jewish dietary laws, in which these people are specialists.

The 48 states and the District of Columbia not only grant divorces on one or more of 63 grounds, but also vary in the kind of divorce obtainable in them. One state, South Carolina, grants only limited divorce, or legal separation, and that only to women; 24 jurisdictions grant only absolute divorce; and the other 24 grant both limited and absolute divorce; and all grant annulments.

Medical science in Russia has progressed so rapidly in recent years that a magazine devoted exclusively to this development is now published in New York City for American physicians. Named the American Review of Soviet Medicine, it sells for $1 a copy.

Most people in the United States have the impression that the South Americans have only a half-dozen dances—the beguine, conga, rumba, samba, son and tango. However, there are 200 other popular Latin song and dance forms, available on records and in sheet music. They are rarely heard here but include the bambuco of Colombia, batucada of Brazil, cancione of Mexico and chacarera of Argentina.

The United States Post Office Department has so far issued stamps to honor our first 29 Presidents and 96 other historial personages, nine of whom were women: Jane Addams, Louisa May Alcott, Susan B. Anthony, Virginia Dare, Queen Isabella, Molly Pitcher, Pocahontas, Martha Washington and Frances E. Willard.

Of the 42,000,000 immigrants who came to America from some hundred countries in the past 300 years, 15,000,000, or 36 per cent, were from England, Ireland and Germany.—*By Robert McMurray, Portland, Oregon.*

The only parasitism of its kind occurs in a suborder of deep-sea angler fish. The four-inch male attaches himself by the mouth to the underside of the four-foot female and, within a short time, the connection becomes complete and permanent through the development of fibrous tissue and the two blood streams grow into one. Thus the male is carried about and nourished by the female during the rest of his life.

Few manual workers receive half as much in wages as New York's gem-diamond cutters, many of whom are paid $235 a week. . . . For several years in this country, nine women have been convicted of murder for every 100 men. . . . During 1944, approximately 715 American men and women will celebrate their one-hundredth birthday.

One of the most centralized of America's great industries is the manufacture of women's clothing. Four out of every five ready-made coats, suits, dresses and fur garments are produced in New York City within an area that covers only one fifth of a square mile.

While a piece of lead will not melt until reaching a temperature of 621 degrees Fahrenheit, finely powdered lead bursts into flame upon exposure to the air, thus illustrating one of the incredible speeds with which oxidation may take place. As the fine grains of the powder have proportionately a far greater surface area than a solid piece, they are subjected to such fast and intense oxidation that the resulting heat instantly brings them to their ignition point.

The number of multiple births in the U. S. since 1920 has averaged annually 21,747 sets of twins, 218 sets of triplets, and three sets of quadruplets.—*By Elizabeth Shaw, Warwick, N. Y.*

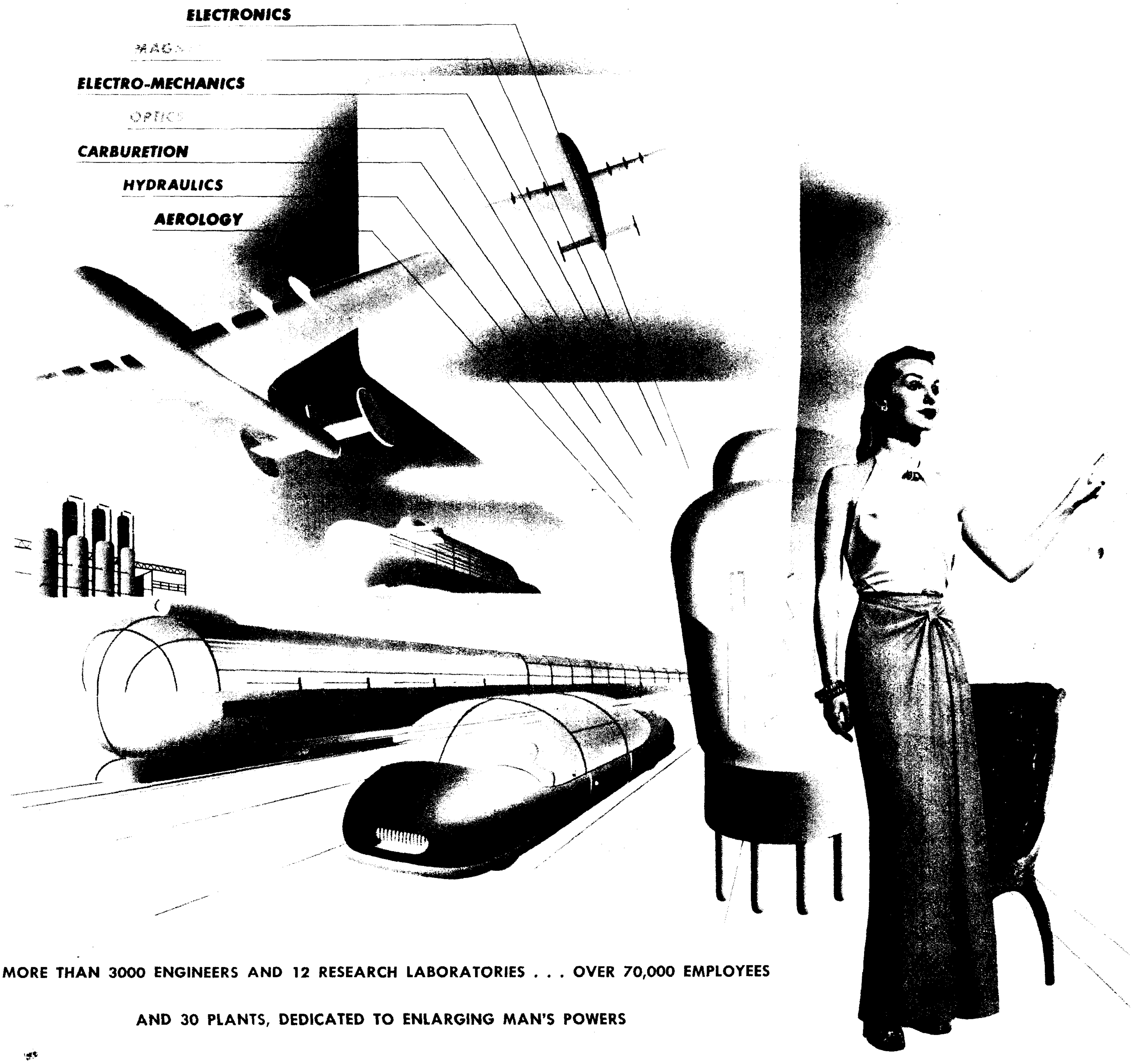
The 25,000 persons who live in the 100 Jewish communal villages in Palestine have few if any personal household or financial worries. Under a form of communism, all inhabitants of each village live in a communal house, eat in a communal dining room and keep their children at a communal home. As all farm land and other property is owned in common, and all work is done collectively, no one is paid in money or has any use for it within the town.

Although each state has been entitled since 1864 to send statues of two of its distinguished citizens to the Capitol in Washington, only 34 states have sent their two, five have sent one and nine have sent none. Of these 73 statues, only one honors a woman, Frances E. Willard of Illinois, founder of the W.C.T.U.

In the nylon parachutes used by the A.A.F., 80 per cent of the material is in the shroud lines and only 20 per cent in the canopy.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

THIS IS BENDIX



MORE THAN 3000 ENGINEERS AND 12 RESEARCH LABORATORIES . . . OVER 70,000 EMPLOYEES AND 30 PLANTS, DEDICATED TO ENLARGING MAN'S POWERS

We have tried above with figures, pictures, and words to give you the story of Bendix. We have tried, because Bendix—and the *Creative Engineering* for which it stands—is tremendously important to you and yours.

Important *now*, because Bendix developments are helping in a thousand ways to enhance the powers of our fighting men making safer and easier the flight, navigation and piloting of transport and battle planes . . . assuring better starting, stopping, steering and operating of trucks, tanks and jeeps . . . supplying the instruments and controls that carry commands, measure speed, give alarms, locate targets, and aim and fire guns on naval and merchant ships.

And important *tomorrow*, because the scientific brains and muscles created for victory can improve the future world—its industrial processes, communications, transportation, home life.

But figures, pictures, and words can scarcely portray Bendix. For Bendix, as much as anything, is a state of mind. Imagination undaunted by difficulties. Aspirations that ignore the impossible. The will to build a better and brighter tomorrow—*and the scientific skill and knowledge to do it.* Unleashed on the problems of peace—but these must wait. How long? Well, your War Bond purchases can speed the day. Buy to the limit—and beyond.

BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.

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SCINTILLA • STROMBERG • ZENITH • ALTAIR

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First **IN CREATIVE ENGINEERING**

BUILDERS OF THE INVISIBLE CREW

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You wouldn't deliberately smash your car
don't wreck your engine by failure to replace worn out piston rings!
This Set Contains

SEALED
Individually
POWER
Engineered
RING SET

Lengthen the life of your engine, save gas, save oil, restore original power by installing Sealed Power Piston Rings. Sealed Power Piston Rings (selected from 26 basic designs) are packed in sets individually engineered for each popular make of car, truck, tractor or bus.

So when your *repairman* says your engine needs new piston rings, ask for Sealed Power Piston Rings, the choice of leading automotive engineers for new cars and for replacement during more than thirty years.

SEALED POWER CORPORATION
Muskegon, Mich. Windsor, Ont.
Piston Rings, Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves, Valves, Water Pumps and Chassis Parts

★ BUY MORE U. S. WAR BONDS ★

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SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

The Week's Work

MILLAR

Victor Boesen

IF VICTOR BOESEN had not served his time writing radio commercials and movie publicity, we probably would not have had his heartening story about what one Yank with a wrench did to the Japanese (see p. 24).

Boesen left his family's Greencastle, Indiana, farm at age 19, bent on becoming a newspaperman. He did become one—and a good one—in Chicago, and he loved it. He still speaks with some bitterness of his folly when he "jumped the rails and went into radio to make some of that big, fast money." It was the commercials that got him down. But not more so than did another later job in movie publicity which required him "to walk in on a city editor who would be fighting his way out from under dispatches telling of the world aflame, and toss down a carefully prepared thing about how someone had picked so-and-so as 'the girl with the most exciting lips.'

"I fled this life of shame," he says, "and began my struggle with free lancing."

Boesen was too sensitive, surely. At least, some of our best friends do such jobs without pain. However, we cannot but be pleased when he confesses: "The first milestone in my life was, of course, my first sale to Collier's. The second milestone in my life was my second sale to Collier's. There were photostats of checks, phone calls, letters, telegrams. I was insufferable. But that success was like a verdict of acquittal after being on trial for your life. Other sales up to then are merely favorable but inconclusive testimony for your side. In this game you get a lot of kibitzers who wonder how soon you're going to give up this nonsense and go to work like a man. The beginner must insulate himself against these characters."

TOMMY WEBER

Moscrip Miller

IF YOU live in a locality where you sometimes see German prisoners of war, you've probably wondered what sort of a life they lead, what they think, what they talk about, and especially, how they feel (now that they are prisoners) about Hitler and the progress of the war.

You won't get the answers to any of these questions by asking, or in newspaper or magazine articles, because our government is bound by international agreements not to release information about individual prisoners of war.

Under these circumstances, Vicki Baum's story, Land of the Free (p. 11), has double interest. It is, as you'd expect from so eminent a novelist, fascinating fiction, and it also gives you a truthful picture of life inside a prison camp. Here's where the writer of fiction has an advantage over the writer of fact, for Miss Baum can, without violating any rules, so construct her imaginary characters that they embody the truth about their flesh-and-blood counterparts; and she can place them against backgrounds which, although fictional, still convey reality.

"It was not quite simple," Miss Baum says, "to get the inside information I wanted, but at last I wormed it out of several confidential sources which, for obvious reasons, I can't disclose. I think my story is authentic, even though it isn't a pretty story. Of course, it deals with German prisoners who were mostly captured in Africa when things still went fairly well for them. I expect that the new crop that has seen the fall of Rome and the beginning of the invasion will sing quite a different tune."

Miss Baum, who was born in Vienna and lived for years in Berlin, came to the United States thirteen years ago with her husband, Richard Lert, and their two sons. "I came for a two-week visit," she says, "fell head over heels in love with the country, and so I am still here, thank God!" One son, Peter, is an Army lieutenant and the other, Wolfgang, after an honorable discharge, works for the OWI.

Her native Vienna "wasn't at all as it is in the operettas," she tells us, "but such a sad and hopeless town that I ran away and left it before I had come of age. I was a child prodigy and up to my marriage I made my living by playing the harp in concerts and orchestras. After getting married to my own conductor, I had to sell my harp because I needed money to buy a baby carriage. I never thought of writing as a career, but as a mixture of fun and of something inevitable like the measles, something I've got to do from time to time or bust. I work during the night, putting on most undesirable pounds around my girth.

"If I am proud of one thing, it is that I have been writing my books in English for the last six years. This might not seem a great achievement in a country where even the babies speak English, but to me it meant a lot of sweating."

YOU'LL believe that words are weapons, too, after you've read Talking Them Out of It (p. 23). The author, whose full name is William Moscrip Miller, based the article on his experience in North Africa as a civilian attached to the Psychological Warfare Branch of the Army. "We are winning the war with words," he says, "because our words tell the truth."

Miller drove an ambulance in France during the last war, returned to a cub reporting job in Chicago, moved on to New York and then to a brief but happy stay on the New York Herald in Paris.

Miller says he came by his unusual middle name dishonestly: "The Moscrip is an identification measure taken in self-defense after working with four William Millers and finding through misdirected mail that in the Army we are legion. The final straw was when another William Miller moved into my New Jersey village, throwing both of us and the local post office into a complete tailspin."

But why Moscrip? We didn't get the answer to that one. . . . A. P.

THE ROAD AHEAD . . .

I've hugged my belly to the ground while regiments of big guns stood up hub to hub and split the night with flame . . .

I've felt the earth quake under a tidal wave of tanks that rolled out of our lines and engulfed the enemy and smothered him and beat him down into the ground . . .

I've seen the sky blacked out by a thousand bombers' wings . . . and heard it cracked wide open by the thunder of their bombs . . .

And yet . . . through the ruins of war, I've seen the road ahead.

Out here I've seen the power of America at war, the might of free-born men who work and fight to keep their freedom. And I believe this power to destroy can be the power to create.

And looking down the victory road I see a new America . . .

I see new cities rising up . . . new farms . . . new roads, new homes, new schools . . . new factories that will plan and build for peace the way they planned and built for war.

I see a place for me, and for the kids I'll have someday . . . a place for every man . . . a future to look forward to . . . a job to do . . .

I see a chance to live and grow in a stronger America . . .

After we've won the war . . .

While we're winning the peace!

• • •

Here at Nash-Kelvinator, when our war job is done, it will be our obligation to convert all the new strength, all the new power to produce, all the new ability and skill and knowledge that have come to us so quickly under the driving necessity of war to production for peace.

That means more automobiles than we have ever built before . . . automobiles even finer than the great Nash cars that are today proving their outstanding quality and economy. It means an even greater Kelvinator refrigerator than we produced before . . . finer home freezers and electric water heaters and electric ranges than have ever served in any household.

This is our program. This will be our part in the building of a greater, happier nation. For we believe all of us owe to those who have fought to preserve it . . . a strong, a vital, a growing America where all men and women will have the freedom and the opportunity to make their dreams come true.

The Army-Navy "E" awarded to Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Propeller Division.

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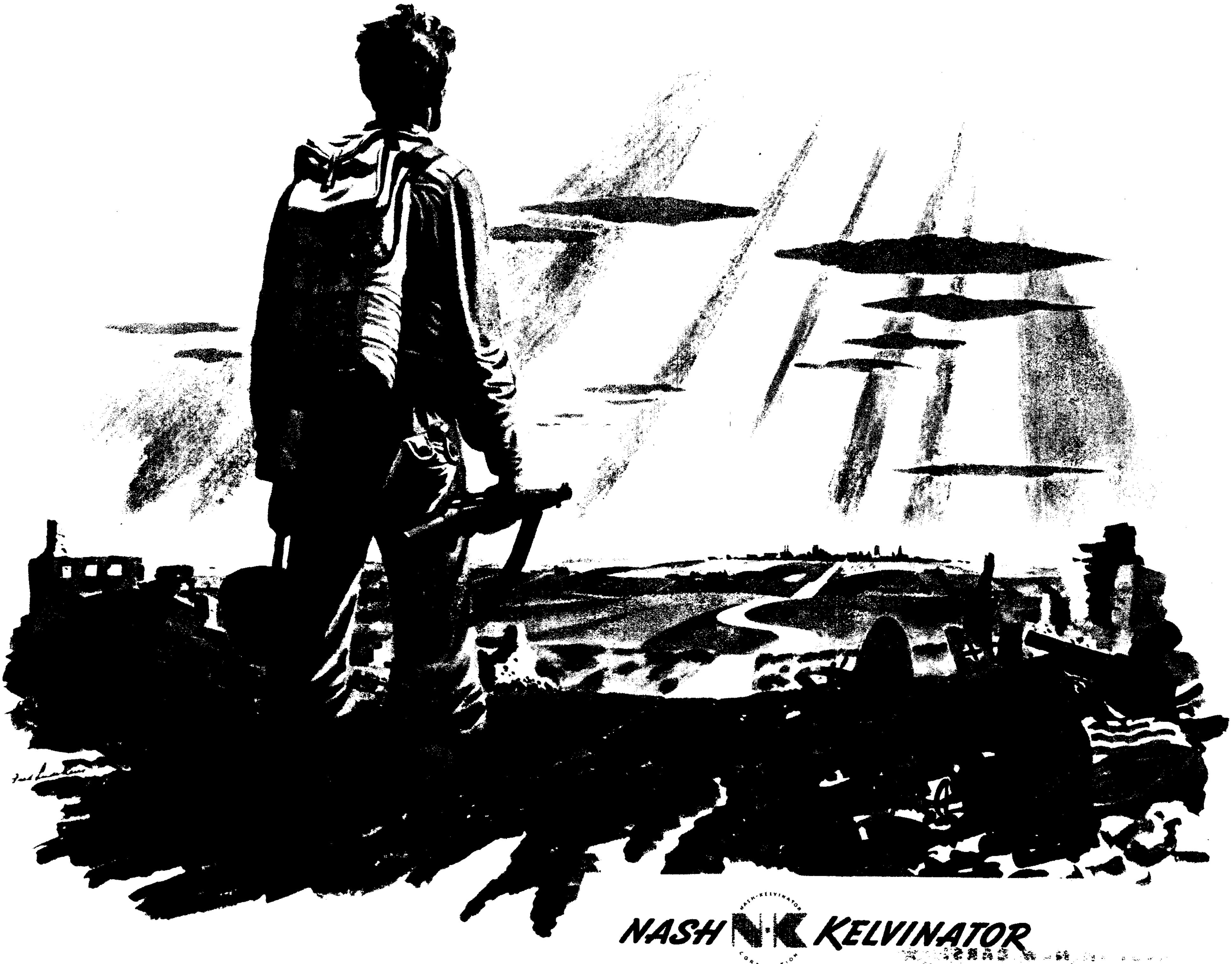

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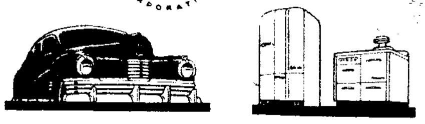
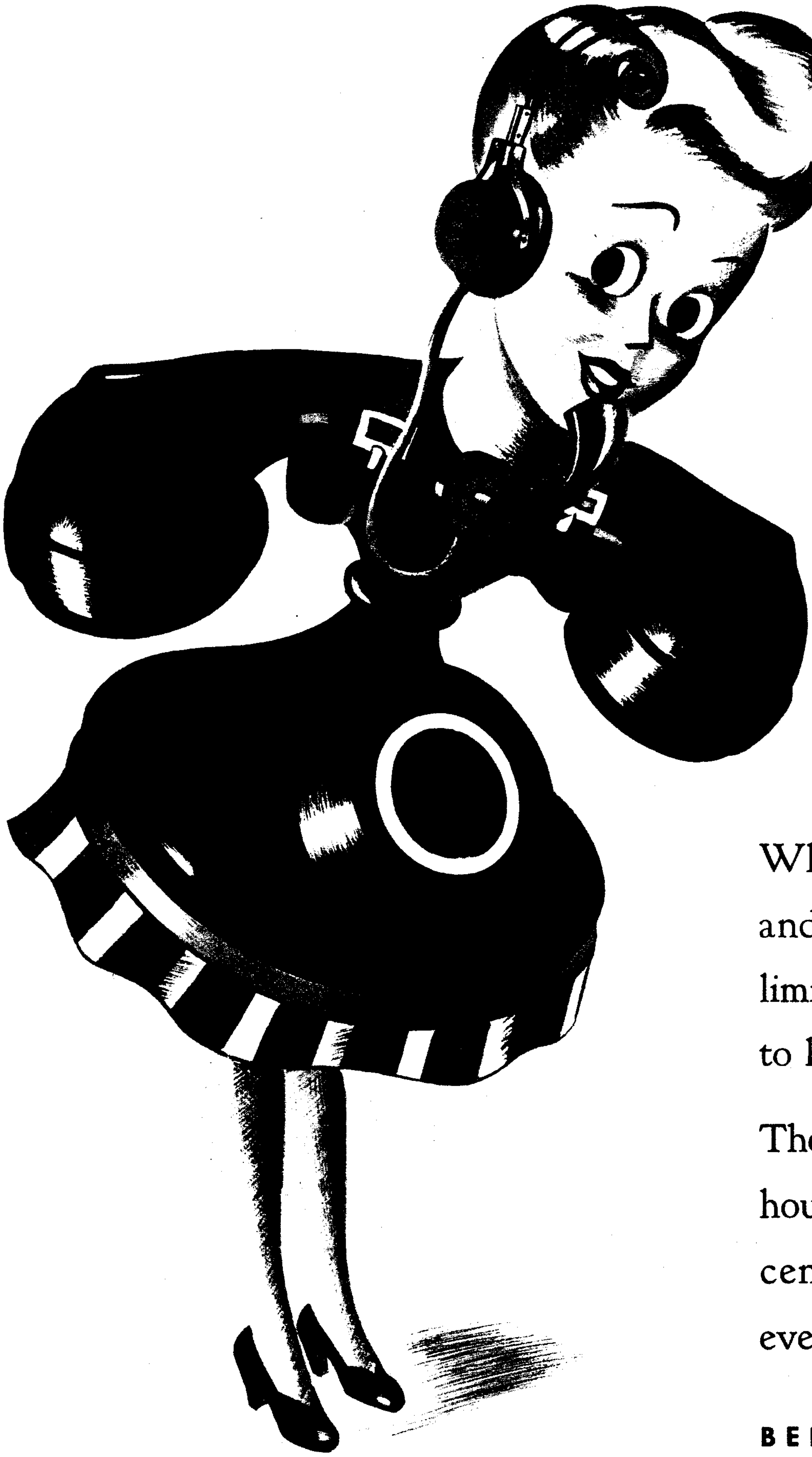


"Thanks for your assistance in helping with Long Distance"



When Long Distance lines are crowded and the operator asks you to "Please limit your call to 5 minutes"—it's nice to hear you say, "I'll be glad to."

The request is usually made during rush hours on lines in and out of war-busy centers. It's a suggestion that helps everybody get better service.

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COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR AUGUST 19, 1944

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Land of the Free

BY VICKI BAUM

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

Do we know how to treat German prisoners? Are we stamping out their fanatical belief in their Fuehrer? Here Vicki Baum (who took us inside wartime Germany in Hotel Berlin—1943) again makes use of the underground to draw a terrifying picture of the captive Nazi

PRISONER of War Gottfried Schlegel held Marga in his arms, and the fierce happiness of the moment was almost unbearable. While he was swept away in it, he wondered what it had been that had worried him so much, and why he had thought that he would never see his wife again. But *they* are going to kill me, he remembered. *They* had killed him several times before. This time they did it with a black cloth pressed over his mouth until he choked. He struggled free of it and was awake.

Slowly the dream receded and he was back in Barracks F. The black cloth changed into the darkness, into the sounds of fifty sleeping men—fifty German prisoners of war. Schlegel wondered how late it might be. Biedelmann, who was snoring in the lower bunk, had taken his wrist watch from him and crushed it under his boots; it had died like a living creature.

Biedelmann had also taken his wife's photograph and torn up the only thing that had relieved his loneliness. Biedelmann was the enemy—hated, despised and feared. When Biedelmann told a man that he was a traitor, such a man was doomed.

He had told it to Schlegel not one time but a hundred times.

All that was left, then, was to wonder how it would happen and when. It might come as a blow out of the darkness this very minute. It might come as a slow torture and last for months. It might come as a numb sort of craziness whispering insistently that suicide was the only way out. If it weren't for Lieutenant Coulter, Schlegel would have made an end with himself, as two others had done before. Among the American officers and noncoms, Coulter was the only one who understood some German, the only one to hold out some hope to him.

SCHLEGEL crept from his bunk, anxious not to wake Biedelmann, and tiptoed on bare feet to the door. As he stepped outside into the icy air without having been attacked on this most perilous stretch of the way, his pent-up breath exploded from his lungs with relief and hung as a steamy little cloud in front of him.

Carefully he avoided the black shadows along the barracks, keeping himself well within sight of the sentinels who walked their beat along the barbed-wire fences of the stockade. As long as they could see him, he felt safe and protected. But the moment he arrived in the darker area behind the latrines, he was gripped by panic again. Behind the open door of the coal shed, he heard the voices of the two men on fire duty. Kruger belonged to the lukewarm ones and was harmless. The other one, Weyrich, was the only friend in Barracks F who held openly to him, with the desperate courage it took to be not-a-Nazi among Nazis.

"What do you want this early? Can't you wait till the water gets warm?" Kruger asked, as Schlegel opened the door of the shower room.

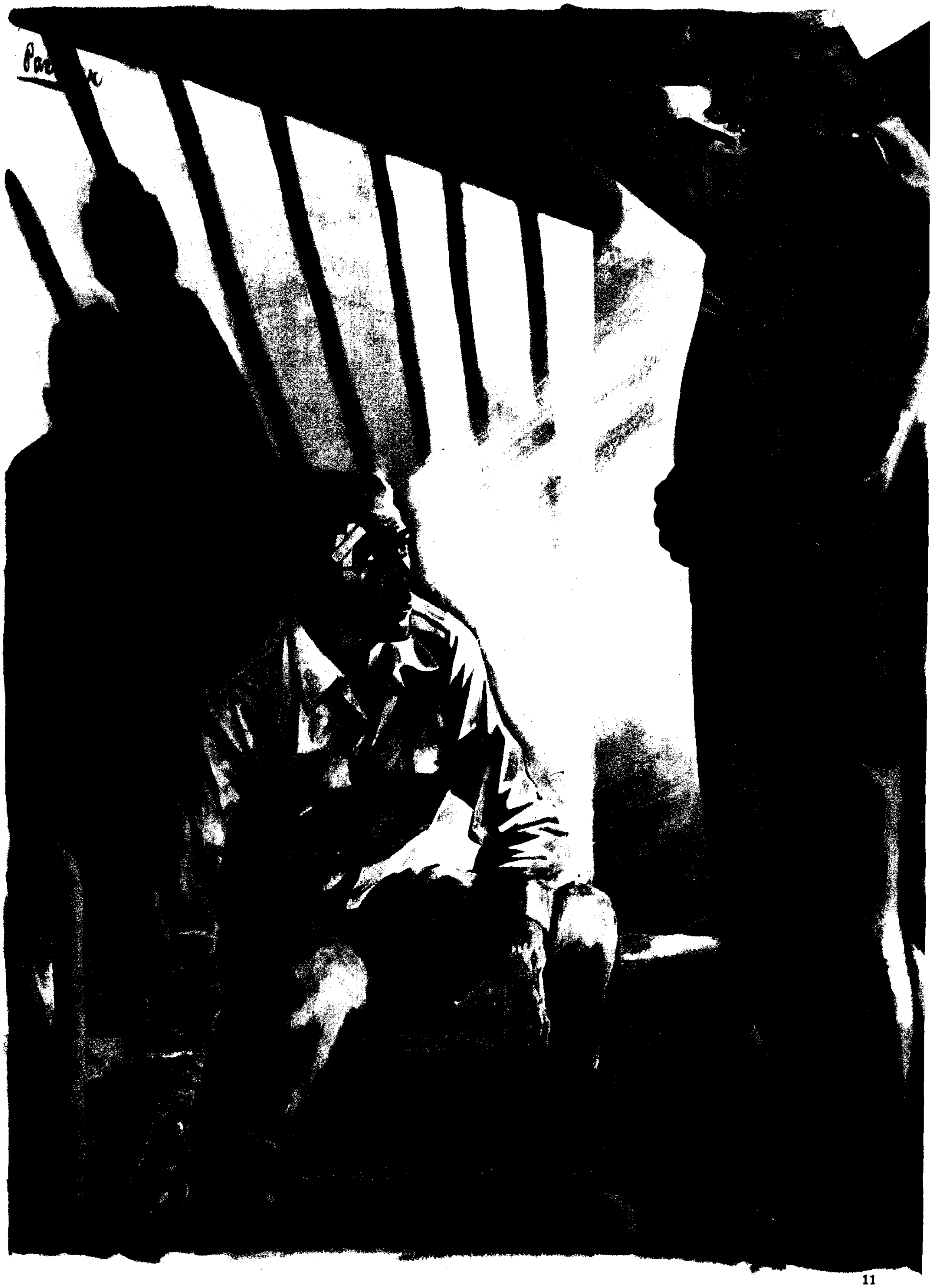
"I like cold water," said Schlegel.

"Ach, you're crazy," Kruger said, ambling off with two pails of coal.

Weyrich waited till he was gone. "Think it's dangerous to take a shower with the others?" he asked in a whisper.

"You know what happened to Traub," Schlegel whispered back.

Traub, an Austrian with a frightened rabbit face, had been carried out of the showers with a fractured skull. For a man like



Biedelmann threw the beer bottle on the floor and raised his arm in mock salute. Schlegel bent down and gripped the broken bottle. "Just one more word," he said

Schlegel, the shower room was a place of intense danger. It had a hard, slippery floor onto which they might throw you; it had hard, narrow concrete walls against which they might beat your head. He could not afford the luxury of warm water in the rude, hustling company of the other prisoners.

"Just go in; if anyone comes, I'll whistle," Weyrich whispered.

Schlegel stepped gratefully into the musty dankness, switched on the light and turned on the shower. He was shivering most of the time now, from lack of sleep, from fear and the foul things they did to his food to keep him starved; he lacked the energy to step under the cold stream. Gingerly he rubbed his hands and face, feeling unclean and defeated as he slipped into his clothes again. Outside, the air seemed still colder, and the night had become thin and liquid.

Weyrich was whistling in the coal shed, but the little signal did not penetrate Schlegel's preoccupied mind. He picked his way from one fan of light to the next, fervently hoping to reach the barracks before the tumult of reveille. Twice he turned around with the instinct of the front soldier and the hunted animal, to make sure that he was not followed.

There were not more than a hundred yards between him and his goal when something happened. Something exploded inside of his head, the ground rose up to him, and he crumpled on it. . . .

"There's been more trouble with this fellow Schlegel," Captain Wilson, commanding officer of the area, reported to Lieutenant Walsh at 8 A.M.

Wilson was a handsome young animal, living in an aura of boastful masculinity. He had an influential father and a pretty, young wife, and he seemed to consider his military duties as something especially designed to interfere with his pleasant private existence.

"What? Schlegel again?" Walsh said with a tremor of irritation in his voice. He was the camp commander's adjutant, a little man with eyeglasses, determined to hang on to his soft job. "Every time there's trouble in Barracks F, this man is mixed up in it."

"Seems he got beaten up. Missing at roll call. Prisoner Biedelmann found him behind the latrines with a bad cut on his head."

"Who beat him up?"

"He doesn't know."

"He never does. I'm telling you, Captain, this Schlegel is a troublemaker of the first order," Walsh said. Walsh had been somebody's right-hand man in civilian life, and now he was the right-hand man of the camp commander. Instinctively he hated anything that might upset the smooth routine and annoy the colonel.

"Coulter seems to think they're ganging up on this fellow because he's anti-Nazi."

"Anti-Nazi! They're the worst ones. Communists, agitators. I know that kind. If Lieutenant Coulter had handled as many people as I have, he wouldn't fall for that stuff."

"I know one thing: Five companies of real Nazis don't make as much trouble as one anti-Nazi," Wilson concluded moodily. "Well, here's the sergeant's report."

"I don't think it's worth while bothering the colonel every time this fellow gets into a little brawl," Walsh said, with disgust. He shoved the report into his dispatch case and left. Wilson took up the receiver to say good morning to his wife.

"Bring him in, Joe," the officer of the day, Lieutenant Coulter, told Sergeant Holt.

"Okay," Holt said, with that complete informality of the U. S. Army which more than anything else convinced the German prisoners that the Americans could never win the war.

The prisoner Holt brought in looked gray in the face, and a large strip of adhesive tape stuck to the base of his skull. Sweat oozed from his forehead, as if standing at attention without fainting were a supreme feat.

The lieutenant sighed. "At ease," he said, holding out his cigarettes.

The prisoner took one but did not presume to light it in the presence of an officer.

"The Med returned you on duty?" Coulter asked.

"Yes, sir. Doctor Brenner did."

"H'm," said Coulter. Doctor Brenner was one of the German prisoners who helped their American colleagues in the hospital. "Now tell me why they beat you up again, Schlegel. Any special reason this time?"

SCHLEGEL tried to answer in correct English; he was studying the foreign language, but it still stood like another barbed-wire fence around his lonely self.

"The old story, sir. They call me traitor, deserter, swine. So—they beat me. No special reason, no."

"Look here, Schlegel. I'm your friend and I'm getting worried about you. Do you have to provoke them?"

"I do not provoke, sir. It comes out of my pores, I think. That they do not permit. I speak the truth. But truth is *verboten*. I read forbidden books, forbidden newspapers—"

"There are no forbidden books or newspapers. Man, this is the United States. You can read and think and say what you please."

"Yes, sir. But not in German prison camp. The Gestapo knows."

"Sometimes I think you have a persecution complex," Coulter said, in exasperation. "You think there is a Gestapo agent in every corner."

"There is," Schlegel said. "Gestapo in every barracks. In every town. In every country. I know it. They report me to Gestapo headquarters of the United States and I am—" Schlegel dropped his hand like an ax.

Coulter was angered by the absurd notion of a United States Gestapo headquarters. "This is not Germany, you know," he said sharply.

"Yes, sir. But the terrorism goes harder here than in Germany. The Nazis are among theirselves, and the Americans do not help us, excuse me, sir."

"But that's just what I'm trying to do—help. I strongly recommended your request for the segregation of you anti-Nazis. How many, would you say, are there in your barracks?"

"Perhaps one dozen; perhaps two dozen. I cannot know. They are afraid of Biedelmann."

"Why Biedelmann?"

"He is Gestapo."

"Have you any proof for such an accusation?"

"Proof, no. How do you call it? Symptoms, many."

"Look here, Schlegel, if you believe that, why don't you lie low for a while? Play possum, you know. Oh, heck, I don't know how to explain it to you."

"I understand, sir. The English word is appease, is it not, sir?"

"Hell, no!" the lieutenant cried angrily, then tried to explain in helpless German.

Schlegel shook his head. "You are an American officer, sir," he said, switching with relief to his own language. "How can you tell me not to fight? The day I was taken prisoner I was happy. Now I am going to America, I thought. Now everything will be good. I learned your anthem, sir; it is beautiful, sir. The Land of the Free. I wish to fight on your side, sir. I am not a coward. I fought on your side long before the war, and that was no job for a coward. Now you must help me. Land of the Free! Why don't you help us, sir? Why don't you? I am very disappointed with America, please excuse me, sir."

"Now look here, Schlegel," Coulter said, not sure he had understood the torrent of German correctly. "We have 170,000 prisoners of war. We can't study each case separately. We observe the terms of the Geneva Convention. That's the best we can do."

"Yes, sir."

"But if you have an official complaint to make, go ahead and make it," Coulter said.

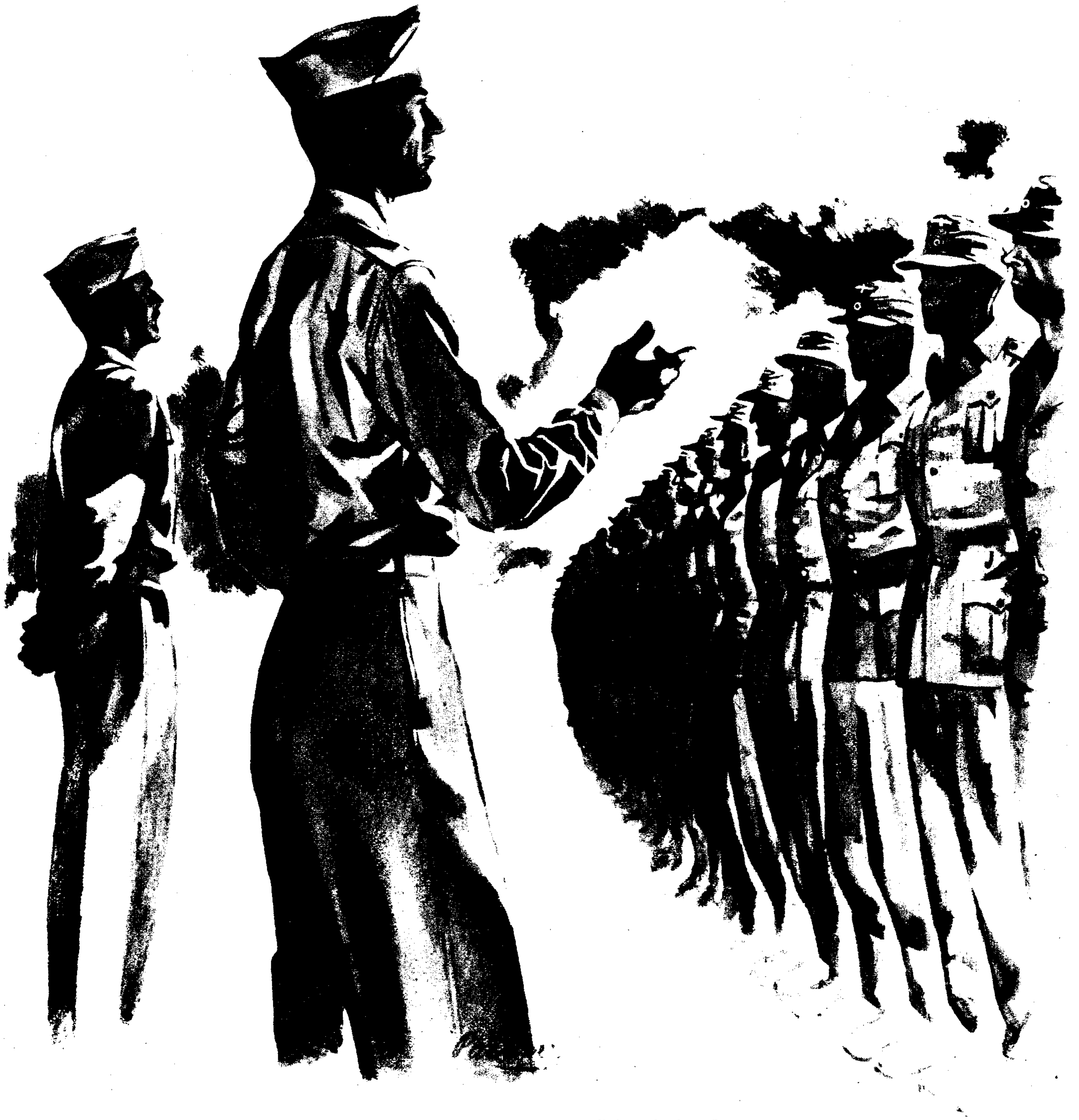
SCHLEGEL stared sadly into the lieutenant's young, open face. How can I tell you? he thought. They threaten me, they hit me in the dark, they spit into my food and foul the water I want to drink. They stole my wife's picture and did unspeakable things to her letters before they threw them into the latrine. They choke me, they beat me, and if you don't help, they're going to kill me. You boy, you American—how can I make you understand it all?

"I have no official complaint to make, sir," he said.

The lieutenant stared at him for another moment and sighed, deeper than before.

"Listen, Joe," Coulter told his sergeant, after the prisoner had left, "either this guy

(Continued on page 40)



"Men," Coulter said in his halting German, "there have been cases of mistreatment among you. . . . Any prisoner who wishes to be transferred to a company of anti-Nazis may step forward without fear"

CANADA'S [illegible]

BY FRANK GERVASI

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HUSTON–PIX

One of the world's worst headaches afflicts our neighbor, where Canadians fight Canadiens

DEMOCRACY at its legislative labors isn't ever quite as enthralling a spectacle as the ideals it represents—as anybody who's watched Congress at work in Washington knows. The session in Canada's oak-paneled Victorian House of Commons in Ottawa wasn't an inspiring exception. It was remarkable only for the studied antagonism in the voice, manner and questions of a French Canadian member of the Opposition.

The member was short, swarthy and wore thickish eyeglasses. His sparse hair was dark and oily and was parted in the middle. He spoke French, although he obviously understood English. The Speaker, enthroned in his black gown at one end of Commons, was politely annoyed at the member's routine but gimlety questions.

The member's queries were addressed pointedly to the French-speaking Canadian Minister of Justice, Mr. Louis St. Laurent, a gray, sharp-nosed and meticulous man with a tolerant face and manner. He translated each question at the Speaker's insistence, replied in French and translated each reply for the rest of the House.

No angry words were spoken, but you could almost feel them rising in the throats of the justice minister's English-speaking colleagues on the government side of the House. Only once did the palpable antagonism recede—when a government official announced the Canadians' break through the Gustav Line in Italy. Then they were no longer Britishers and Frenchmen, but Canadians. For about thirty seconds, they thumped their desks and celebrated together.

Such moments of unity between French-speaking and English-speaking Canadians are rare. On every issue, from birth control to the war, they are as far apart as Hitlerism and democracy. The conflict between Canada's 3,500,000 French and 5,000,000 people of British origin constitutes, in fact, one of the worst minority problems in the world. The country has only 11,500,000 people, the remaining 3,000,000 being of racial origins as mixed as those of the United States. "These," say the British Canadians, "are no trouble at all—they've become Canadians."

But the French don't assimilate. Many do not learn more than the absolute minimum of English needed to sell their vegetables or get a job in a factory. They marry, mingle and worship only within the boundaries of their race and religion. They've remained for nearly two hundred years a compact French and Catholic island in a sea of British Protestants, an unconquered and unconquerable people, hard-working, frugal, fiercely independent and prolific. They've grown from a colony of 65,000.

The British conquered the French empire in the New World on the Plains of Abraham in 1759 and acquired the French colonies by the Treaty of Paris in 1763, but a fragment of the old France of Louis XIV, mortal enemy of the British, remained. This is French Canada, which clings still to the traditions and religion and folkways of the mother country. Not to the France of Robespierre, Marat and the Third Republic. But to the France which once was a greater imperial power than Britain.

French Canadian rabble rousers needle their British fellow citizens by reminding them of the mottoes on Great Britain's coat of arms. These are in French, *Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense* and *Dieu Et Mon Droit*.

"They were inscribed there," the French hecklers say, "by our Norman ancestors, who conquered England and founded the heroic race which gave birth to Canada."

This residue of old France in the New World still fights the British. The French Canadians opposed Canada's entry into a "foreign war." They refused to be conscripted for overseas service. They balk at taxes and oppose rationing. Some are outright Nazi sympathizers. They burned a synagogue in Ontario. Until about a year ago, most French Canadians thought Marshal Pétain a great hero, for he represented a France opposed to Britain.

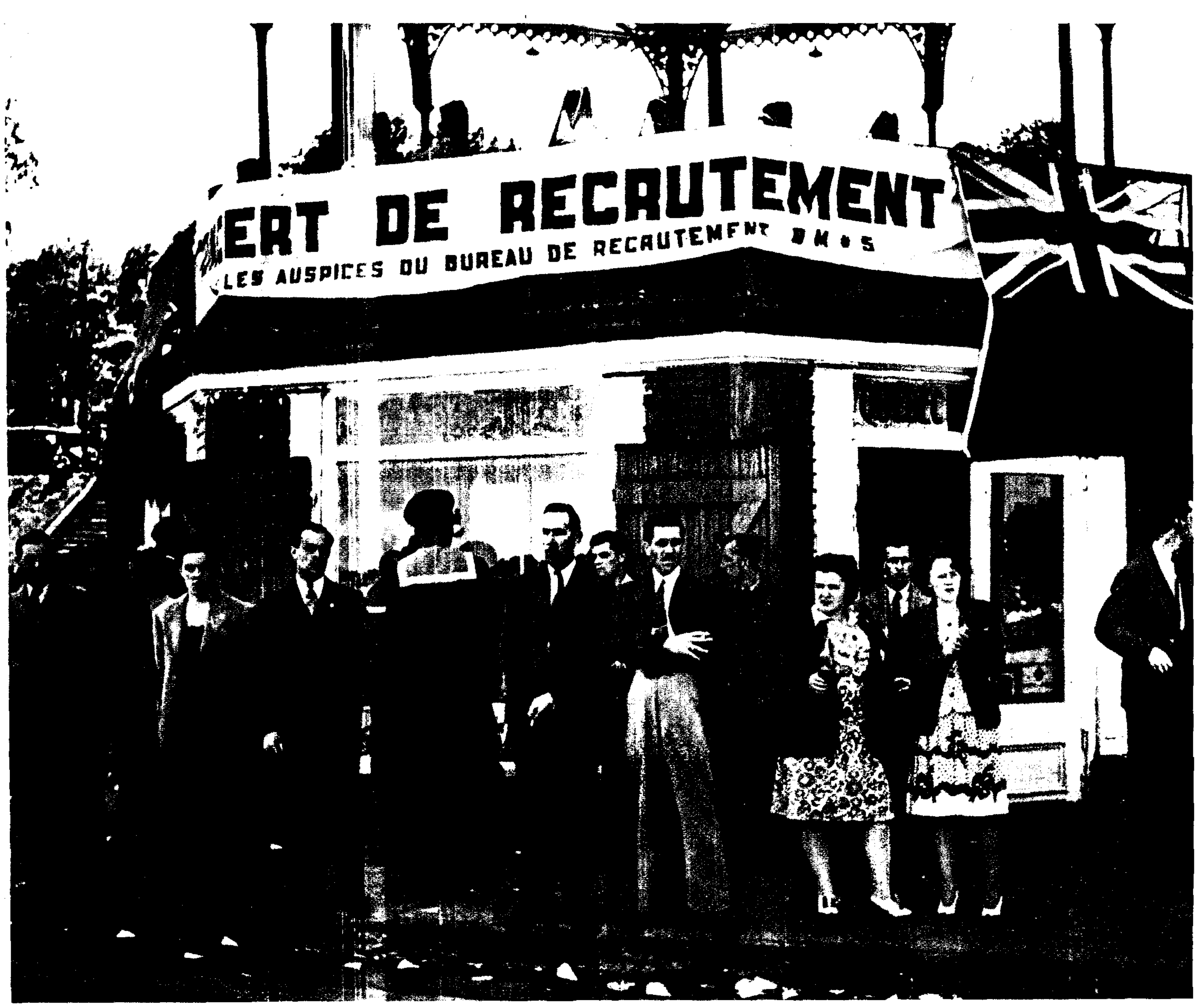
The French Power Bloc

In a sense, the French Canadians rule Canada, whose politicians, aware of the solid voting power of the French minority, spend all their pre-election time wooing them, and their terms in office appeasing them. This behavior on the part of the politicos has intensified the bitterness of English-speaking Canadians against the French minority, and the division between them has become Canada's great problem.

The chasm between Canadians makes national unity impossible, impairs the Canadian war effort, complicates relations between the Dominion and the rest of the British Commonwealth and retards the progress of Canadian-American relations. If French Canadians are anti-British, they're only slightly less anti-American, for they see the possibility of an eventual merger between Canada and the United States, with the danger of becoming a small minority in a big country instead of a big one in a small country.

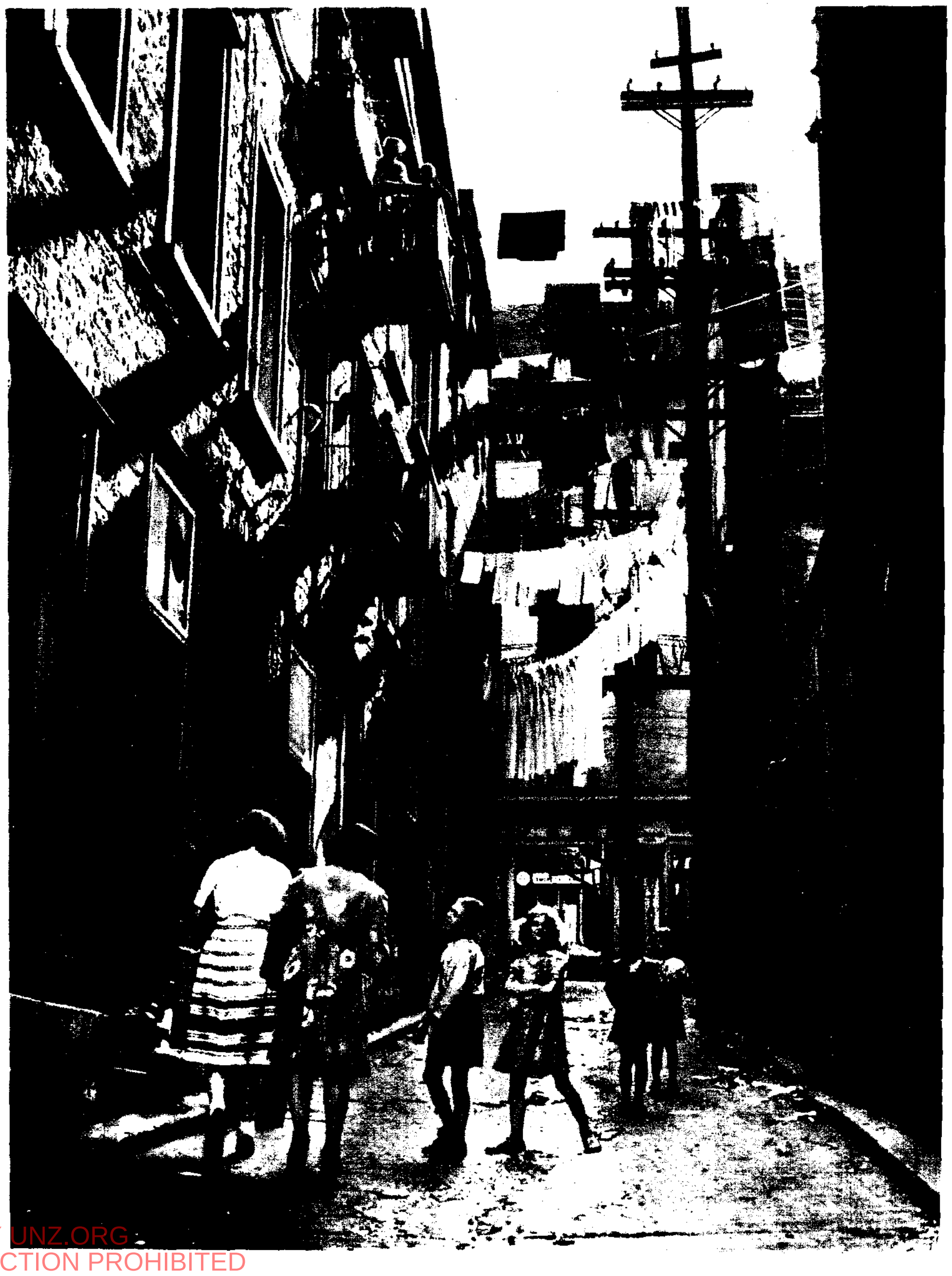
I had my first inkling of the seriousness of the split between Canadians on the way up to Canada in the smoking room of The

(Continued on page 73)


ERT DE RECRUTEMENT
LES AUSPICES DU BUREAU DE RECRUTEMENT

A band plays to warm French Canadian patriotism and to attract recruits to the Army but the crowd in Quebec is indifferent, a cause of national discord

Poor living conditions such as these, however, are partly responsible for the low rate of French Canadian recruiting. Their rejection percentage is high



Danger in Paradise

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

The Story:

Iris Randall returns to New York from Cuba with two boxes of cigars—one entrusted to her for delivery to a man called **Pedro Hernandez**, another which she has bought for **Jimmy Drake**, who wants to marry her. Somehow she gets the boxes switched—with catastrophic results. A man is killed in her apartment by **Claude Williams**, an ex-convict. **Margie Brett**, switchboard girl at **Jimmy**'s firm, is murdered. **Wally Carrington**, **Jimmy**'s boss, is shot to death. Aware that **Hernandez** is a German agent and that **Jimmy**'s cigars contain microfilm, **Dan Crowley**, an F.B.I. operative, goes to work on the case. Late one evening, **Jimmy** follows **Gloria Sherman**, the new switchboard girl, to a secluded apartment. He rings the bell. The door opens and he steps in. **Claude Williams**, gun in hand, confronts him!

Conclusion

I WAS face to face with Claude Williams, and he was holding a gun on me. I don't know how other men would have reacted to a situation like that. Me, I was scared. Scared green. I had asked for something, and it had been handed to me on a platter. I didn't like it.

The room was dingy. It looked as though it had been lived in for a long time, and that the housekeeping department hadn't been functioning well. The atmosphere was close and remindful of delicatessen.

Claude Williams kept on looking at me, but he spoke to Gloria. He said, "You dumb cluck."

She said, "I didn't know he was following me, honey. Honest, I didn't. He left me at my place and went home."

"Like hell he did."

I was trying to get hold of myself. I was trying to remember how big, brave men acted in a crisis like this. Claude didn't need to remind me that he was dangerous. I had watched him kill Al Brenner. I had no ambition to be treated the same way.

I got the idea that he was as uncertain as I was, which covered a lot of territory. He said bleakly, "You're out of luck, Buddy."

I said, "What good will it do you to shoot me? Let's talk this over."

The gun was still pointed at a spot between my eyes, but Claude said, in his flat, toneless voice, "What gave you the idea of shadowing Gloria?"

I told him about the penguin she had worn at the office that afternoon. He let me finish and then started saying things to her. They weren't very complimentary things, and he used language that a gentleman isn't supposed to use to a lady.

Gloria was upset, not by the graphic language, but by the accusation that she had made a bum play. She said, "You never told me I shouldn't wear it, Claude."

For just an instant my curiosity was stronger than my fear. I said, "Why did you take it, Claude? What you were really after was the cigars."

He said, "I seen it, and thought it was cute. So I grabbed it. I was a fool."

He seemed to be willing to listen, so I started talking.

I said, "Suppose you kill me? A gun like that makes a lot of noise. Chances are you wouldn't get away. If *you* don't shoot, maybe we can make a deal."

"What kind of deal?"

"If you let me go, and had a few hours' head start, you might make a getaway."

"So you're asking me to trust you, huh?"

"Why not? I'm not stupid enough to be a hero. I'm sure the police would be willing for me to make this sort of a deal. I'm not much use to them alive, but dead I'd be even less valuable."

"All right, talk."

"I'd like to know a few things. I believe you would, too. Why don't you put that gun down? It makes me nervous."

"That's what it's meant to do." He placed it on the card table. Black queen, red jack, black ten, red nine, black automatic. He said, "I'm fast with it, Drake. Try anything funny, and it won't be healthy."

I assured him that I had no intention of trying anything funny. I said, "I'm somewhere I didn't intend to be. I'm not particularly interested in you. But I am interested in how you got mixed up in this."

He said, "I was an ex-con. I was broke. I couldn't get a job. So I agreed to go after them cigars."

"Do you know why?"

"Hell, no!"

"Who hired you?"

He hesitated. Gloria said, "He's not a bad guy, honey. I think you can trust him."

Williams said, "I don't trust nobody." I could see that he was thinking, and that was good from my angle. Then he said, "It was Howard Lawton wanted them cigars."

"Lawton and who else?"

"Just Lawton."

"Did he tell you why he wanted them?"

"He didn't tell me nothin'. He slipped me some dough and told me it hadda be that night. I was in touch with him at dinnertime, and he said Randall wouldn't be home until late."

I ASKED, "Have you known Lawton very long?"

"No. I needed a job. I heard they was short of help at Carrington's. So I went to Lawton and laid my cards on the table. On account he'd find out anyway I'd been in stir. He talked to the boss and said there was nothing doing. He asked where he could get in touch with me if he ever heard of a job for me. When he did, it was to lay this proposition down. He figured I was a wrong gee, and he was safe talking business with me."

"Does he know where you are now?"

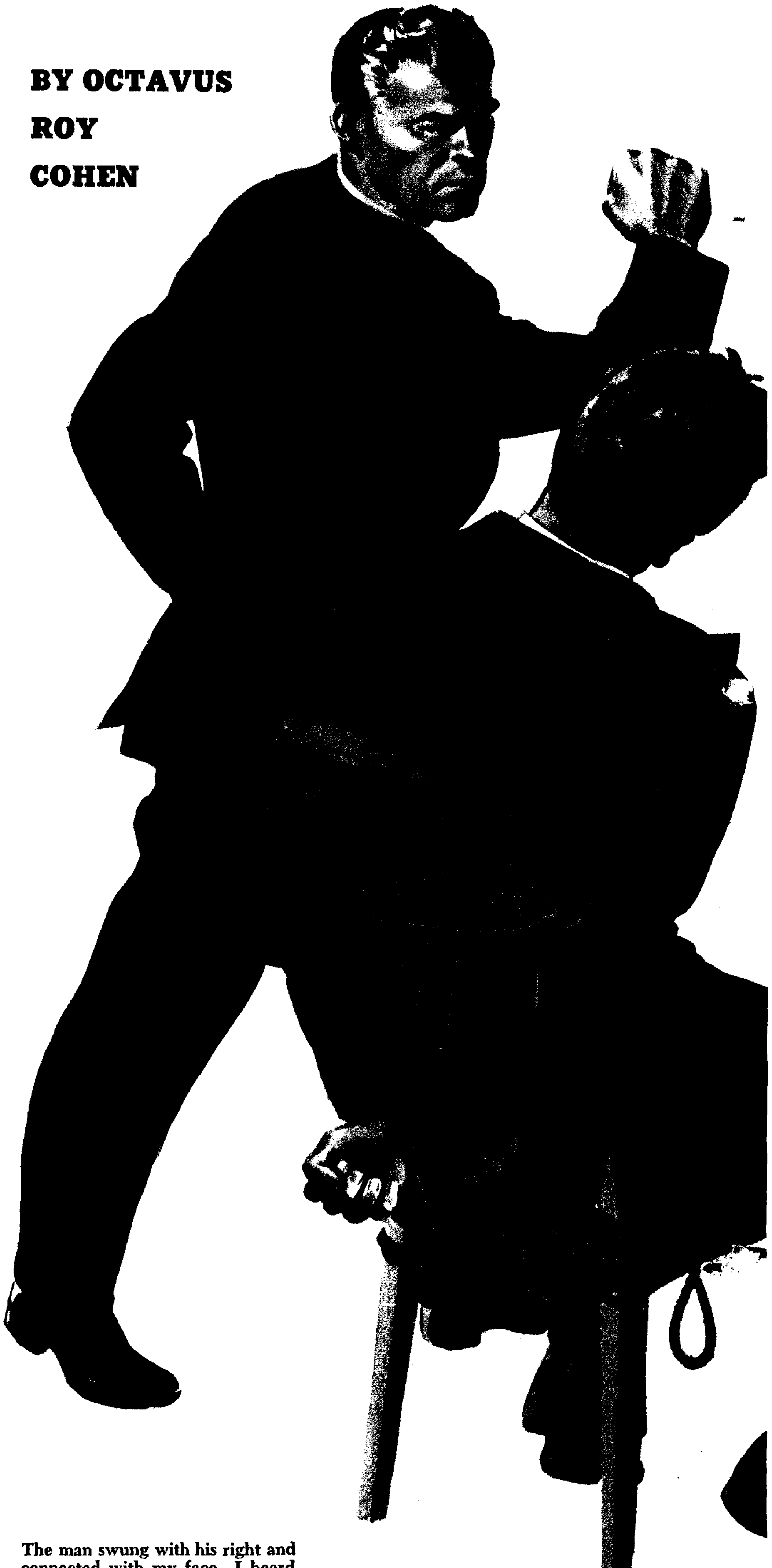
"No. Not exactly."

"What do you mean: Not exactly?"

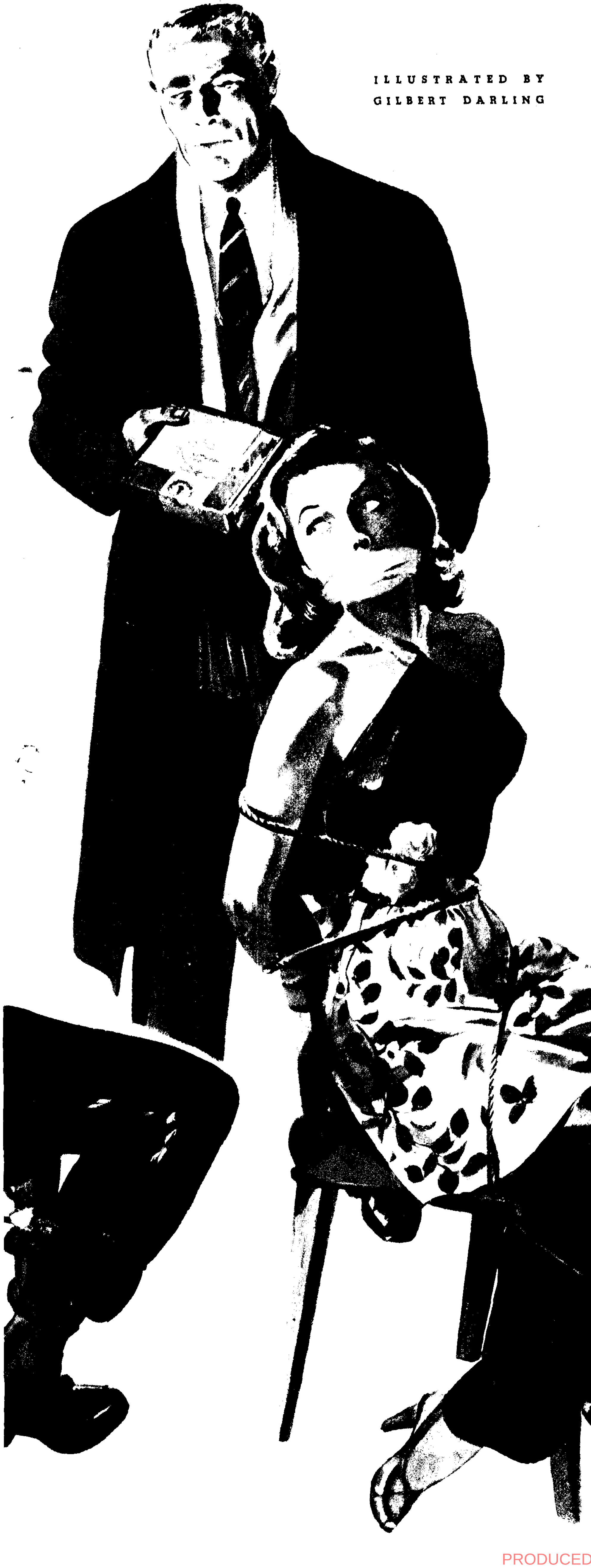
"When I read about the telephone operator getting rubbed out—"

"You *read* about it?"

His eyes narrowed. "Yeah, I read about it. And you needn't get ideas. I wasn't there. I didn't have nothing to do with it. I'll take chances, but I ain't crazy. Anyway, when I read about that, I sent Gloria down to Lawton to apply for the job. She told him she



The man swung with his right and connected with my face. I heard a gurgling sound come from Iris



ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

knew where I was. She was his only chance to keep in touch with me, and I had his cigars. So he took her on. Once in a while he's sent me a little money. Not enough, but some. He was supposed to keep me posted through Gloria about how the cops was getting on. Then I'd know when to move."

"What else about Gloria?"

He came as near to smiling as it was possible for him to do. "Her makin' a play for you, you mean? That was just an idea. I figured you had seen a lot and knew a lot. So maybe if you and her got real friendly, she might learn something."

"So that's how it was."

"Yeah. She didn't give a damn about you. She's my girl."

I looked at Gloria and laughed. I said, "You had me going. You made me think there must be something about me."

"You're all right, Jimmy."

"Thanks." I turned back to Williams. I said, "Where do we go from here?"

"I'm trying to figure." I could see curiosity working on him. "What the hell was wrong with them cigars, Drake?"

I shook my head; I remembered my most recent talk with Dan Crowley. I said, "I don't know. What was?"

HE PICKED up the gun and backed over to the chest of drawers. His body was lithe and supple. He opened a drawer and took out a box marked El Corsario Invincibles. He opened the box, placed it in front of me, and backed away to his card table, taking care to leave the gun handy.

Inside the box didn't look much like cigars. There was a lot of filler and a lot of wrapper, but it was all messed up. "I figured," he said plaintively, "that there must be something valuable inside. Di'monds or something. So I broke 'em open. One by one. All I get is a zero."

I said, "That doesn't make sense."

"Sure it doesn't. But does Lawton know that?"

At first I didn't get it. He started talking again. "The way I figure it," he said, "somebody must have given Lawton a bum steer. He thought them cigars was worth plenty. If that's true, then he still doesn't know they ain't. That's worth something."

"How?"

"I been dickering with him through Gloria. I'm planning to make him lay out some heavy sugar. I need it for where I'm going. But he won't play. He wants the cigars, but he knows I can't make a move. He offered me a lousy five hundred bucks. I'm holding out for five grand."

I said, "Mind if I look these over?"

"You can have them. Provided I decide you can go home."

That was the most encouraging thing he had said. I felt a sense of relief that made my knees rubbery, but I tried not to show it. He said, "If I let you go, would you promise not to tell Lawton that the cigars ain't got nothin' in 'em?"

"My word of honor." I didn't hesitate. That was really the truth. "You still plan to keep in touch with him?"

"If it seems safe."

Claude's fingers drummed on the card table a minute. Then he said, "How much moola you got?"

I picked out my wallet. "Eighty-two dollars and some silver."

"Lay the bills here—on the table."

I laid them on the table.

He said, "Killing you wouldn't do me no good. So I'll talk turkey. You give me six hours. You keep your trap shut that long, and you got nothing to worry about. Plus one more thing: Gloria's to keep on working at Carrington's. You got to keep quiet about that, too."

There wasn't much to argue about. I couldn't imagine where Howard Lawton fitted in, but it suited me fine for Gloria to keep in touch with him and with Claude.

I said I'd play it his way. He jerked his head toward the door. "Move," he said, "before I change my mind."

I didn't need urging. I picked up the box of junk which had once been cigars, and went out the door. I paused briefly in the hallway. I heard someone move. Then I heard the sound of a blow, as though a man's hand had come in violent contact with a woman's face. The sound came again and once again. I heard Gloria whimpering. It never occurred to me to interfere. What I wanted was out.

I got to the corner fast. I found a taxi and went home. It was still rainy and cold, but I didn't feel chilly. I got to my apartment, turned on all the lights, and shoved the box of ex-cigars into the second drawer of my dresser. Then I looked into all the closets and under the bed. I was plenty jittery.

I took two double Scotches while I was undressing. I didn't call Max Gold or Dan Crowley. I intended to keep my word. With a war on, the sedition angle seemed a heap more important than mere murder.

NO MATTER how I tossed this thing around, it still came up Lawton. Lawton had been tried for a murder which the police still believe he had committed; Lawton had arranged for Benigno to meet Iris in Havana; Lawton was friendly with Hernandez; Lawton hired Claude Williams to burglarize Iris' apartment; Lawton hired Gloria Sherman; Lawton had been at the barn dance the night of Margie Brett's murder.

The only things that didn't fit perfectly were the fact that Lawton didn't know that Claude had got the wrong cigars, and the little matter of the assault on George Lee, the garageman, the night Margie was killed. That didn't seem to be in line with Lawton's character. It was a chance you couldn't imagine him taking.

There was one additional angle. Something I had almost forgotten. Lawton knew Curly Ellis, and they didn't like each other. Curly had given me a lot of valuable dope. I made up my mind to see him again.

The week end passed reasonably. So did Monday. Sonia came to the studio about 10:30. Her eyes looked big and tired. Everybody was considerate. No one mentioned Wally, but you had a feeling that he might walk in any minute.

Sonia talked to the various department heads. It was understood that Wally had left everything to her, and that meant that what she said carried weight. She looked a little older. She seemed anxious not to tread on any toes. She didn't stay very long. I don't know where she went when she left the place.

I had a few minutes with Dan Crowley. The leeway I had promised Claude Williams was up, and I told Dan all about my encounter with him and Gloria. He said I had done the correct and sensible thing.

(Continued on page 52)

SEMPER PARATUS, *Ethel Ann*

BY JAN FORTUNE

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD ELDRIDGE

There's something about a soldier — but when Aunt Petty and Grande Tante decided to shift the national morale into high, Ethel Ann prayed for the Coast Guard

AUNT PETTY warmed the dice in her small wrinkled hand, gave them a good rattle, and threw a seven with a professional flourish. "Acey-deucey, again!" she crowed and scooped them up hurriedly. Her bright blue eyes were full of sly mischief. "I'm beating the everlasting bustle off of you, Honorah," she boasted.

"Just a run of luck!" sniffed Grande Tante. She shifted her gold-headed cane and peered nearsightedly down at the board.

Aunt Petty winked down brazenly at Ethel Ann, who was lying on the rug before the fire writing a letter. Ethel Ann winked back. "Your beloved aunts are in the groove, as usual," Ethel Ann was writing to her husband, Rick, somewhere in the stretches of that strange region known as Care of Postmaster, San Francisco. "Grande Tante is browbeating Aunt Petty at backgammon—or thinks she is. Aunt Petty is cheating the daylights out of her because Grande Tante mislaid her glasses last night, and you know her! She'd die before she'd admit she can't see dice spots without them.

"Outside the snow is coming down like a woolly white curtain. But it's nice in here—quiet and cozy and warm and safe. Your home fires are burning brightly, darling—"

Revelations, the old black manservant, opened the dining-room door and coughed discreetly. "Scuse me, Miss Honey," he said. "It might' nigh five o'clock."

Grande Tante reached out and turned on the radio. "Petunia!" she warned. "It's time."

Aunt Petty said, "It won't give me a heart spell to hear the commercial." She threw an eight. "Another acey-deucey!" she cried triumphantly. Revelations eased up behind Grande Tante's chair and produced her glasses like a bit of sleight of hand. "In de teapot," he said, beaming. Grande Tante set them on her nose just in time.

"Petunia Cartwright!" she thundered. Her cameo earrings quivered. "Cheating! How utterly shameful." Aunt Petty drew the pink wool shawl about her straight little shoulders and arose with a regal, haughty mien.

"You needn't shout, Honorah," she said coldly.

"And you needn't leave the door open the way you did yesterday, either."

"Oh, pooh!" Aunt Petty said, and swept out with dignity, Revelations holding back the door for her.

Outside the evening paper hit the porch with a plop, and Hoot Mon and McTavish, the two Scotties, leaped up, barking. "I'll get it." Ethel Ann shoved back her long black bob, and scrambled up.

"Let the dogs run while you're out," Grande Tante ordered. The dining-room door was securely shut. She turned the radio higher and leaned on her cane, listening. The commercial was about over as Ethel Ann went out.

The paper boy's bicycle had made a wide, deep curve across the smooth snow; his boot heel had dotted the step; then he had curved away again. The Scotties pushed past Ethel Ann's slender ankles and went galloping down toward the beach. Ethel Ann leaned against the banister and opened the paper. It was her job to censor it each evening before giving it to Aunt Petty.

Headlines blared across the front page masthead, but Ethel Ann's gray eyes didn't see them; they only saw a picture of a ship—a funny, clumsy, duck-looking ship with a number on its side—202. The caption said: "An LST landing Marines and tanks at Cape Gloucester." Two hundred and two was Rick's LST! "Last Sea Trip," the Coast Guard called them. That was why she hadn't heard—Rick had been busy—but very busy! He had been in the New Britain show! Right in the middle of it! If only she could march in and show this to Grande Tante and Aunt Petty; if only she could flaunt it under their noses and say: "Everything nice and safe and easy in the Coast Guard, is it, my fine-feathered-aunts-by-marriage? Well, take a gander at what your nephew has just gone and done!"

Inside, the gold-headed cane began doing a sort of pre-emptory "Boots and Saddles!" on the hardwood floor. Ethel Ann called the dogs and went in hurriedly. Grande Tante was standing before the fire, leaning on her cane somewhat as a cavalry officer might lean upon his sword before using it in hand-to-hand combat. Her snapping black eyes were furious and militant.

AUNT PETTY came through the dining-room door munching a cruller; behind her was Revelations with the tea things. "Oh, dear," Aunt Petty said, looking at Grande Tante's belligerent stance. "It isn't going over, is it?"

"We are going to take steps!" Grande Tante snapped. Ethel Ann moved to the telephone and lifted the receiver.

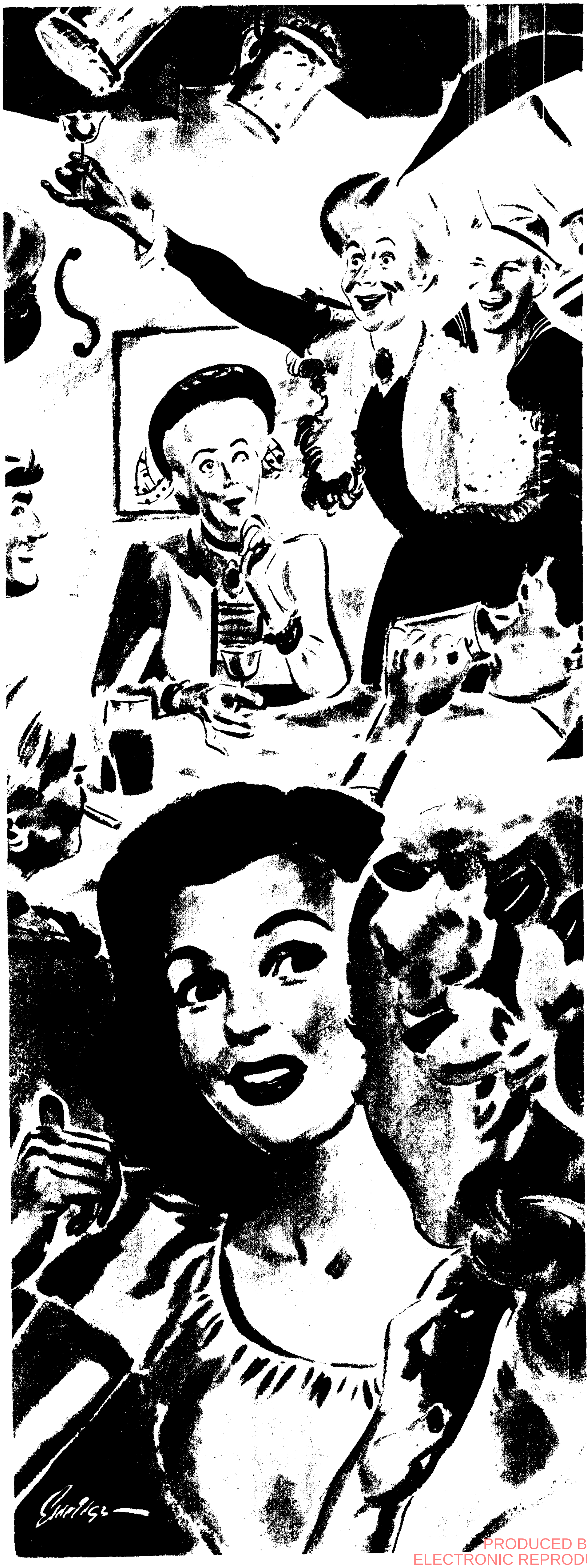
"How many this time?" she asked.

"I am not at the moment concerned with the War Loan Drive," Grande Tante said grimly, "although it is not, to my notion, going over as well as it should. Petunia, sit down! Revelations, give Miss Petunia her smelling salts, and then take those tea things back! Hoot Mon—McTavish! At ease!" It was a very military atmosphere. Everybody jumped and froze in position. Grande Tante surveyed her forces speculatively. "Ethel Ann!" Ethel Ann snapped to attention and with difficulty refrained from saluting. "Burn the evening paper!" Ethel Ann stepped forward over the cowed dogs and dropped Rick's ship into the blaze. Then she stepped back and waited.

Grande Tante cleared her throat. "The war department has just released a most dreadful story about Japanese atrocities perpetrated upon our helpless prisoners of war. Mr. Lowell Thomas says—" Grande Tante shuddered and gripped her stick tighter. "Because of your heart condition, Petunia, we will not go into the horrible—the unbelievable details. But the time has come when we must go all-out!"

"You can have my electric company stock," Aunt Petty said eagerly. "All of it."

(Continued on page 28)



Ethel Ann gestured toward the table where Aunt Petty and Grande Tante were holding revel. "I'm with General Hooker and his adjutant," she said

ACME

LONDON FIGHTS THE ROBOTS

by Ernest Hemingway

RADIOED FROM LONDON

Collier's correspondent flies against the French rocket coast and, after a struggle with the censor, still manages to give us a vivid picture of the new R.A.F. plane fighting Hitler's pilotless bombs

THE Tempest is a great, gaunt airplane. It is the fastest pursuit job in the world and is as tough as a mule. It has been reported with a speed of 400 and should dive 'way ahead of its own noise. Where we were living, its job was to intercept the pilotless planes and shoot them down over the sea or in open country as they came in on their sputtering roar toward London.

The squadron flew from four o'clock in the morning until midnight. There were always pilots sitting ready in the cockpits to take off when the Very pistol signaled, and there were always a number of planes on permanent patrol in the air. The fastest time I clocked a plane as airborne, from the sound of the pop of the flare pistol that would arc a twin flare over toward the dispersal area from the door of the Intelligence hut, was fifty-seven seconds.

As the flare popped, you would hear the dry bark of the starting cartridge and the rising scream of the motor, and these hungry, big, long-legged birds would lurch, bounce, and scream off with the noise of two hundred circular saws hitting a mahogany log dead on the nose. They took off downwind, crosswind, any way the weather lay, and grabbed a piece of the sky and lurched up into it with the long, high legs folding up under them.

You love a lot of things if you live around them, but there isn't any woman and there isn't any horse, nor any before nor any after, that is as lovely as a great airplane, and men who love them are faithful to them even though they leave them for others. A man has only one virginity to lose in fighters, and if it is a lovely plane he loses it to, there his heart will ever be.

Mustang is a tough, good name for a bad, tough, husky, angry plane that could have been friends with Harry Greb if Greb had had an engine instead of a heart. Tempest is a sissy name out of Shakespeare, who is a great man anywhere, but they have put it onto an airplane that is sort of like a cross between Man o' War and Tallulah Bankhead in the best year either of them ever had. They were good years, too, and many a man has been taken by the bookies because he looked at a colt that had the swelling Big Red's neck had and not any of the rest of it. And there have been many husky voices since, but none that carried good across the Western ocean.

So now we have this squadron of Tempests. They were running out of terms for meteorological disturbances when they named that one. And all day long they shoot down this nameless weapon, day in and day out. The squadron leader is a fine man, tall, small-spoken the way a leopard is, with the light brown circles under his eyes and the odd purple complexion of a man whose face has been burned away, and he told the story of his exploit to me very quietly and truthfully, standing by the wooden table in the pilots' mess.

He knew it was true and I knew it was true and he was very precise in remembering exactly how it had been, because it was one of the first pilotless aircraft he had shot down, and he was very exact in details. He did not like to say anything personal but it was evidently all right to speak well of the plane. Then he told me about the other sort of shooting down. If you do not explode them in the air, you crash them.

"It is a sort of giant bubble of blast that rises from them," he said. "Bubble" has been quite a venturesome word to use, and he took confidence from it and tried a further word. "It is rather like a huge *blossoming* of air rising.

We were both embarrassed by this articulateness, and as my mind watched the giant bubble blossoming, all tension was taken away by an American flying in the same squadron, who said, "I dropped one on a greenhouse, and the glass rose straight up a million feet. What am I going to say to the guy who owns that greenhouse when we go into the pub tonight?"

"You can't just say exactly where you'll shoot them down," the squadron leader said, standing there, speaking shyly, patiently and with strange eagerness, from behind the purple mask he would always wear now for a face. "They go very fast you know."

The Mark of Authority

The wing commander came in, angry, happy. He was short, with a lot of style and a tough, bad tongue. He was twenty-six, I found out later. I had seen him get out of an airplane before I knew he was the wing commander. It did not show then, nor did it show now when he talked. The only way you knew he was the wing commander was the way the other pilots said "Sir." They said "Sir" to the two squadron leaders, one of whom was a tough Belgian like a six-day bicycle racer, and the other was the shy, fine man who lived behind the destroyed face. But they gave a slightly different "Sir" to the wing commander, and the wing commander returned no change from it at all. Nor did he notice it when he pocketed it.

Censorship, in war, is a very necessary thing. It is especially necessary about aircraft because, until a new aircraft has fallen into enemy hands, no information as to the exact speeds, dimensions, characteristics or armament should be written, since all of that furnishes information the enemy wants and needs.

It is appearance, characteristics and performance that make a man love an airplane, and they, told truly, are what put the emotion into an article about one. They are all out of this article now. I hope the enemy never shoots down a Tempest, that the Tempest will never be released from the secret list, and that all I know and care about them can never be published until after the war.

All information about tactics employed in the shooting down of pilotless aircraft is out, too, along with all the conversation that would let you know how the types feel that do the shooting down. Because you cannot have the conversation without conveying the tactics. So there isn't much in this article now, except a guy loving an airplane.

It is written in tough language because this was, in the main, a tough-speaking outfit. The only exception was the squadron leader, fragments of whose conversation are given. Some outfits in the R.A.F. are very rough spoken, and some speak as gently and correctly as in the film, Target for Tonight. I like ("like" is a very mild term to employ for the emotion felt) both kinds, and sometime, if it is ever possible to write anything interesting that the censor can conscientiously pass, I would like to try to show both kinds. In the meantime you get this.

Writing under censorship is necessary and proper in time of war, and we all censor out ourselves everything we think might be of any possible interest to the enemy. But in writing about the air on the basis of trying to include color, detail and emotion, there is a certan anology to sports writing.

It is sort of as though in the old days you had found Harry Greb having a breakfast of double orders of ham and eggs and hashed brown potatoes in bed at nine o'clock in the morning on the day he was to fight Mickey

(Continued on page 80)

An R.A.F. fighter plane zooms down after a pilotless bomb. A few seconds later the Nazi projectile was exploded by the guns of the fighter

Poor Viola! In realistic seashore theater the Twelfth Night heroine (Dorothy Spaulding) gets wet hair before rescue by Sea Captain (Frederick Stevens). Erwin Piscator wades in to direct scene

Hear ye!—Town Crier (Gordon Green) with horse-and-buggy girls drums up trade for Playhouse performances

Beulah Roth sits in beach grass with Piscator reading the line: "Your heart never knew a child's toy . . ."

Eugene Von Grona, dancer from Amsterdam, Holland, leads dance movement on the beach. The girls are: Left to right, Priscilla Draghi, Greeta Shoobe, Elizabeth Kahn, Blossom Plumb. Everybody goes barefoot

Blossom Plumb (Silvermine Falls, Conn.) and Marlon Brando (Omaha, Nebr.) acquire sun tan while rehearsing

Stage-Struck

They live on star dust and sunshine —25 stage-struck boys and girls band together in a co-operative summer theater at the seashore. The beach is their rehearsal hall

Seashore rehearsals are the daily diet of Playhouse players. Maria Ley Piscator sits in foreground

WHEN the dramatic students in Erwin Piscator's class in New York started looking for summer stage jobs and not finding them, Piscator said, "Why don't you establish your own theater?"

The students asked, "What would we use for money?" and Piscator told them, "The usual substitute is, I believe, a shoestring. Why do you not go out and earn yourselves a shoestring?"

So the students did, twenty-five of them doing odd jobs around town to earn $100 apiece. They then leased the boarded-up Playhouse on the seashore at Sayville, Long Island.

Arriving there July 1st in a tired and dusty condition, loaded down with mops, luggage, dishes, pans, blankets and costumes, they first jumped into Long Island Sound for a quick cool-off, and emerged with courage to tackle the painting, mowing and scrubbing that had to be done to make the Playhouse and its adjoining living quarters habitable.

The original group were all New School students, but more stage-struck boys and girls came from as far away as Wichita, Kansas; Seattle, Washington; and Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, to join it. One student hitchhiked from Seattle. Now everything runs smoothly, with the three or four weekly performances drawing good crowds, and the students still doing all the work around the place. The weekly budget is only $375, and any profit or loss at the end of the season is to be divided among all participants.

Piscator, who was a famous Liberal in the pre-Hitler German State Theater, came to this country in 1939 to produce War and Peace for Gilbert Miller; he has for several years been director of the Dramatic Workshop of the New School for Social Research. His recognition in this country so far has been more critical than financial, possibly because he is still a stubborn idealist, who will not make a single sacrifice to expediency. Within a few weeks, he expects to become an American citizen.

The Sayville venture is, in embryo, the sort of thing he would like to develop on a grand scale. "It would be good for the theater," he says, "if summer co-operatives like ours were established throughout the country. In this way, all talented youngsters could have a chance at stage experience. Working co-operatively, we eliminate the big overhead of the regular commercial summer theater. We operate as a school rather than as a profit-making company. We can afford fewer performances, more rehearsals, more experimentation."

Piscator holds rehearsals on the beach. "When I think I will go out of my mind from the bad acting," he says, "I can jump in the water quick. This helps."

Piscator's wife, Maria Ley, former ballet mistress for Producer Max Reinhardt, teaches movement—also on the beach—while Miss Chouteau Dyer, assistant director, runs around in shorts and bare feet, coaching bathing-suited students in their lines.

The sea is a useful stage property, too. The plan for Twelfth Night, in rehearsal as this is written, is to enact the first scene in the water. Viola, as you may recall, is rescued from drowning by the sea captain.

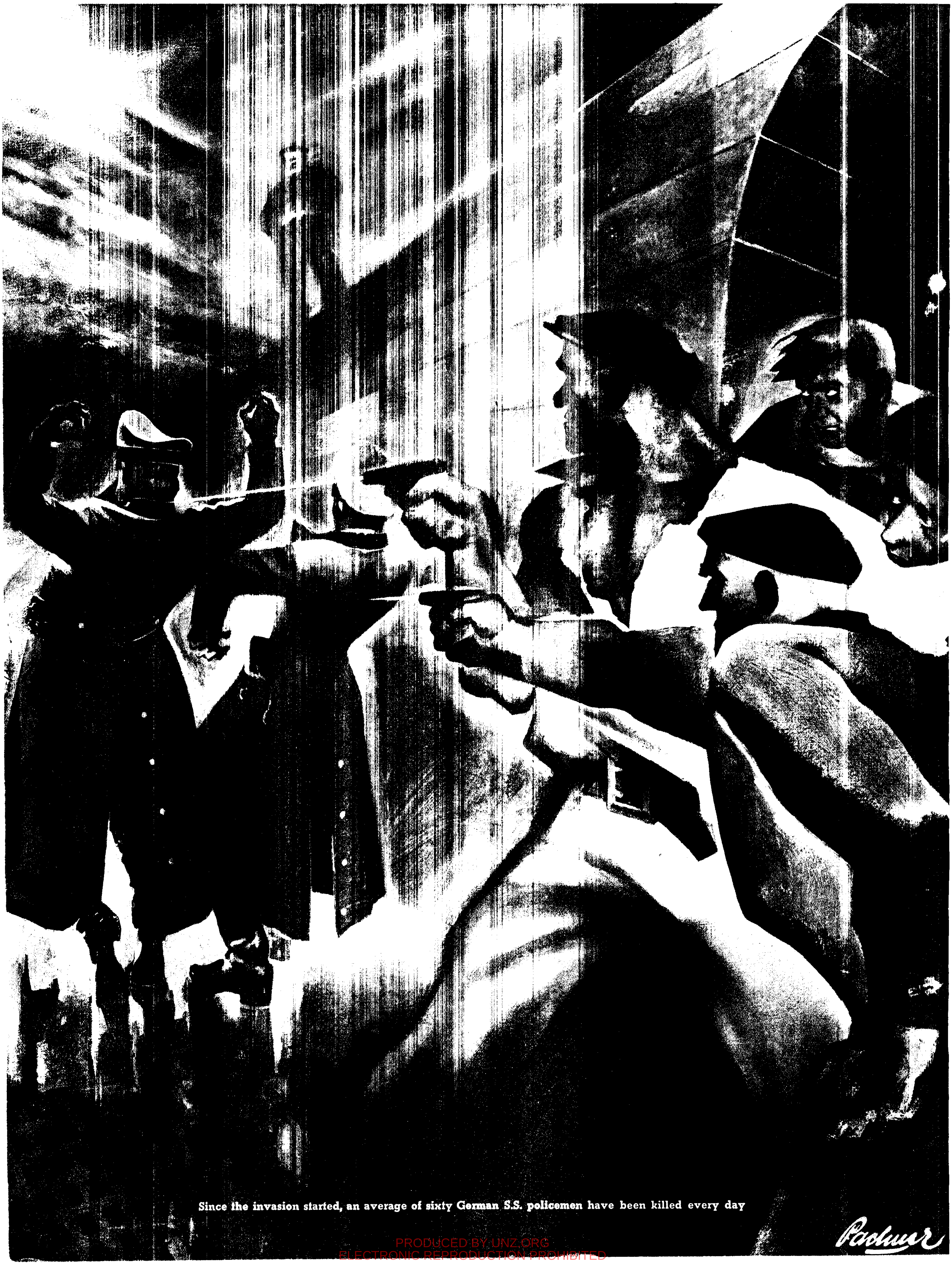
"We are radical," says Piscator. "We drown Viola in real water. The audience can stand on the shore for this scene and then move inside for the rest of the play." . . . A. P.

Subconscious thoughts depicted on shadow screen—a typical Piscator technique

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KARGER–PIX

Biggest success so far is Claudia, with Priscilla Draghi in title role. Von Grona plays opposite

Bathing suits and costumes mingle at Sayville's clubhouse theater. Theater is commodious (500 seats) and well equipped, but only supply vehicles are one bicycle, one gasless car



Since the invasion started, an average of sixty German S.S. policemen have been killed every day

We Blind THE WEHRMACHT

BY ALPHONSE DUNOYER *as told to* ALDO FORTE

CABLED FROM SWITZERLAND

Since the invasion, the French people have been flocking to join the resistance forces. With each blown-up bridge, each broken telegraph line, the Nazis and their slave troops become daily more afraid

ON THE day after the Allies invaded Normandy, we pulled our biggest feat so far. We blocked the railway tunnel between Annecy and La Roche, thus paralyzing all German military traffic on this important line for three weeks. Yet it was one of the simplest sabotage tasks we ever carried out.

The Germans were still jittery from the shock of the Allied landing. With eleven picked men, all heavily armed, we descended to La Roche. Twenty-five others went to Annecy where a heavy German garrison had been quartered for a long time. We knew there was a freight train scheduled to leave Annecy at 7:32 in the evening. All our men at Annecy had excellently counterfeited traveling permits to board the train. When the freight stopped, they swung aboard, each carrying a valise loaded with TNT which we had stolen from German depots.

At the prearranged time—just before the train entered the La Roche tunnel—our men dropped off but left the valises aboard. Meantime, we had easily overcome the German sentries on the other side of the tunnel, had stolen a locomotive and shot it into the tunnel at full speed. It must have telescoped into the oncoming freight train with a terrific crash, and the explosion which followed blocked the tunnel in the most effective manner.

When we returned to our headquarters we discovered that our own casualties totaled three twisted ankles and one broken leg, sustained by the man who had jumped off the freight.

Our base is on the slopes of Mont Parmelan, overlooking the lake and town of Annecy. Annecy was the headquarters of the French quisling, Colonel G. Lelong and the German Gestapo. Their efforts have made our casualties at the tunnel seem ridiculously light. We were 650 men last winter. Now we are only 416, but our ranks are swelling daily. We are forced to be most careful in accepting new members, for the German police recently succeeded in smuggling a considerable number of traitors into the resistance movement, both among the Maquis and our friends in the cities and towns. These traitors made mass arrests possible. They made lists of all members of the groups they belonged to. Armed with these lists the Gestapo struck, and in some places, especially in central France, decimated our ranks.

But there's no lack of recruits now owing to the wave of enthusiasm which swept France following the Allied landing in Normandy. Not less than 75,000 of our members were arrested in the first four days following the invasion. But we are making them pay. Since the invasion started, an average of sixty German S.S. policemen have been killed every day.

Our principal aim is to blind the German forces by destroying their communications system—the telegraph and telephone network and roads essential to troop movements. Overnight, innocent-looking women guarding railroad crossings, harmless old men working in the fields, road and forest inspectors all turned into dangerous saboteurs. Every day it is more apparent to those who lived through the German invasion of 1940 as I did that Hitler hasn't the same crack troops to oppose the Allies that he had then.

The present Wehrmacht is a strange mélange of Austrians, Czechs, Poles and White Russians. They are slave troops who fight because, either directly or indirectly, there are guns at their backs. They wait only for the right moment to betray their German masters. Perhaps "betray" isn't the correct term, for they all hate the Germans as much as we do—perhaps more—for at least we are fighting for our own liberation, while many of them have lost all hope of ever returning home to see their beloved ones. Their cold, bitter hatred is crystallized in one direction, centered on one aim—the destruction of anyone who wears the green-gray uniform of the Wehrmacht.

While they are interested only in eliminating Germans, we direct all our efforts toward sabotage. We hardly ever attack a German contingent of more than twenty men. It would be foolhardy, and our men are as vital to us as bread, but with the aid of civilians we carry out widespread sabotage.

New Sabotage Fronts

For instance, from one region with an area twice the size of Switzerland, twice as much sabotage has been committed during the last two months as during the previous several years. It is of the greatest advantage to the Allies that thousands of persons who hitherto had refrained from sabotage (thus giving the Germans a feeling of false security) have now started operating with us.

Here is our record toward the liberation of France in the Mont Parmelan region: four bridges dynamited, eight freight trains blown off the tracks, over two thousand German trucks destroyed. We've had more than nine hundred German troopers at the points of our rifles; how many we killed and how many we wounded, we can't exactly say. However, there's one fact: Almost every one of my men has a notch on his gunstock indicating that he bagged either a German trooper, a Gestapo agent or a French quisling militiaman.

But early in March some Boche nearly earned a notch for his gun, because I went right into the lion's den—to Annecy to meet our contact man from there. I see him once a month because the information he has for me is invaluable. I spent two days in that pretty lakeside town and I saw plenty of things which, coupled with our contact man's information, aided us considerably during the following months.

Walking down a wide street flanked by poplar trees, I passed my old barracks and arrived in front of the Villa Marie, headquarters of Colonel Lelong, boss of Annecy, and Militia Chief Major Knipping, the Savoy henchman of Joseph Darnand, chief of all Vichy militia. I saw French militiamen on guard in front of the villa, ridiculously imitating the custom of the German sentries, who stand with their feet apart, their bayoneted rifles slung across their arms. They looked quite impressive with their dark blue uniforms and shiny black steel helmets.

I learned that Lelong and Knipping never leave their stronghold without a heavy bodyguard of militiamen. I also learned from my man in Annecy that all militiamen, Gestapo agents and Wehrmachters have stern orders to keep their revolvers next to their plates during mess time. But the most ominous thing for Germany is the fact that her former advantage in the high morale of her troops has slowly deteriorated. All these men today are suffering the same jitters, if not panic, that destroyed the morale of the French army under murderous Stuka assaults in the spring of 1940.

I strolled undisturbed in front of the near-by prefecture where the Gestapo was stationed. Just as I arrived, several gray Wehrmacht trucks rumbled by over the cobblestoned street into the courtyard of the prefecture. They were loaded with soldiers returning from a skirmish with other Partisans who did not belong to my force. The soldiers lacked enthusiasm, looking disillusioned and fatigued. Several were wounded. One was taken off a truck in a stretcher with his body and face covered by a filthy blanket. They all appeared quite young—around eighteen.

When you are in Annecy, you have the immediate impression that you're in the very center of the spider's web. Everywhere you go, you are confronted by uniforms: the khaki coats and steel helmets of the gendarmerie, the dark blue of French militiamen and the green-gray of Wehrmacht troopers. Dust-covered, six-wheeled army cars dash through narrow streets at breakneck speed, flanked by motorcycle patrols with submachine guns on their handle bars. German army autos are always accompanied by patrols, not daring to leave the outskirts of Annecy unguarded, as several already have been ambushed barely ten miles outside the city limits. Narrow, twisted side streets and alleys right within Annecy are guarded both day and night by machine-gun nests.

My contact man, who is a person in the confidence of the Germans, described Lelong's headquarters inside the Villa Marie. He told me how Lelong spends many hours daily in his map room, with orderlies dashing in and out bringing him the latest news of attempted ambushes and skirmishes with the Partisans. Huge maps, pasted on the walls, show all Haute Savoy with all its Maquis-infested mountains. Little red flags indicate the foremost Partisan strongholds and a slightly bigger blue flag is pinned on the notorious "Plateau de Gliers," the mountain slope most feared by Lelong and his men, where many a French quisling and collaborationist has paid the fee for his betrayal of France.

On the second day of my three-day visit to Annecy, word got around that Lelong planned to surround the entire town beginning the next morning at six o'clock. At every street leading out of the town, machine-gun posts were placed, and people were stopped inside the town and asked for identity cards. Meanwhile, special Gestapo squads, assisted by French militiamen, started a careful search of every house for hidden Partisans. I decided that Annecy was getting too hot for me.

Within two hours, through the customary special channels, word leaked out, and I was informed that the password for Lelong's men was "Rouen." I decided to leave town before dawn, and a few hours after midnight I bade farewell to my friends and directed myself toward the eastern exit of Annecy. Everywhere I encountered militia patrols armed with automatic pistols and with potato-masher bombs slung over their shoulders.

When I reached the outskirts of town, I was halted by a patrol of five men. They asked what I was doing there at that time of night. I informed the leader I was on a "special mission." He asked for the password, and I whispered back "Rouen." The leader saluted and said, *"Ca va, Camarade."*

I continued walking for about ten minutes, and when I reached the outskirts of the town, I was halted by another militiaman. He was alone. When I gave him the password, he suspiciously asked me to show my credentials. A quick stab with my knife between his ribs ended this interview. I continued undisturbed and at four in the morning was again with my men at Mont Parmelan.

I realized my exceptional luck later on when I heard that Lelong and his henchmen had turned Annecy into an inferno that night and the following two days. Every house was combed from cellar to attic, every shop was torn inside out in the search for *"gros légumes"*—especially dangerous suspect persons. If someone delayed a few seconds to open his door, it was smashed in with rifle butts. The inhabitants' scanty reserves of food or wine were regularly "confiscated" and carted off to improve Lelong's menu.

An Impregnable Stronghold

But I should explain why simple mention of the "Plateau de Gliers" still drives shivers down the spines of militiamen and the Gestapo. About ten times Lelong's forces, reinforced by Wehrmacht troopers, have vainly attempted to storm this Partisan stronghold, and every time have been driven off with terrific losses. Finally, his inability to take the plateau caused Lelong to be removed from his command.

The Partisans bravely defend themselves in deep trenches they have dug and protected by felled tree trunks. The Germans decided to attempt to root them out by means of light field artillery, as it had proved impossible to bomb them out from the air. But they never got there. They fell into an ambush and were killed. The artillery pieces were taken by the Partisans, hauled to the plateau and emplaced to defend the plateau. It is now one hundred per cent impregnable.

The Germans and the French militiamen haven't the ghost of a chance against this handful of men. They have been defying the occupation troops for the last two years. They are well supplied from the air by the Allies, they have natural water sources and they know inch by inch, every stone, every path, every tree of the plateau. One of the many "punitive expeditions" that Lelong, backed by the Wehrmacht, sent against them was literally crushed to pulp at the place

(Continued on page 67)

You can't convince Alphonse Dunoyer that France was defeated in 1940. He was a lieutenant in the 17th Chasseurs Alpins regiment—the famous "Blue Devils"—in those days. Today he is the leader of a band of Maquis who live in the mountains above Annecy in Haute-Savoy, near the Swiss border. A few weeks ago, Dunoyer walked for three and a half days to Geneva, Switzerland. There he met and talked to Aldo Forte, United Press Correspondent. He told how in the winter, the Maquis freeze and, in the summer, they swelter, but they kill Germans in all seasons. The guns they have are those they have stolen from their enemies. They wreck trains, block tunnels, blow up factories and sometimes are led before firing squads. Recently General Eisenhower said their work played a major role in keeping the Nazis from funneling sufficient reserves into Normandy to smash our beachhead. He said that 95 per cent of the American people did not know the tremendous job the Maquis were doing. By printing this article, Collier's tries to lower that percentage.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

The Stork Club's three worst customers: Morton Downey, Jacqueline Billingsley and her father, Sherman. None of them ever takes a drink, sticking instead to ice cream

Yankee SONGBIRD

by DAN PARKER

Mr. Morton Downey has gone a long way since he discovered there was gold in them thar gills of his

LORD forbid that there ever again should be the likes of the hard times that gripped our blessed land fifteen years ago. But if come they must, avick, Morton Downey's just the laddybuck that'll be a match for them, the Lord bechune him and all harm, because Morton's the b'hoy that knows what it is to struggle along on a paltry $85,000 a year.

Besides, sure and didn't his Irish forebears (may their souls rest in peace!) live through both the potato famine and the Night of the Big Wind? No wonder 'tis in the blood of the gossoon to enjure hardships. And you may be sure the divil a bit of it the b'hoy do forget now when he's drawing his good six thousand dollars a week for pourin' forth the songs of the Ould Sod in a voice Scanlon himself would have envied.

Morton Downey, third-generation American of Irish descent, who will gross about $300,000 from agitating his tonsils for the nation's entertainment this year, actually looks back on the half-dozen years during the last decade when his annual income dropped to $85,000 as "the depression." Can you blame his less-gifted brethern and sistern for gazing with awe at his throat and exclaiming, "There's gold in them gills!"

Downey, now riding the crest of a new wave of popularity, started singing at the age of five in his native Wallingford, Connecticut, but gave away his golden notes for six years before discovering that they could be discounted. This happened when one of two rival organizations, bidding for his services at their entertainments, waved a five-dollar bill in front of his Irish pug nose. Morton permanently disposed of his amateur status on the spot by wrapping his fins around the finif and asking, "How long has this been going on?"

Despite the length of time it took Morton to get down to business with his singing, he now prides himself on his financial acumen. Compliment Morton on his voice, and you leave him colder than a penguin's instep. But tell him he's a good businessman, and he'll yodel Wabash Moon for you in the octave above high C for free.

One would think that a talent yielding its possessor an annual income of over a quarter of a million would be the dominating force of his career. With Morton, however, singing is but a means to an end. It's the passport that enables him to make friends of influential people. He takes far greater pride in telling you that he knows more people by their first name than even Jim Farley, than he does in the fact that a recent radio poll indicated that he had more listeners than Roosevelt and Churchill combined.

This smart personable Celt learned how to ingratiate himself with his fellow men while working as a news and candy butcher for the New Haven railroad, in his teens. Where other train venders hawked their wares in the traditional circus-barker style, young Downey put his sales talk into song and interpolated the warbling whistle, now so familiar to Downey fans. Thus ballyhooed, the papers and candy sold like pari-mutuel tickets.

Casting a spell over tired captains of industry in a supper club is merely a refinement of the process of charming commuters. Morton has found that there's nothing quite so potent as a sentimental song to thaw the heart of a big financier or an austere statesman seeking escape from the realities of life in a smart night spot.

Won Many Friends

As a result of singing his way into the favor of influential folk, Morton now owns big holdings in contracting and banking firms in Mexico and has a large block of stock in a rayon-manufacturing plant in Brazil. These investments stem from a meeting with Señor Maximo Avila Camacho, governor of the state of Pueblo, Mexico, one night in a Washington supper club. The Señor, enchanted by Morton's rendition of a Mexican song, requested that the singer sit at his table. Governor Camacho, whose brother, Manuel Avila became president of Mexico, took such a liking to Morton that the Connecticut Yankee soon found himself with many good friends in what used to be Emperor Maximilian's court.

Through his Mexican friends, Morton met some of the right people in Brazil, who, also finding him to be a good neighbor, told him where to invest the silver certificates he earned with his golden notes. Thus does Morton's money carry farther even than his voice.

One of radio's hardy pioneers, Morton, along with Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee, has managed to wear well with the public. As he looks back now over a dozen years, Morton has to smile at the naïveté that induced him to take a sabbatical holiday from the air waves back in 1932, so he wouldn't wear out his welcome. Mort was sitting on top of the world then, earning a cool quarter of a million a year, but the dough seemed too good to be true.

Like a dog burying a bone, Downey said, "I'll hide this good thing and come back to it when the public starts complaining about my absence."

Nobody complained, least of all Morton himself, who was happy as the lark he emulates, singing in supper clubs because that was just what he wanted to do. His income dropped to one third of what it had been, and his sabbatical year in the supper clubs stretched into six. During these years, Morton learned two fundamental truths about show business. The first was that a performer who had something to sell need never worry about wearing out his welcome with the public. The second was that the only thing deader than yesterday's newspaper is the performer who withdraws from the public eye and ear.

The bobby-sox trade goes wild over Sinatra. Downey's public ranges from bobby-sox to the old boys with socks full of what

(Continued on page 45)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KNOPF-PIX

Talking them of it

BY MOSCRIP MILLER

The G.I. Joes hooted when the psychological warfare boys first appeared at the front. But the Axis generals knew how dangerous truth could be. And after the prisoners began to walk in, the Joes knew, too

AN ITALIAN soldier came running out of the woods with his hands up in surrender and a paper waving from his fingers. He came into the American lines and was turned over to an Intelligence officer. The American Joes in the foxholes watched absently while the conversation went on at a distance and then were jolted into attention when the Italian started back in the direction he had come.

"Don't shoot him!" ordered the officer, and the men in the foxholes grumbled.

"What the hell!" they said. "What goes on here?"

In half an hour the Italian was back with six friends, all with hands up, and papers fluttering agitatedly in the air. This time they stayed captured, and the mystery of the waving papers was solved. They were, in brief, the first fruits of American psychological warfare.

Bombs bursting in air no longer mean death exclusively. They may mean propaganda and the surrender of enemy forces. A bomb can burst and spray a Nazi company with leaflets, which bear a safe-conduct pass through Allied lines on the reverse side. The fliers and doughboys who first grumbled bitterly that "you can't kill a Heinie with a spitball" are now realizing that doubts can be created in the minds of the foe—doubts that can lead to a spirit of defeat in the ranks and perhaps eventual collapse.

In Tunisia, the Italians came in first with the passes, followed by Austrians, Bavarians and a few Prussians. There have even been cases of Japanese surrendering because of the pamphlets.

The leaflets are written in close co-operation with Army Intelligence and after prisoners in a specific sector have been questioned. "Die for Hitler or live for Germany" was the appeal in Tunisia. The message was direct and simple. The enemy was told the seriousness of his position and given facts that would make him mistrust his leaders. Good treatment and good food were assured. Pilots flying low over enemy lines dropped bombs that exploded in the air and released thousands of pamphlets; direct hits were made with leaflets shot from field guns and mortars; night patrols infiltrated into enemy lines and left more of them.

But that is only part of the psychological warfare battle. Within twenty-four hours after taking Tunis, an Allied newspaper was written, edited, printed and on the streets. Engineers immediately started rebuilding the powerful Radio Tunis. German films were confiscated, and British and American movies and a United Nations newsreel were shown in local theaters. The Tunisian campaign is now history, but it made possible the successful propaganda job later done in Sicily and Italy.

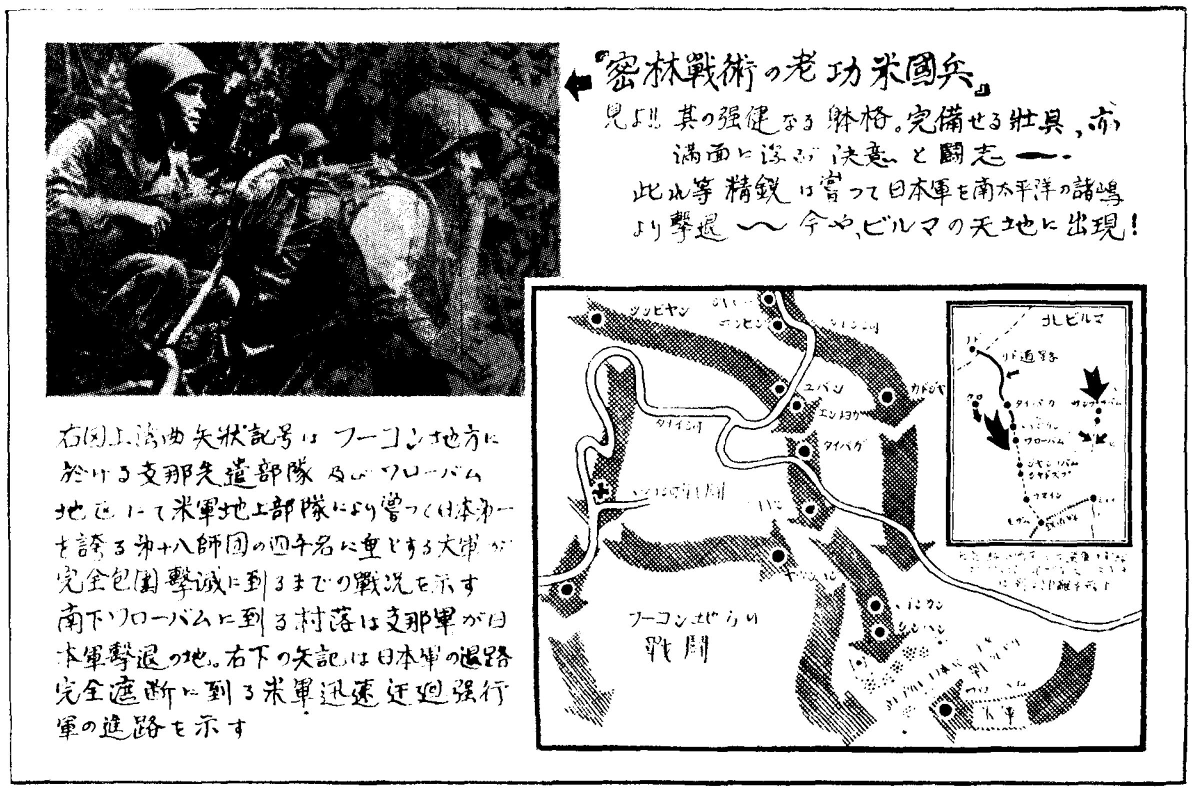
Psychological Warfare Branch (PWB) is staffed by men from the Office of War Information (OWI), the British and U.S. armies, two British propaganda agencies, the U.S. Office of Strategic Services, and the Federal Communications Commission. It is a part of the American Army, attached to Information and Censorship and commanded by Brigadier General Robert McClure.

The tough-fighting divisions that were smacking Rommel around Africa made a large, unpleasant noise with the mouth when they first heard about PWB, thinking it just another three-letter word meaning mistake. The first group of PWB workers didn't look too hot

(Continued on page 72)

OFFICE OF WAR INFORMATION

The Army isn't the only one that uses propaganda to undermine the enemy's morale: Here Navy Lt. Livingston Hartley loads a 25-pound shell with leaflets to be shot over the lines

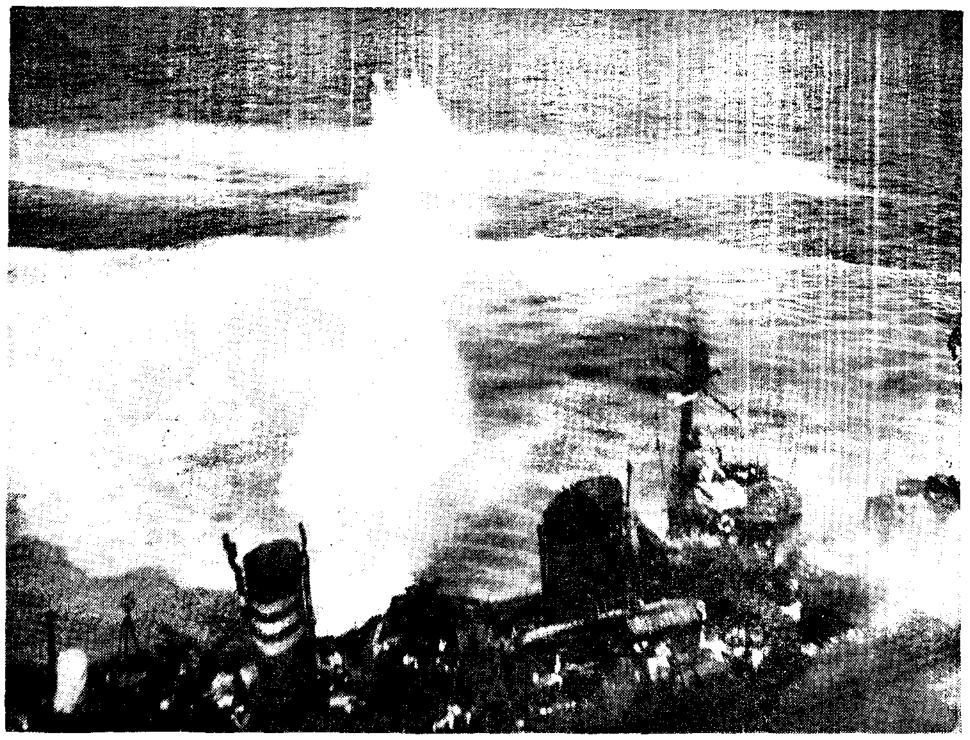


『密林戰術の老功米國兵』

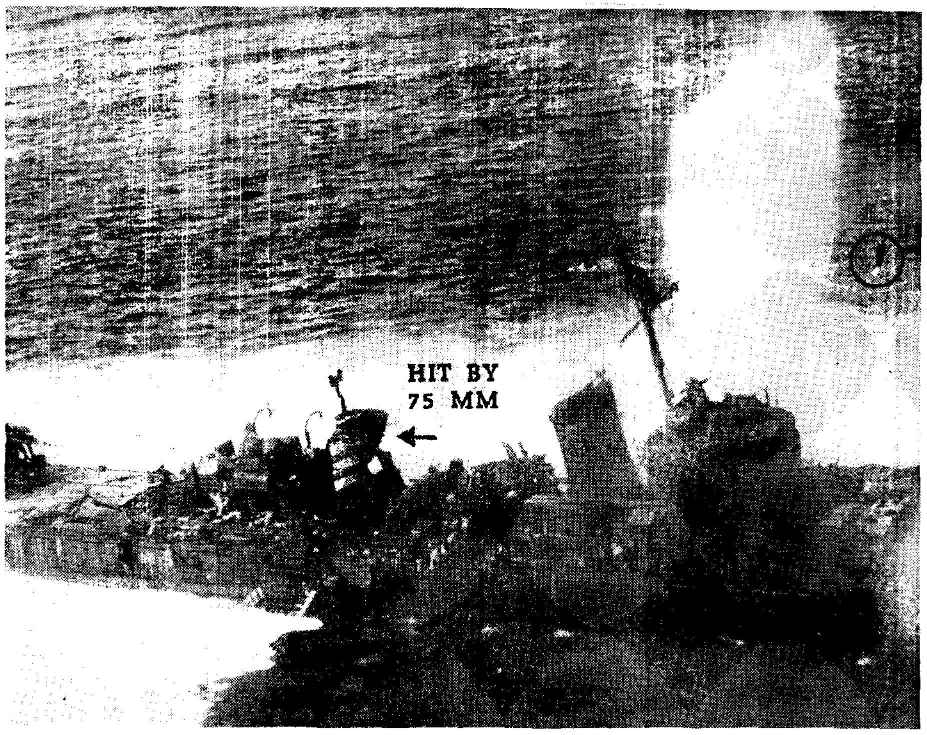
見よ!! 其の強健なる躰格。完備せる壮具，亦
満面に浮ぶ決意と鬪志――
此れ等精鋭は嘗て日本軍を南太平洋の諸島
より撃退～今や、ビルマの天地に出現！

右図上湾曲矢状記号はフーコン地方に
於ける支那先遣部隊及びワローバム
地区にて米軍地上部隊により嘗つて日本第一
を誇る第十八師団の四千名に垂とする大軍が
完全包囲撃滅に到るまでの戰況を示す
南下ワローバムに到る村落は支那軍が日
本軍撃退の地。右下の矢記は日本軍の退路
完全遮断に到る米軍迅速迂廻強行
軍の進路を示す

Psychological warfare has also appeared in Burma. **On its face the leaflet at right tells of the annihilation of 4,000 Japs at Walaw Bum. The reverse side, pictured, shows the U.S. troops who licked Japs in the South Pacific now in action in Burma, and points out their splendid physique and equipment. The map and accompanying text describe the Walaw Bum battle**



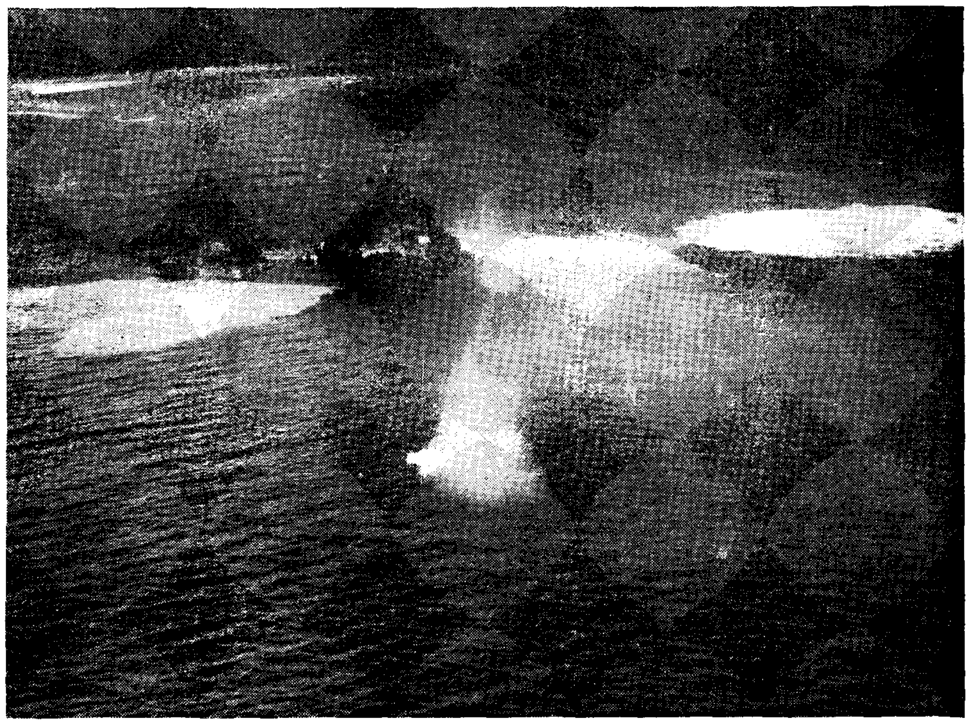
1 Gunned-up Mitchell bombers pounce on a Jap destroyer off Cape Gloucester, New Britain, scoring a near-miss on a ship already perforated by machine-gun slugs



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH, U.S. AIR FORCES

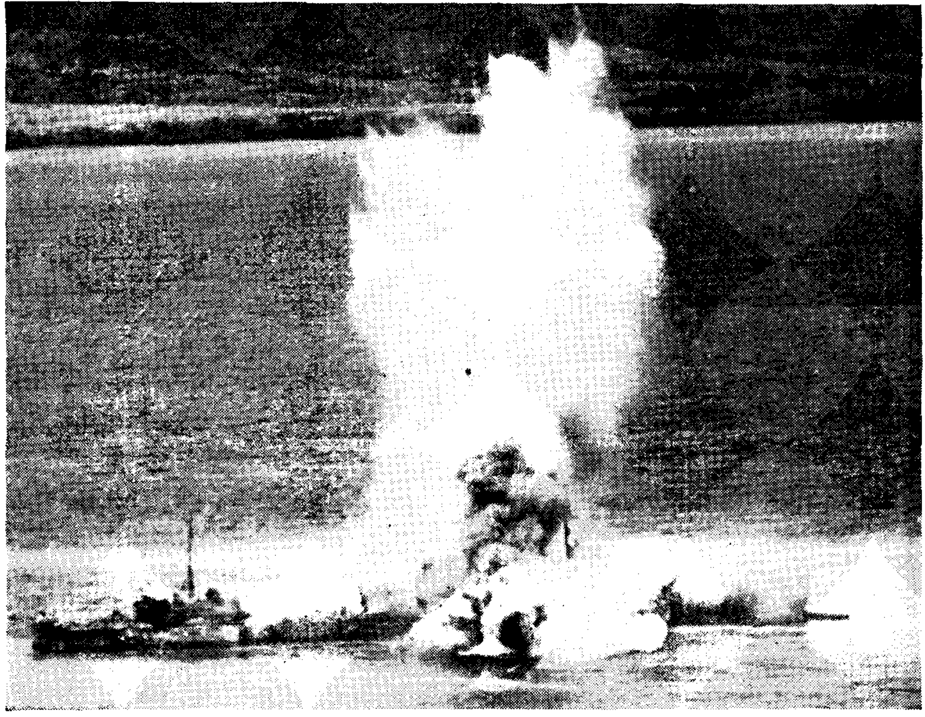
2 Here the Mitchell, firing its 75-mm. gun, has holed the destroyer's stack, knocked out the smoking afterturret, torn holes amidships and in the bow

3 The white patch in the foreground marks where a bomb has just hit close to the Jap ship. A larger white patch to the right shows where another bomb landed



4 A bomb hits near the Jap bridge and sets off the destroyer's magazines. A few minutes later the ship broke apart at the line punched by U.S. machine guns

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH, U.S. AIR FORCES



Jack Fox, holding a 75-mm. shell, stands beside the first Mitchell to be armed with the big guns. The crew of the bomber named the ship Lil Fox in his honor

WIZARD WITH A WRENCH

By Victor Boesen

Before Jack Fox did a lot of things to it that the experts said couldn't be done, the Mitchell B-25 was just a good medium bomber. And now—but look what happened to the Japs in the Bismarck Sea

AMONG the more grievous oversights of the Mikado's minions when they were briefing the rush toward Australia after Pearl Harbor was a square-shouldered, taciturn little Yank named Jack Fox. But for him, there likely would not have been the imperial debacle of the Bismarck Sea, and a lot of other things that went wrong.

Jack Fox was a prime mover in stopping the Japanese engine in the Southwest Pacific, and it is scarcely metaphorical to say that he did it by tossing a wrench into it. He is, in Allied flying parlance, a "field man."

The duties of a field man are hard to define, because they are as wide as an old-time country doctor's, but his mark is a wrench. He belongs to that group in between those who build airplanes and those who fly them. He is neither soldier nor civilian, but something of both, and his work lies from anywhere close behind the flying front to right on top of it. He is a general store of know-how to guide airmen and ground crews in getting everything out of the airplane that his employers built into it and, on occasion, somewhat more than that.

The Battle of the Bismarck Sea, in which the B-25 Mitchell bomber starred in wiping out an entire fleet of twenty-two ships and 20,000 Japs to the last man—and that without loss to itself—was a conspicuous example of getting more out of a plane than was built into it at the factory. The ten Mitchells in this fight had carried a single .30-caliber machine gun in their noses when they arrived in Australia soon after Pearl Harbor, with a pair of .50s in the upper and lower turrets to cover the sides and rear. But when they streaked out to hit the oncoming flotilla which the enemy had dispatched toward New Guinea from Rabaul, they packed eight .50-caliber machine guns firing forward instead of the single .30.

The man responsible for this shooting gallery in the planes was Jack Fox, who had flown down to Brisbane from San Francisco early in 1942 as shepherd of the first four Mitchells ever to cross the Pacific. He soon saw, as we dug a toe into Australia to brace ourselves and hit back, that if we expected to stop the Jap, there would have to be more and bigger guns aboard the Mitchells, especially since we had only ten of the ships. There were fifteen actually, but since all had been intended for the Dutch, who were on hand anxiously waiting to receive them, a compromise was in order; we gave them fi[illegible] and kept the rest.

The ten were flown up to Charter's Towers, near the spearhead of land that juts north toward New Guinea's belly, and here Jack drilled the crews, who were attack men escaped from the Philippines and had never seen this kind of plane before.

In the first raid, seven hopped over and bombed the air strip at Gasmata on the south coast of New Britain. All seven came back. The boys got away with it by lowering their landing gear as they came in sight of the target, so that the Mitchells looked like Mitsubishis.

On the next three raids, everybody came back. The fifth time out, one B-25 did not. The Japs were beginning to catch on. They

(Continued on page 68)

You can't shoot Japs this way

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

WHEN one of Uncle Sam's big bombers goes into action — with all four of those high-powered engines roaring wide open — you can imagine the vibration!

If this vibration was allowed to continue unchecked, the accurate aiming of guns and bombs would be impossible. None of the plane's instruments and indicators would work right.

Even the frame of the ship, itself, could be severely damaged — and the members of the crew would become all worn out from the constant and violent shaking up.

To overcome this problem, scientists in the Goodyear Research Laboratory designed a product that cushions the engines on rubber . . . serves to isolate the vibration . . . keeps the quivering action away from the rest of the ship . . . reduces vibration-inspired nervous strain on the crew.

These rubber engine mounts are only one of the many aviation products being produced at Goodyear . . . for Goodyear Research works the clock-around to help give that fighting, flying son of yours the finest equipment in the sky.

A pioneer in rubber, Goodyear also uses years of experience in working with other vital materials — metals, fabrics, chemicals, plastics . . . and from the new Goodyear Research Laboratory "the best is yet to come."

Buy War Bonds— Buy for Keeps

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Doctor Louis Bambas loves flowers. When he has any free time, he spends it in the laboratory rose gardens

PLAGUE FIGHTER

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS PICTURES

Since Biblical times, leprosy and tuberculosis have been two of the world's most deadly diseases. No known drug could cure them. Then a couple of chemists started playing around with some second cousins of the sulfonamides—known as sulfones

IN a weather-beaten old building on the banks of the Detroit River, two men were talking. One was Doctor Leon Sweet, director of chemical research for Parke, Davis & Co.—one of the first industrial research laboratories in the country. The other was Doctor Louis Bambas, a young, rather droll research man. Sweet, 35, took chemistry at the University of Nebraska and has made a career of it. Bambas, 36, started out as a chemical engineer, then he studied a little more and became a bacteriologist. Then he switched back to chemistry. His specialty is stringing atoms together to make new chemical compounds.

It was a rambling conversation these two men were having, a limping one that stopped all the time, while both men gazed out the window at ore boats and freighters bound down the river to Lake Erie and up the river to Lake St. Clair. Certain it is that thoughts of two of the major plagues that affect the human race—leprosy and tuberculosis—never entered their heads.

Known since Biblical times, the two killers have yielded virtually no ground to research scientists. Efforts to discover either a preventive vaccine or a cure for tuberculosis have failed. Researchers have been unable to pass leprosy to experimental animals, have run into an equally blank wall in their search for a cure. The feeble best that physicians have been able to do is to recommend rest and a good diet to sufferers from the twin scourges.

Yet tuberculosis kills 60,000 persons a year in the United States alone, sickens five times that many. Leprosy ravages three to five million persons all over the earth. Sweet and Bambas knew these facts as they knew the vital statistics of all of man's major killers, but were not concerned with them at the moment.

Sweet was saying that so many people are hunting medical gold nuggets among the sulfonamides but, strangely enough, no one is paying much attention to a group of related compounds—the sulfones.

Why didn't Bambas get busy with the sulfones—see if he couldn't find one which would fight the streptococci, the microbes which poison blood and infect wounds? See if he couldn't find a sulfone which would be better and less toxic than the well-known sulfa drugs?

True, Sweet said, it was pretty blind searching. It might take a lot of time and energy and, in the end, not be worth a cracked test tube. There was no assurance that the sulfones had any curative power. But—well, let's try it anyway.

This is hard-bitten, practical science—not the idealistic kind you see in the movies. The object is to find a pill or a hypodermic shot which will cure disease—and which doctors will buy. This kind of success will dress up the financial report of a pharmaceutical house at the end of the year. But don't curl your lip. It's this kind of science that gave us sulfa drugs in the first place. It's a kind of expensive blind searching that hardly any private investigators and very few universities can afford.

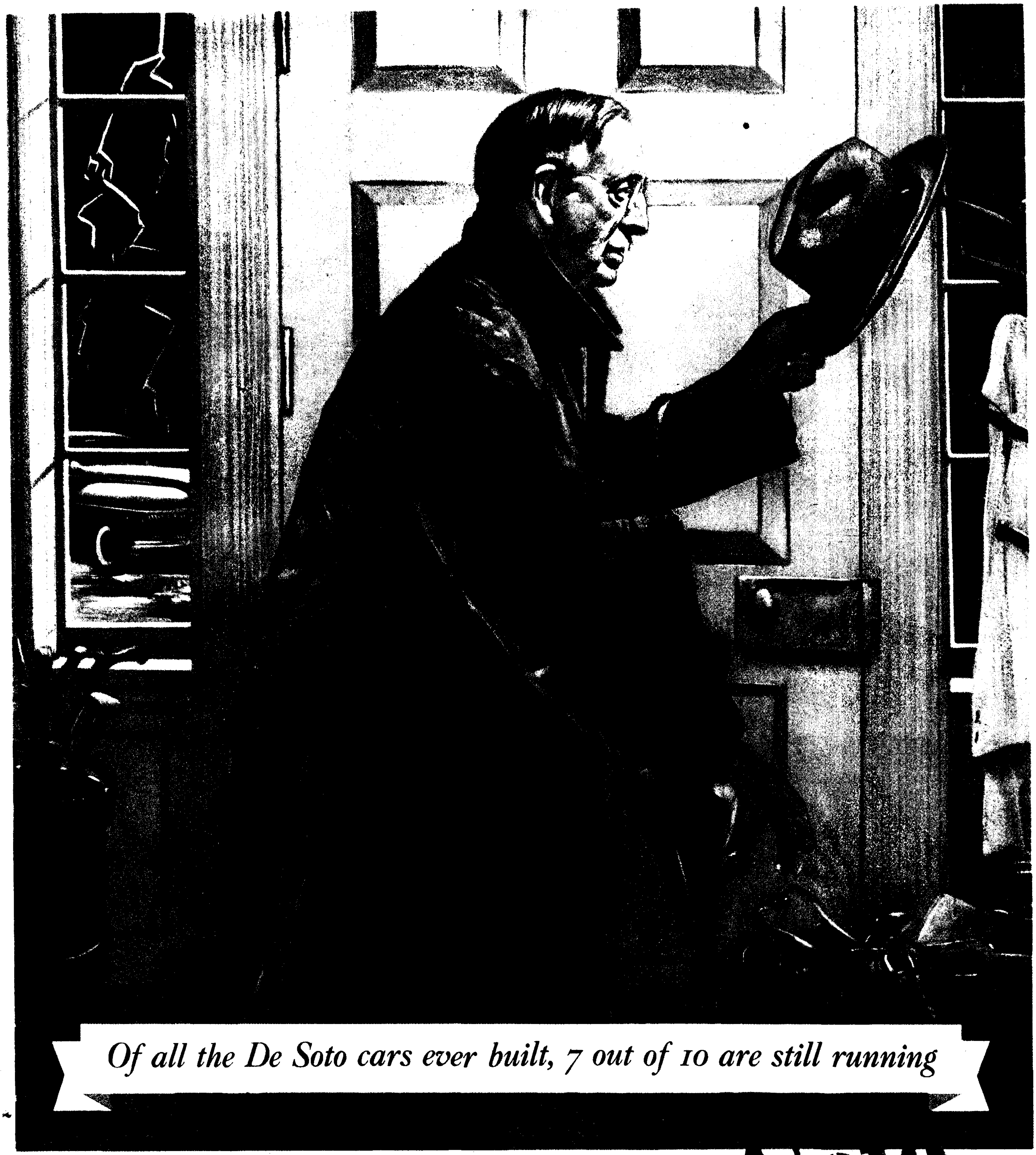
Bambas went back to his laboratory and started work. It was work that was deadly dull, horribly monotonous. It followed a set pattern. First, you spend weeks creating a chemical new to the world. Then you shoot a little bit of it into a mouse. If the mouse topples over dead, that chemical is out. Too toxic.

If the mouse doesn't die, maybe you squirt a little of the chemical into a test tube full of microbes. Then you watch and see what happens. If the chemical kills the microbes, that's fine. If it slows their growth by wrecking their digestions, or ruining their reproductive apparatus, that, too, is good.

After you've found these things, the next step is to shoot microbes into a rat or guinea pig. Then give him a shot of the drug and see if it will save his life. It's all perfectly cut and dried, with no romance about it whatsoever—unless you're lucky.

Bambas had been plodding his way through this weary business for months. Then

(Continued on page 46)


Of all the De Soto cars ever built, 7 out of 10 are still running

This is just a friendly pat on the hood for all the De Soto cars rolling on war jobs all over U. S. A. Whisking doctors, war workers, business men to work, running up 100,000 miles or even 200,000 miles. Makes us feel good at De Soto here in Detroit, where we're pushing out bomber sections, aircraft parts, and guns for our fighting men. De Soto cars are part of America's war strength, too! We're glad we built them to endure.

DE SOTO DIVISION, CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Tune in on Major Bowes, every Thursday, 9:00 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern War Time.

BACK THE ATTACK—BUY MORE WAR BONDS THAN BEFORE

De Soto

Designed to Endure

Semper Paratus, Ethel Ann

Continued from page 16

"Money," Grande Tante said, "is not enough. We must build morale. And we must start now! Ethel Ann, where would we find a lot of servicemen at this hour of the day?"

"At the Blue Stallion Inn," Ethel Ann said with a perfectly straight face. "Having their tea."

"Good! We will repair to the Blue Stallion at once!"

Ethel Ann stopped enjoying herself in nothing flat. "The Blue Stallion doesn't really serve tea," she explained hurriedly. "It's a—joint—I mean, a sort of tavern—where the servicemen drink."

This threw Grande Tante for a second; then, "George Washington drank," she announced curtly. "And surely if *he* could—" Aunt Petty gave a gasp and put her hand against her heart. "Petunia! Breathe deeply and count ten. This is no time for a heart spell."

"I was just thinking . . ." Aunt Petty quavered palely.

"Well, stop it!" Grande Tante ordered. "You don't know the details and you could never imagine them, so don't try."

"I was just thinking about Ricky," Aunt Petty was paper-white. "And how we would feel if he were over there—"

Grande Tante's cane quivered ever so little in her grip. "Ricky has nothing to do with this," she said evenly. "Ethel Ann, bring the War Loan bank roll, as usual. Petunia, go put on your warm underwear."

Ethel Ann stamped her small feet savagely into her fur-lined boots. "Ricky has everything in the world to do with this," she thought furiously. "Those poor stubborn darlings wouldn't be so hell-bent on doing their full duty by the war if they didn't feel that Ricky was shirking his. What a mess—what a blankety-blank mess! Darn— Darn— Darn!"

Life had been simple—or comparatively simple—as long as the Aunts Cartwright had been isolationists: Aunt Petty mildly so, Grande Tante belligerently unequivocal about the matter. When the Japs did their little back-slashing on December 7th, her reaction had been typical—and funny, if anything about that horrible business could ever be classified as funny.

It had dawned an unpleasant day, gray and lowering, with a threatening snarl in the wind from the sea. Ricky went down to the boathouse and brought his nets in early. He and Ethel Ann were mending them, in the living room, and the air was full of dust as they worked. Grande Tante, in her great chair by the fire, kept sniffing as she scanned the morning paper, and Aunt Petty, crouched on a low stool reading Superman, sneezed twice. This was the peaceful picture when the news broke over the radio that fateful day.

AFTER the first stunned silence, Grande Tante was the one who found her voice and delivered herself of this classic: "What in the name of tunket and tarnation is the Navy doing at Pearl Harbor, anyway?" she roared furiously at Ricky.

He had been holding the net needle, poised and motionless, and now he laid it down carefully, and shook his blond head like a man wakening from a nightmare. "We've got a Navy base there," he said. "We have to protect it."

"Why?" Grande Tante thundered, pounding the floor with her cane. "Why should any full-grown Navy waste its time hanging around that hula-hula paradise? What are they protecting? Pineapples—or grass skirts for tourists? Nonsense!"

"I'm afraid it isn't nonsense, Aunt Honey," Ricky said.

"You will not enlist," Grande Tante declared.

"I may be drafted," Ricky said. Ethel Ann said, "Oh, Rick!" urgently. She scrambled up from the floor and came to perch on his chair arm. Her throat felt choky.

"Nonsense!" Grande Tante snapped. "You're a fisherman. That's a vital industry. People have to eat. We've no business with a Navy base out in the middle of the Pacific anyway. Revelations! Bring the backgammon board."

That seemed definitely to take care of the situation, as far as the Aunts Cartwright were concerned. But Ethel Ann looked into Rick's blue eyes and knew better. She slid down on his knee and buried her black head against his chest. He held her close. His heart thumped evenly under her ear, but her own was far from even. "You have to stand between them—and things, sweet," Ricky whispered in her ear. And then, after a little silence: "I love you very dearly, Ethel Ann."

WHEN Ricky came home two weeks later and announced that he'd turned his fishing boat over to the government to keep them from taking it, and joined the Coast Guard, because eventually he'd have to join something or be drafted, the aunts nodded approval. They knew the Coast Guard well.

"Captain Allsworth is such a nice man," Aunt Petty beamed. "We must have him to tea again real soon."

Grande Tante glowed. "That was very clever of you, Ricky. This way you can be home every night. There now, Ethel Ann! You've nothing to worry about, have you?"

Ethel Ann got up and said, "We'd better go and stake out the Christmas tree, Rick."

They went out into the bright blue coldness of the late December afternoon, and plowed along the frozen shore, the dogs rumbling and bumping at their heels. And when the rambling old house was well behind them, Ethel Ann stopped and said: "All right, my smart young Nordic! Let down your long blond hair for mamma."

"You're such a suspicious wench, darling," Ricky's blue eyes were as blank as sea water.

"That's right," Ethel said. "And I know darn' good and well you didn't join the Coast Guard to run a cutter around the bay and have tea with Captain Allsworth. When are you leaving?"

"I'll be around here for a few weeks," Ricky said. "Then there'll be training at Curtis Bay—but I'll get home for the week ends—and then—well, your guess is as good as mine, darling."

"Ricky, you're not going to be guarding our shore line!"

"I think we're going to have to make new shore lines in this war," Rick grinned. "And you know the Coast Guard—Semper Paratus, Ethel Ann."

"But the aunts!" Ethel Ann recalled in sudden panic. "They'll die."

Rick nodded soberly, "Grande Tante's pushing eighty-three—and Aunt Petty's got a bad heart—they couldn't stand the strain."

"Then how in the world?" she gasped.

"So long as they think I'm having tea with Coast Guard captains up and down the eastern seaboard, they'll be all right. They live in an unreal world—they'll fool easily. Set a candle in the window, my lass, and carry on."

It had been easy at first. When the war news was bad, which was constantly, the Aunts Cartwright turned it off as of no consequence, and went back to their backgammon, secure in the knowledge that it could not touch them nor theirs. But then there was Wake Island and Bataan and the Marshalls and Gilberts and Coral Sea and Cape Esperanto and finally Tulagi and Guadalcanal.

Rick was in the Gulf of Mexico when that happened. And Ethel Ann had gone south to be with him, because the time left was very short for them. She came back primed with more stories about the wonderful teas she had had with Coast Guard captains. But she found a subtle change had taken place in the aunts in her absence.

They no longer gloated to each other slyly about their smart young nephew who had put one over on the government. In fact, they seemed to have lost interest in Ricky and his doings. They sat with blank faces while Ethel Ann explained how nice and safe everything was in the Gulf of Mexico; then they dropped the subject. They listened to the war news now, but it was being censored rigidly on account of Aunt Petty's heart. She always repaired to the kitchen until it was over; then she came back for Grande Tante's summary, which usually omitted all gruesome or upsetting details.

It was several weeks before Ethel Ann discovered that isolationism had gone by the board; the aunts were buying War Bonds! And several months before it seeped in on her consciousness that the reason they asked only perfunctorily for news of Ricky was because they were ashamed of him and the soft job he had grabbed off for himself.

That had been hard to take, and harder to live with. She wrote Ricky rather desperately for permission to spill the beans as to his real whereabouts, but weeks went by and no answer. The Pacific seemed to have swallowed him up.

As time dragged on, Ethel Ann discovered that Ricky had been right when he warned her she'd have a tough job on her hands. The taking of North Africa, the invasion of Italy, and the bloody victory at Tarawa made it even tougher. Because the aunts stopped asking about Ricky at all after that.

"DARN, darn, darn, darn!" Ethel Ann muttered again. She reached into the top bureau drawer and took the War Loan roll out from under her last pair of nylons. Then she stomped out to the garage.

Revelations had the skid chains on the car. His face was a dark exclamation point of disapproval in the dimness. "Whut come ovah Miss Honey?" he demanded. "She ain't had her tea yit."

"We're going out to tea," Ethel Ann said grimly.

"Whut Ah tell Miss Stuart when she git heah?" he asked. "She comin' to dinnah."

Ethel Ann clutched at the chance for reinforcement. She was going to need it. "Go right in and call up the Red Cross, Revelations," she ordered. "Tell Miss Stuart to join me at the Blue Stallion Inn as soon as she can."

"You mean Miss Honey and Miss Petty goin' to dat place?" Ethel Ann nodded. "Great hebenly halos!" he breathed in horror.

"With stars," Ethel Ann said piously.

Stuart Canfield was a slender blonde with an eternally startled look of inquiry on her lovely young face, a look which always gave men ideas—usually the wrong ones. And she had never been nearer to the Blue Stallion than the Post Road limits, which ran past the place. Stuart was the sheltered-flower type.

Ethel Ann was up at the cashier's desk buying a hundred-dollar War Bond for Aunt Petty when Stuart blew in at the front door with a flurry of snow, cheeks aglow, violet eyes more startled-looking than ever, her red mouth an eager "Oh!" of excitement.

The minute Ethel Ann saw her cousin, she realized that her appearance on the scene

AN EXPLOSIVE DISCOVERY

In [illegible] Collier's [illegible] novel by a [illegible] never heard [illegible] now on.

The book [illegible] who said: "It's dynamite[illegible]

[illegible] love [illegible] honest and [illegible] time."

Our second reader [illegible] "This knocked me for a loop!"

The third reader [illegible] the like of which we may not see again."

The fiction [illegible] to the editor with this note: "Dynamite or no dynamite—[illegible] to run it."

The editor said: "Buy it."

So we warn you—our next serial is an important discovery. But it's explosive.

You may love it. You may hate it. But it has something vital to say. It will hit you under the heart.

Once you start it, you'll never stop.

The title:

EARTH AND HIGH HEAVEN

BY GWETHALYN GRAHAM

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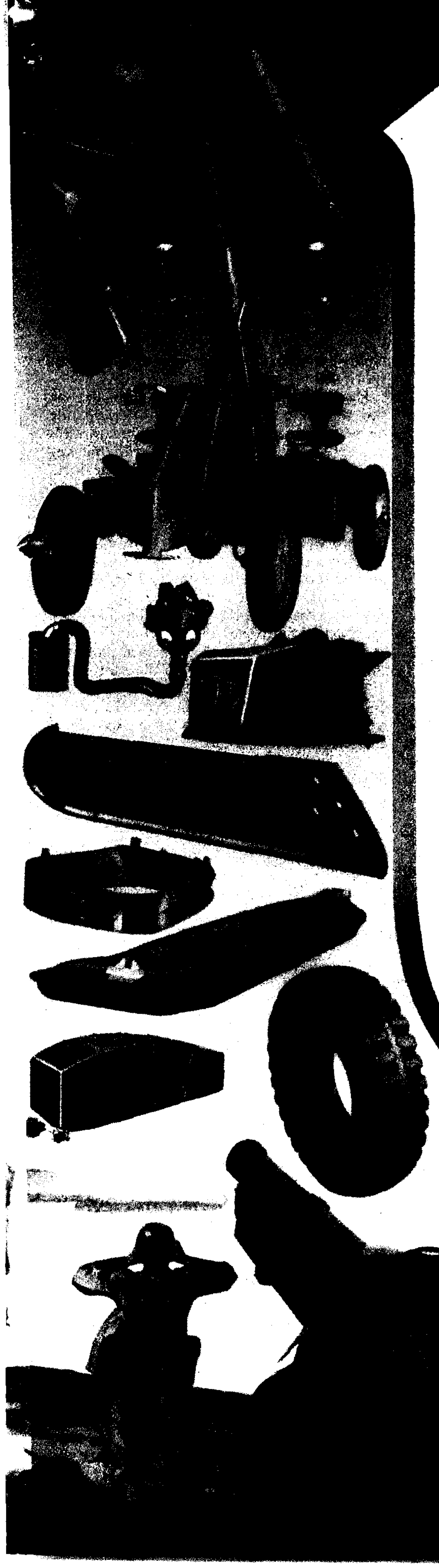
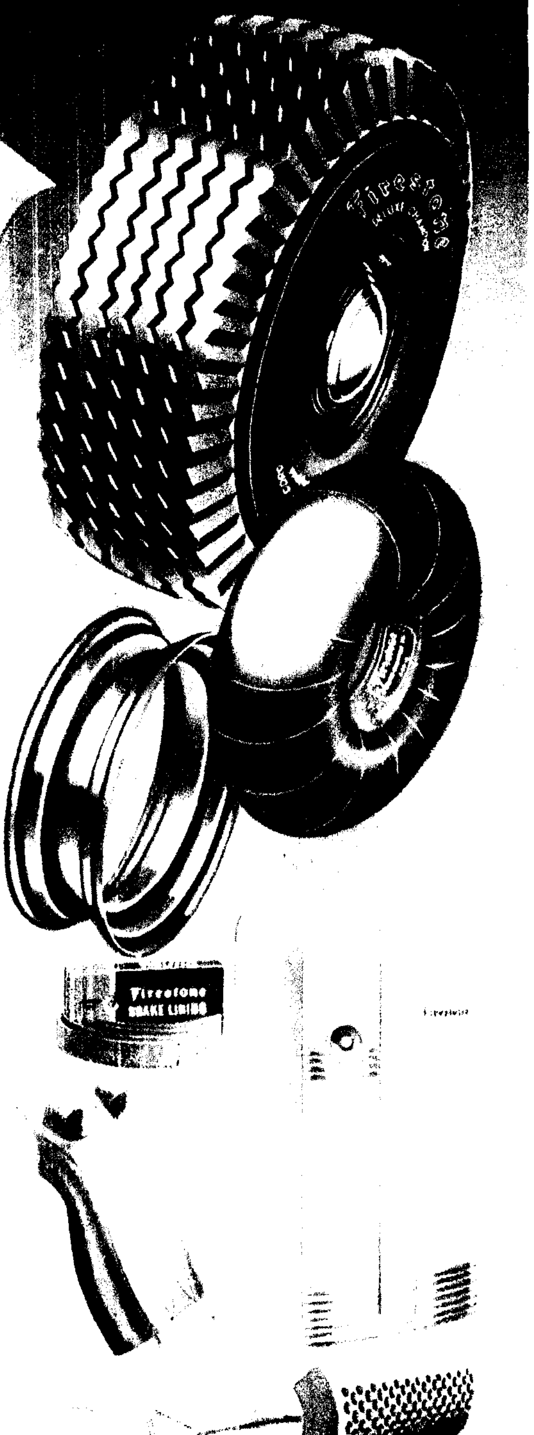




BEST IN RUBBER
Synthetic or Natural

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

definitely did not constitute reinforcement, but only an added complication. And things were already bad enough.

"What in the world?" Stuart demanded. She looked over the assembled masculine contingent with horrified delight. "Whatever are you doing here, Ethel Ann?"

Ethel Ann gestured toward the table where Aunt Petty and Grande Tante were holding bacchanalian revel with a Marine, a sailor and two soldiers. "I'm with General Hooker and his adjutant," she said. "You and I constitute the camp followers."

"General Hooker?" Stuart stood tiptoe and scanned the assemblage. "Which one? The aunts!" she gasped. "Oh, my gosh!"

"It isn't enough that they're running the War Loan Drive," Ethel Ann said bitterly. "Now they've taken on the national morale."

Stuart looked more startled than ever. "But whatever are they doing here?"

"Lifting it," Ethel Ann said. "They start in a small way, of course—with a squadron."

"You don't make sense!"

"I would to your namesake, Jeb Stuart," Ethel Ann said.

"I just don't get it," Stuart said.

"Well, that soldier does," Ethel Ann said grimly. "For the past hour I just know he's been thinking that those two sweet old ladies were out drumming up trade for me—and now when he sees you!"

"You mean the cute little one with the mustache?"

"I mean the tin-faced one with the eyes," Ethel Ann said. "Look, Stuart, you'll have to help me."

"Why, of course, sugar!" Stuart touched her hair and fluttered her eyes expectantly. "I'd adore to!" She swung away toward the table.

"Heaven help a sailor's wife on a night like this!" Ethel Ann muttered and started after her.

"Wait, Miss!" the cashier called. "Your change." Ethel Ann was wrapping the small bills in with the War Loan roll when she reached the table. The Marine and the sailor with the mustache were already on their feet, smiling at Stuart. The other soldier had his eyes on Ethel Ann. He seemed to come to with a start and get to his feet reluctantly.

Grande Tante made the introductions with an air. She had a half-empty glass in her hand, and she waved it nonchalantly at Ethel Ann. "Pink Ladies," she beamed. "Nonalcoholic. Royal ordered them for us. Pay the waitress, my dear."

"Oh, no!" said Royal. He was the one with the eyes; he made them smile at Ethel Ann and they looked like bright, empty windows. "That was on me, Miss Cartwright."

"Nonsense!" Grande Tante snapped. "This is our party, young man. My niece will take care of it. You can order the car now, Ethel Ann. And phone Revelations. Tell him there will be four extra guests for dinner."

THERE wasn't a darn' thing she could do about it, except call the state patrol—and for one minute she was tempted. That was when the four servicemen went into a hurried huddle at the foot of the bar while she was paying the bill. Then they came out of the huddle and beckoned the bartender. The Marine had a fistful of small change. He exchanged it for a paper-wrapped package, which he thrust in his pocket. They were bringing their own refreshments!

Well, Ethel Ann thought, if you start rough-housing it, laddie-boys, I can still call the state patrol. And don't think I won't!

The next few hours were nerve-racking and chaotic, because Ethel Ann, as acting hostess, tried to be everywhere at once, a feat the four guests seemed to accomplish without trying. They took over the old house.

She found the Marine in the kitchen mixing up a bowl of Montezuma punch, under Revelations' disapproving glance. The paper-sack parcel bulged on his hip. "For after dinner," he told her, pouring in grape juice lavishly. "We can't fly on one wing all evening."

In the living room Ethel Ann found the sailor had pushed back the rug and was teaching Stuart a dance routine, which he explained blandly to Aunt Petty and Grande Tante, was known as The Salt Water Waltz.

"Because the ship rolls so, I suppose?" Grande Tante said brightly.

WELCOME HOME!

by GREGORY D'ALESSIO

WELCOME H
PVT. JOE HIC
OUR BO
WELCOME HOME! PVT JOE HICKEY
Gregory d'Alessio
COLLIER'S

"Sure," said the sailor, jitterbugging away, his bell-bottom pants flapping around Stuart's ankles. "Keeps us from getting seasick."

From the ease with which Stuart was mastering the steps, Ethel Ann began to have serious doubts as to her cousin's continued state of being a sheltered flower. Aunt Petty said wistfully, "We used to waltz—slower, of course—but I loved it."

"We will waltz then, Miss Petunia," said the soldier with the mustache, a little grimly. He dug out the Blue Danube and put it on the phonograph. Pink-cheeked as a girl, Aunt Petty went into his arms. The Blue Danube slowed down the sailor's style but didn't entirely throw him. After all, he still had Stuart. Grande Tante sat and beat time with her stick and beamed on everyone.

Ethel Ann looked around for Royal. He had disappeared. She found him in the library pitching darts with vicious accuracy. "I don't dance," his eyes were darkly opaque. "And I feel like a fool in there."

Revelations announced dinner, and then the Marine served the punch. After that, morale building really went into high. But everything seemed under control, the punch notwithstanding. They were nice young men; high-spirited, but gentlemen withal, and they behaved that way. Ethel Ann had misjudged them.

It was almost midnight when Revelations escorted the guests rather firmly to a taxi. It had been a nice evening, everything considered. But somehow, Ethel Ann felt distinctly relieved when the cab rolled away.

Grande Tante mounted the stairs to her room wearing an aura of righteousness. It was obvious she had seen her duty and done it and found it rather pleasant. Stuart went up, yawning and glowing. She was going skating in the morning with the soldier with the mustache. The last to climb the steps was Aunt Petty, who had been to the kitchen for a last-minute snack. She waved a chicken leg airily as she went past. "A lovely evening, wasn't it, my dear?" she trilled. "A lovely, lovely evening!"

"Yes, darling," Ethel Ann said. "Good night."...

The curve of a car's headlights outside on the drive waked Ethel Ann. She lay still in her narrow bed and let the doorbell ring. Revelations, out in the servant's house, would never hear. She waited. Stuart purred gently in the other twin bed. Finally, the car motor roared and the headlights veered away. It was dark and quiet in the old house.

Then the doorbell rang again and again. Let it ring, Ethel Ann thought savagely. Just let it! Nobody's going down. She heard Grande Tante's cane tapping the stairs. When she came back up, the tin-faced soldier was behind her. I knew it! Ethel Ann thought. I knew it all the time!

"This dear boy couldn't find a single place to stay in Watertown," Grande Tante explained in the doorway. "He can sleep in Ricky's bed, if it's changed."

FROM under the security of the covers, Ethel Ann looked out and up at the eyes peering at her over Grande Tante's shoulder. She did not like the eyes; definitely, she did not like them. "I'll fix the bed," she said. "If you'll shut the door first." She shook Stuart awake. "Go into the den and get Rick's gun," she whispered urgently. "Quick—while I'm making up the bed—and be sure it's loaded."

His smooth aluminum-colored face reflected the lights. "It's a shame to wake you up," he said. He kept watching her as she moved about the bed, tucking in the sheets, puffing up the pillows. "But your aunt is so hospitable, I knew she'd take pity on a guy."

"Of course," Ethel Ann said. "Of course, no trouble at all." She went out of the room hurriedly, not looking at him as she said good night. Her back felt prickly from his sustained gaze as she closed the door.

Stuart had got the gun, and it was loaded.

But impending danger had raised no hairs along the back of her soft white neck; she was sleeping sweetly. Ethel Ann started to lock the door, and then thought better of it. Perhaps Aunt Petty might have a heart spell; perhaps Grande Tante would need her in the night. She laid the gun on the floor between the beds and snuggled the covers over her shaking shoulders. And perhaps you're just being melodramatic, she thought. It is hard to get rooms in Watertown—or any town—at this hour of the night. Shut up and go to sleep! She did....

HE WAS standing between the beds, his bare feet almost touching the loaded revolver on the floor, when she awoke with a start. He had on his G.I. shorts, and he was swaying a little in the early dawn, staring down at her with those funny, opaque eyes. Ethel Ann yawned and stretched her face into a smile. "Hello," she said gaily—or as gaily as a girl could under the circumstances.

"Hello," he said. He kept looking at her. Stuart was still purring gently; otherwise the house was silent as a tomb. It would be hours before Revelations would wake up and come in to build the fires. Hours! The eyes continued to stare at her. He looks frightening without the uniform, Ethel Ann thought. He looks crazy without it—like taking some sort of stamp of approval off of him.

"I wonder—could you get me a cigarette?" she smiled brightly at him.

"Sure," the man's face reflected a faint facsimile of her smile. "Sure." He went away, weaving a little. Ethel Ann leaped to lock the door. Then she took the gun in her two hands and sat on the bed and aimed it at a spot on the middle panel.

He came back softly, like an animal. She saw the knob turn and twist. After a while he went away and she let out her breath. But he came back again, this time with the key to Ricky's room. He pushed it in the lock. He was trying to push her key out!

Her hands were shaking; the heavy gun wobbled about in them. She mustn't scream—there was Aunt Petty's heart to consider. But what if he got the key out—what if he opened the door! Ethel Ann breathed deeply and called, "Grande Tante! Grande Tante!" with increasing volume. Finally, in sheer agony of fright, she was shrieking it; even after the knob had ceased to turn, she was shrieking "Grande Tante!" to the rooftree.

The cane tapped hurriedly across the hall; Grande Tante tried the door. Ethel Ann let her in. "There was someone at the door," she chattered, "Trying to get in . . ."

"My heavenly days!" Grande Tante said. Stuart sat up in bed. "There was nobody at the door, was there, Stuart?"

"No, ma'am," Stuart yawned. "I didn't hear a thing till Ethel Ann started yelling."

"It was the man in Rick's room," Ethel Ann chattered. "It was him!" She was scared enough to be ungrammatical and not give a hang.

Grande Tante tapped across the hall and swung the door back. The soldier slept peacefully, quietly, under the down comfort. He even snored a little. Grande Tante shut the door. "You had a nightmare," she said. She came back and saw the gun on the bed. "Good gracious," she snapped. "You might blow somebody to glory with that thing, Ethel Ann!" She took it and went away. Ethel Ann locked the door and crawled back in bed. It was gray daylight outside. Stuart was already asleep. But she did not close her eyes again until she heard Revelations below splitting kindling for the morning fires.

Breakfast was over when she went downstairs. Stuart had already gone skating with her soldier. The aunts and Royal were having coffee before the living-room fire. He jumped to his feet when Ethel Ann came in, and then sat down stiffly. He hadn't looked at her at all.

Aunt Petty said, "You scared the living daylights out of me last night, yelling around."

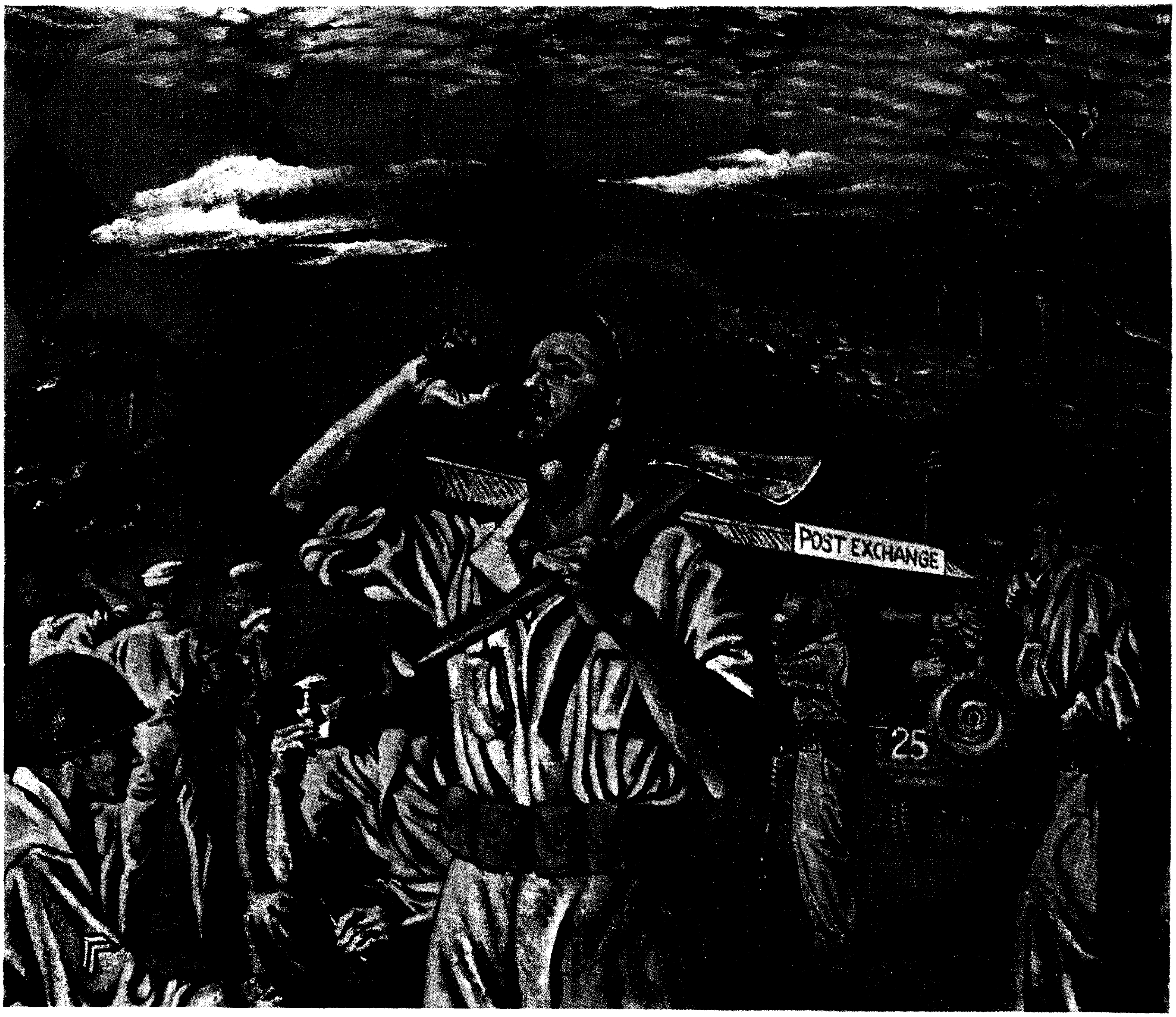
"I'm sorry," Ethel Ann said. She took coffee black. She needed it.

"Why, you might have killed somebody with that gun!" Grande Tante said.

"Yes," Ethel Ann said, looking at Royal. "I might."

The dogs whined at the front door and he

Have a "Coke" = Soldier, refresh yourself



... *or a way to relax in camp*

From southern camps with their moss-hung cypresses to camps near the north woods, there's one place soldiers can relax—the Post Exchange. There they settle down to "shoot the breeze" together. *Have a "Coke"*, they say. Coca-Cola is a refreshing reminder of what they left behind. On "Company Street" in camp as on Main Street at home, Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes.* In your own refrigerator, ice-cold bottles of Coca-Cola are a symbol of a friendly way of living.

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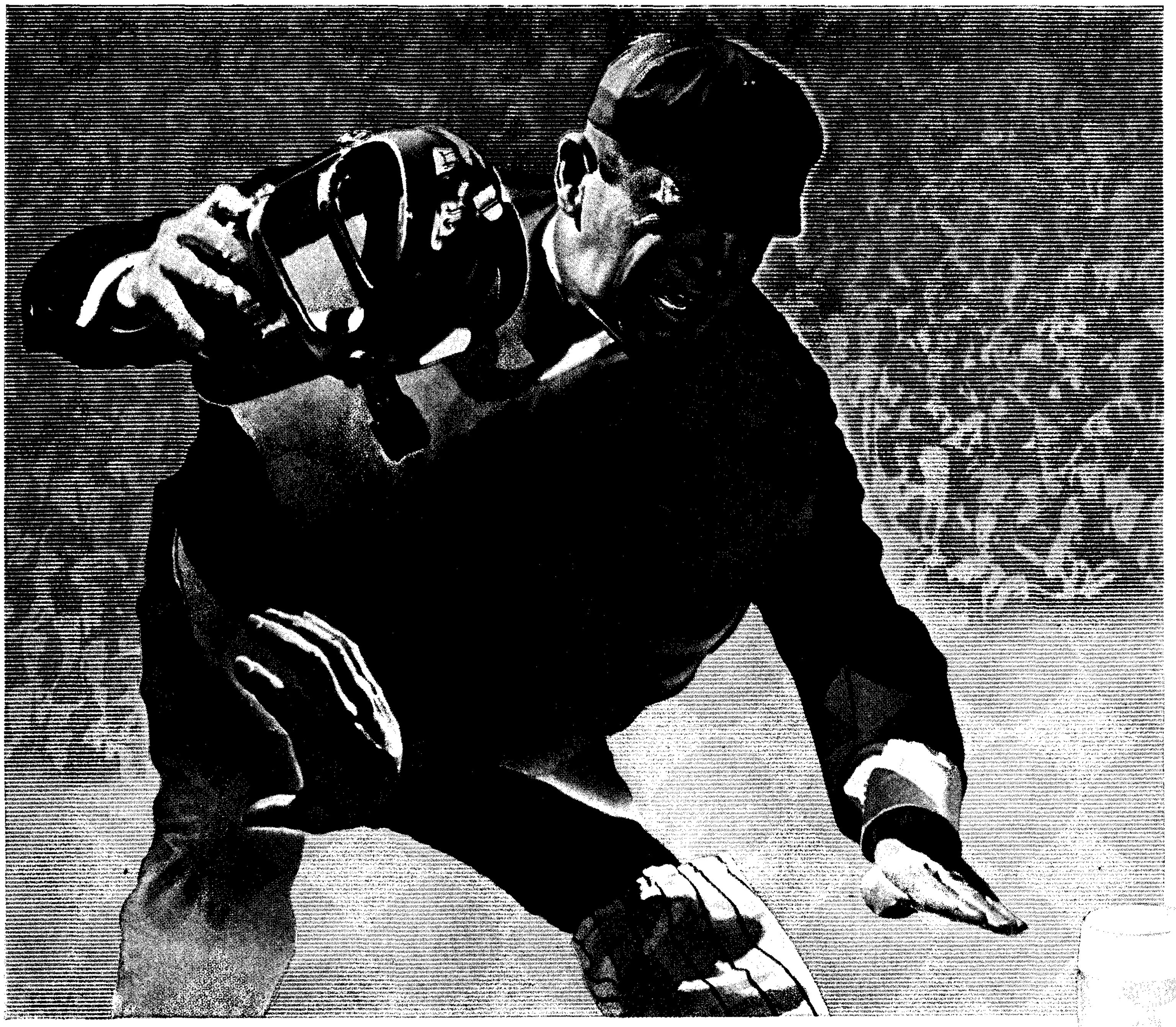

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JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

..none of the bitterness

Schlitz

SCHLITZ
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THE BEER THA
MADE MILWAUKEE FAMO

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

arose and said, "I'll let them out, Miss Cartwright." He still hadn't looked at her.

"When is Royal going back to camp?" Ethel Ann asked when he had gone out

"He's on a ten-day furlough." Grande Tante said.

"And he's an orphan," said Aunt Petty.

"You didn't!" Ethel Ann said sharply. "Darlings, no!"

"It's a big house," Grande Tante said.

"And it's nice having a man in it again," Aunt Petty said.

A fine how-do-you-do! Ethel Ann set down her cup and arose.

"Finish your coffee," Grande Tante ordered.

"I've got to telephone—"

"You can't," Aunt Petty said. "It's deader than a doornail this morning."

"The postman's here." Royal stood in the doorway, stamping snow from his feet. "Shall I go bring in the mail, Miss Cartwright?"

"No," Ethel Ann said. "I'll go. I always go." She threw on a coat and ran past him. Maybe she could catch the postman. But his car was already crawling down the Post Road toward Watertown. Ethel Ann watched it grow smaller and smaller on the white highway. "Now what do I do?" she said out loud. Her stomach felt as if field mice were scampering around in it. Automatically, she went on to the postbox and took out the mail. A letter from Ricky lay on top of the pile!

She tore it open with shaking fingers. The sprawled words were like Ricky's voice, speaking to her, his mouth crinkled in a grin. He'd been ill— But not from wounds, thank God. "Nothing so stirring as that, my lass," he wrote. "My session in the hospital was for the sole purpose of being de-wormed. Apparently, every manner of parasite and bacteria in the South Pacific found its way into my intestinal tract. So they have decided to ship me home.

"I can give you no more specific data, sweet, than that I am at X place and will leave here on X transport and arrive in the U.S.A. at approximately X date, and be with you at X time, when I will personally make the aunts eat dirt. Carry on till then, my darling. I love you, Ethel Ann."

The field mice were gone from her stomach with Rick's letter in her hand. With the warming knowledge in her heart that he was safe and coming home, the problem of the unwelcome guest became ridiculously simple. She would just inveigle him into the car, and then drive him to Watertown and dump him out on the sidewalk.

SHE shoved Rick's letter inside her dress and flew into the house. Aunt Petty was alone by the fire. "I'm going into town to take the laundry," Ethel Ann said. "Where's Royal? Maybe he'd like to go with me!"

"He went to help Honorah upstairs." Aunt Petty said over the morning paper. "Such a lovely boy. So well bred."

Grande Tante's door was open. She was sitting in her rocking chair, with the radio turned low for the morning news. Rick's door was also open, and there in front of the mirror was the soldier—only he was no longer a soldier. He was in civilian clothes—Rick's civilian clothes!

Ethel Ann strode into the room and placed her hands on her hips. She was boiling mad. "That's my husband's suit!" she snapped. "And you get right out of it this minute or I'll—"

He whirled and came at her two swift steps. "Shut up!" he hissed. "Shut up or I'll make you!" His hands were on her wrists, and he jerked her against him. "It's my suit! I'll wear it if I like!" Her clutched hands felt the hard outline of Rick's gun inside the belt of the trousers. He was glaring down at her, and his eyes were dark, empty windows, with snarling little fires flickering far back.

"They're the eyes of an insane person," Ethel Ann's frightened mind chattered. "Of course—that's it! He's mad. He's mad as a werewolf. . . ."

Aunt Petty's voice faltered from the doorway: "My goodness, what are you two doing?" He dropped her wrists, and Ethel Ann edged back to the door and reached for Aunt Petty's frail waist, and held it tight to keep her arm from trembling.

Hard Losers

THE LOCALES	THE LOSERS
Point Pleasant, W. Va.	A homeowner protested the state laying a sidewalk in front of his home and stood there until the concrete rose over his ankles.
Allentown, Pa.	Baseball fans put four flats on the car of the umpire when the home team lost.
Indianapolis	When a traveler was told there was no room available at a hotel, he bit the desk clerk.
Detroit	Five minutes after paying his income tax a man collapsed and was taken to a hospital.
Atlanta	When a lady could not win on a pinball machine she smashed it to pieces with an ax.
Louisville	A bridge player threw his cards on the table so savagely that he fractured a rib.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

"He looks nice in Rick's suit, doesn't he?" she said brightly.

"Why, yes, he does," Aunt Petty agreed uncertainly.

"It becomes you," Ethel Ann beamed. "Gray becomes you, Royal." She pulled Aunt Petty across the hall to Grande Tante's room. "Please stay here, darling," she whispered. Aunt Petty looked bewildered.

Grande Tante flipped off the radio. "We are doing very well on all fronts, Petunia," she announced with satisfaction. She reached for her sewing basket. "Ethel Ann!" she thundered accusingly. "Did you take Rick's gun out of here?"

Ethel Ann stood straight and tall in the door, her back to the man in Rick's room. "Yes, I took it," she said. "I put it back in Rick's room." Nothing happened. She drew in a quivering breath. "Look, darlings, I'm going to get the laundry up—you know—to take to Matilda—when we drive out this afternoon?" Her neck felt so stiff she could hardly turn her head. The man was sitting on the bed putting on Rick's oxfords. He lifted his head and smiled at her as she went past.

Revelations was cleaning chickens for dinner, using his own particular brand of knife—he called it a pigsticker. Ethel Ann said tensely, "Listen, Revelations, listen to me. Take a tray of coffee up to Miss Honey's room, and then you stay up there. Build up the fires, sweep the hall, scour the tub—I don't care what you do—only don't leave them alone a minute till I get back. Understand?"

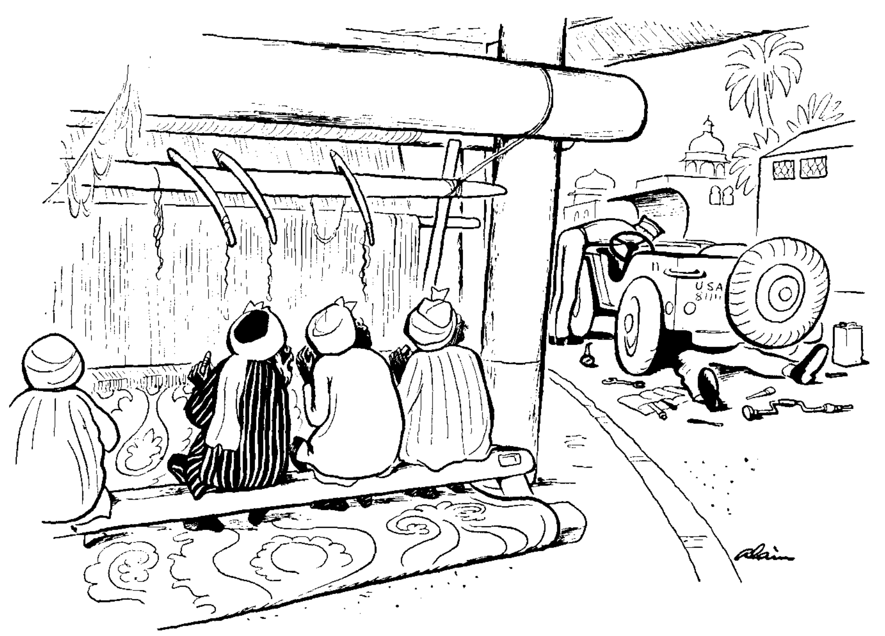
Revelations looked at her tight, frightened face a second; then he carefully wiped the blood off the pigsticker and slid it in his pocket. "Yes, Miss Ethel Ann," he said softly. "Ah understands. He won't mebbe heah you if you don't turn de motah on 'twell you gits down de drive."

THE Post Road stretched, slick white and glitteringly empty under the pale winter sunlight. Grimly, Ethel Ann stepped on the gas and held the big car to the center of the road.

Two miles—three—four— Never had the way seemed so long to Watertown. And not a car in sight in either direction, not even a hitchhiker. Nine miles—ten down and four to go. She braked cautiously for a curve ahead and swung around it. The sailor was tramping down the road toward her, swinging his duffle bag.

"Great heavenly halos!" she breathed. "He's coming back to spend his furlough, too!" But at least he wasn't crazy. Or maybe he was. Because when she honked at him, instead of side-stepping, he planted himself in the middle of the road and started waving his arms at her like an idiot.

Frantically, she rammed down the brakes, and the big car slid sideways with a scream of tortured tires. Then it did a complete turn. When Ethel Ann stopped spinning, she was facing back the other way, and the snow-covered sailor was picking himself up out of the ditch.



COLLIER'S "You wonder how in the world they have the patience" DANIEL ALAIN

Ethel Ann opened the door and said bitterly, "I'd like to kick your teeth in—but I haven't time. Get in here quick!"

"That was a neat trick," the sailor chuckled, climbing in beside her. "But you could do it better with wings, my lass."

"Rick?" Ethel Ann quavered, staring at him. "Oh, Rick! Thank God!" Then she wilted over the wheel and started squalling like a three-year-old.

Rick pulled her in his arms. "Darling! What's wrong?"

"Revelations is scrubbing the upstairs tub—with the pigsticker," she sobbed, "because they're all alone—and he's crazy as a loon—he's got your gun—his eyes are awful!"

"Slide over," Rick said. "And let me drive . . . Now! Begin at the beginning, darling. Just when did Revelations start toting a gun and scrubbing the upstairs bathtubs with a pigsticker?"

Royal, replete in Rick's great coat, scarf and hat, was standing at a bend in the road about a mile from the house. He put out his thumb when he saw the car. "Get down, Ethel Ann," Rick ordered. He stopped the car and got out. "Going my way, Mac?" He proffered his cigarette pack.

Royal took one automatically. He was staring at the blue uniform. "I'd do better to join up with the Navy, don't you think?" he said. "I like the uniform."

"Sure," said Rick. "It's a good uniform, Mac." He stepped back and swung out with his fist, and Royal grunted and did a belly flop in the snow. Ethel Ann stuck her pert little face over the back of the seat and yelled, "Get his gun, Ricky! It's inside his belt!"

"What do you mean—*his* gun and *his* belt!" Rick grunted, strapping Royal's hands firmly behind his back. He folded him up and stuffed him in the back seat. "Let's get over to the house, my lass."

Revelations was standing guard on the drive, brandishing the pigsticker. "Gemmun jes' up and walk erway," he said. "And Ah lets him." He peered in at Royal's crumpled form and shook his head happily. "Lak a fish in a net, Mr. Rick!" Then: "De aunts still don't know nothin' 'bout nothin'. Dey upstairs playin' backgammon."

"Keep them that way," Rick ordered. "We won't be long."

They were searching Royal in the state troopers' headquarters when he came to. They found his 4F draft card and someone said, "This guy's no soldier!" and Royal started crying. Then they found the nylon hose and the War Loan roll, and Royal lunged against his handcuffs and shouted curses at them, his eyes wild and furious. They took him away like that. The sergeant said, "That's all for now, folks. We'll call you." He went out.

"Well!" Rick said. "Let's go home and watch the aunts eat dirt, sweet."

"My goodness!" Ethel Ann marveled. "I never once thought he was after money!"

"And what did you think he was after?" Rick grinned.

"Me, of course!"

Rick said, "Pride goeth before a fall. Come here, fallen woman."

HE PULLED her inside his pea jacket. Her hands slid up his shoulders and he kissed her. There was a long, ecstatic moment when her senses spun. Then she felt the sharp metal biting into her fingers and pulled back to look. "Rick!" she breathed. "It's the Congressional Medal!"

"Well, so it is!" Rick said.

"They don't give you that for hookworm, do they?"

"Well, no," he admitted.

"Rick, what did you do to rate it?"

"Oh, nothing much," Rick said.

"Rick Cartwright! If you don't tell me this minute, I really will kick your teeth in!"

"If you put it that way—" Rick coughed deprecatingly. "Well, you see, darling, the Coast Guard had tea with the Japs one afternoon at Rabaul—and I—I—well, I poured!"

THE END

Ma Browne and some of the boys: Charley Goldman, Joe Baksi, and 7-foot 298-lb. Big Ben Moroz. Behind Ma is a cutout of her favorite, Lou Ambers

SLUGGERS'

Prize fighters, says "Ma" Browne, make the best roomers—they always come through with the rent. For ten years she's been mother confessor to a bunch of them

BY BARNEY NAGLER

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KNOPF–PIX

THE boys in Mrs. Rosa Browne's lodginghouse on New York's West Side all call her "Ma." As such, the calm-eyed, round little landlady spends many a night waiting up until her boarders come home from work. Her self-chosen task is to bathe the wounds collected by the lodgers during the night's work and to help them forget their woes. Mrs. Browne has been doing this for years and she'll be the first to deny that prize fighters are hard to handle. She wouldn't toss them out for a class of divinity students. They're much too peaceful around the house.

There was a time when Mrs. Browne wouldn't allow a prize fighter over the threshold of the three-story establishment. Those were the days when she preferred wrestlers as roomers.

"I was having wrestlers here before prize fighters, but they was worse," she says. "They was all the time fighting in the rooms and knocking down the plaster. And they walked like horses."

Ma Browne, a German-Swiss in her middle fifties, has only one regret. The wrestlers always insisted that she watch them in action. "I all the time was going to see wrestlers and that's worser than prize fights, but now the boys don't want I should see the fights," she explains. "So I listen on the radio."

The Browne house, an old-fashioned, high-stooped brownstone shadowed by towering apartment hotels which rim Central Park, has nine rooms, two of which are occupied by Mrs. Browne and her family. The other seven rooms house prize fighters, each of whom pays a minimum of five dollars a week.

In ten years Mrs. Browne has never been done out of a week's rental. As a matter of fact, it was her first experience with a down-and-out gladiator which convinced the landlady that fighters aren't half as bad as they're painted, and that they're twice as reliable.

One day, ten years ago, a young prize fighter rang Mrs. Browne's doorbell and asked to rent a room. At first Mrs. Browne was reluctant because he was a fighter; she was even more unwilling when she learned he didn't have the first week's rent. He was training for a fight, he said, and would pay her right after the contest.

Finally she agreed and let the young fighter run up a bill of $60 before the fight, which he won. The youngster was so happy in his new home and was so convinced that it was a lucky one, that he prevailed upon his manager, Al Weill, one of the top figures in the business, to make all his fighters live at Mrs. Browne's. Business boomed for the landlady and hasn't subsided since.

The fighter, who was the first of his trade to live at Mrs. Browne's, was Lou Ambers and he eventually won the lightweight championship of the world. He stayed there for seven years, even when he earned as much as $82,000 for one night's work.

Mrs. Browne cleans each room daily, running up and down the three flights of stairs a minimum of twenty times a day. One of her roomers once commented, "Ma Browne does more roadwork each day than all of us put together." Yet, it hasn't taken off any weight. Less than five feet tall and garbed in a scrupulously laundered house dress at all times, Mrs. Browne resembles a garnished butterball. She speaks a form of English liberally sprinkled with bits of French and German.

"No Swearing"—in French

Once Ma Browne was shocked to hear several of her new tenants, French Canadian fighters, cussing at one another in French. Unaware that she spoke their language, they soon learned, when notices—in French—warning against foul language were posted throughout the house.

The landlady's personal household includes her husband, Frank, and a pretty 23-year-old daughter, Ethel, whom her boarders rarely see. Mr. Browne works in a mid-Manhattan clothing establishment, while Ethel is a bank employee. "All of us work," Mrs. Browne explains, "because we is gonna buy some day after the war a tearoom on the outskirts from New York and live quiet."

Not that Mrs. Browne has been unhappy playing nursemaid to a flock of prize fighters. Nor has it been unprofitable. Ambers' manager, Weill, has continued supplying Mrs. Browne with tenants, and now an ex-bantamweight named Charley Goldman, who trains Weill's fighters, occupies the front parlor and is Weill's spy there.

Goldman has a fine view of the high front stoop and he can spot any fighter who tries to sneak in or out after his training bedtime. The view also makes it possible for Charley to check on boxers as they leave the house in the morning for their roadwork around the Central Park reservoir. When Goldman is out of town with some fighters, Mrs. Browne takes over as a spy for Weill.

"This I gotta do because Mr. Weill is such a fine manager he makes the fighters pay their rent on time," she says.

More than sixty fighters have lived at Mrs. Browne's since Ambers paved the way, but Lou is still the landlady's favorite. In token of this affection, Mrs Browne constantly wears a pair of miniature boxing gloves that Lou autographed, pinned high on her dress. This fondness for Ambers ties in with her deeply religious nature, for, like Mrs. Browne, he never missed a Sunday at church while he lived in her house.

Nailed to the inside of the front door is a regulation pair of boxing gloves, and one of the roomers, Heavyweight Joe Baksi, a Madison Square Garden headliner, has painted the household slogan on one: "Clean your shoes on the welcome mat, my boy, and keep smiling. The first hundred years are the hardest."

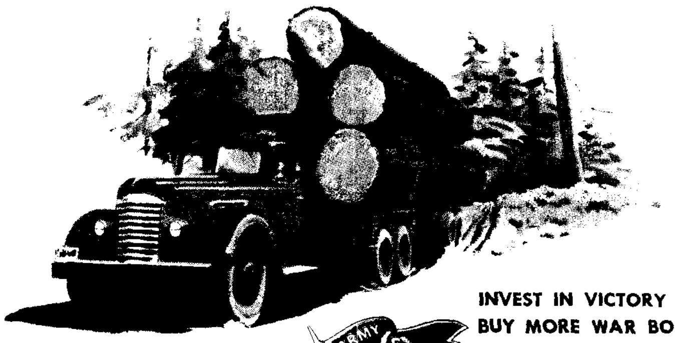
(*Continued on page 81*)

Weapons in Waiting

Never before have the logging and lumbering industries contributed so much to the nation's welfare.

Wood is the principal material used in Army barracks and war workers' homes. Wood is a vital tool of the shipbuilder and war plant contractor. Landing barges, PT boats and Mosquito bombers are all constructed of wood. Wood has largely replaced steel in Army truck bodies. Wood has been put to a hundred and one new war uses . . . uses which save tons upon tons of critical metals for cannon and shell and fighting equipment.

Trucks have opened up vast areas of virgin timber . . . have become the main method of moving logs from forest to mill. Trucks transport a large per cent of the lumber to factories, shipyards and Army camps . . . deliver nearly 100 per cent of it to our farms and war housing areas. Today, the shout of "Timber" is a battle cry of victory.



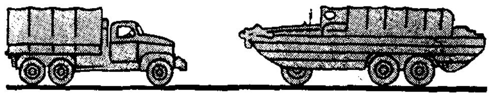
INVEST IN VICTORY . . .
BUY MORE WAR BONDS

In addition to producing thousands of military trucks and amphibian "Ducks," GMC is now manufacturing several thousand commercial trucks for use in essential civilian occupations. If you are eligible for a new truck, see your GMC dealer first for "The Truck of Value." Remember, too, that your GMC dealer is headquarters for the original truck-saving time-saving Preventive Maintenance Service.

GMC TRUCK & COACH DIVISION

General Motors Corporation

Home of Commercial GMC Trucks and GM Coaches
Volume Producer of GMC Army Trucks and Amphibian "Ducks"



Quiet NIGHT

by **NORMAN KATKOV**

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Danny loved his mother and he could tell you all about his newspaper's code of ethics. He would have been a nice guy —except that he was a heel

DANNY NYACK opened the front door of the police station, walked swiftly into the room at the end of which sat the desk sergeant, waved his hello to Jack Johnson behind the desk, and entered the police reporters' office which was next to the desk. He looked at a clock on the wall, checked the time with his wrist watch and, using one of two phones that rested on a long, wooden table against the wall, quickly dialed a number.

He stood there drumming tanned fingers against the table while he waited for the number, his brown hat pushed back on his head. He was wearing a camel's-hair coat, a double-breasted, lounge-model gray flannel suit, a brown gabardine shirt, with a sports-type collar buttoned at the neck without a tie, and Army officer's brown buckled shoes.

His high cheekbones, browned now from a two-weeks vacation in the Florida sun, gave him the appearance of an Indian. He had brown, curly hair that he wore long about the neck, and a long, thin, slightly hooked nose, and thin lips that were the most expressive part of his face.

The fingers stopped their steady drumming on the table. There was a click in his ear as someone picked up the phone at the other end.

"Hello." Danny's voice was shrill and urgent. "Hello, Ma? Ma, is that you?" He waited for an instant, listening, then his face broke as he smiled broadly. Still holding the phone he sat down in a swivel chair, and with his free hand, wrapped the coat around him, then pushed the hat down over his eyes.

"Hello, my baby," he spoke softly into the phone, almost insinuatingly, as one would talk to a sweetheart. "How's my baby?" He laughed then. "Ma, you know, I haven't got any other babies but you. All right, so I'm a liar. Did you like the movie? Well, if you cried it must have been good. Was Bette Davis good?" He had seen the movie in Florida, but he liked to listen to her talk. His mother loved movies, and graded them by the length of crying that she could do while the scenes unfolded.

"Ma, did that cab pick you up at the movie? Yeah, and he took you home? Uh-huh. What?" This time he laughed loudly. "You tipped him a quarter, because he took you home for nothing. Ma, he gets paid for it, don't worry about that. All right, baby. You're wonderful. What are you going to have for supper tomorrow? That's my girl. What kind of pie do I get tonight?" His mother always left some pastry and milk for him when he got home.

He made a kiss for her through the mouthpiece, audibly, and she asked him to come home early, and he promised that he would. She told him to be sure and button his coat when he went out and he said that he would, and then he said goodby and hung up.

He got up, took off his coat and hat, hung them up behind the door to his office and walked to the desk.

"Anything doing, Jack?"

"Quiet night. Not a thing. By the way, there was a call for you. Left this number. Said it was important."

"Thanks a lot, Jack." Danny looked at the slip of paper that the sergeant handed him, crumpled it into a ball, and slipped it into his jacket pocket. Phil Biddle's private number. What did Phil Biddle want with him? He and Phil had always been friendly, and had gone on a few parties together when Phil was running bootleg into the town. Even now, he always got a case of bourbon at Christmas from Biddle, and vaguely he had always had the notion that if he ever needed money badly, the taxicab king would give it to him. Phil was clean, Danny knew that. Well, he decided he'd call him. Let him cool his heels for half an hour.

THE reporter walked out of the room and to his right, stopping in front of a lighted room. He looked in, hesitated a moment, then entered.

"Hello, Mary, anything doing?" His voice was quiet, thoughtful, solicitous.

She reached behind her and picked up the day's reports. "There isn't much. Some kid over on the South Side swallowed a dime. He's out at City Receiving now. You can call Doc Parsons out there. A truck with feed on tipped over Eighth and Main. It blocked traffic for about an hour but nobody hurt. That's about all. Quiet night."

"Yeah, quiet night. Thanks, Mary." He took the reports and walked to another section of the building, knocked on a glazed door through which light shone, and without waiting for a "come in," entered the room.

A heavy man sat behind a desk in the bare room. He sat quietly reading the evening paper, and he spoke now to Danny from behind the paper. "Listen, Danny, Phil Biddle's brother is upstairs."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

Danny moved to a chair opposite the desk, sat down, lifted his feet up on the desk and lit a cigarette. He smoked for a moment, and then looked up at the big man. "Has he been booked, Jim?" Danny asked the question casually, as though he were asking for information about a drunken driver, or a kid that had been picked up for a burglary.

"No, he isn't booked. I got some brains in my head, ain't I?" He moved in his chair and faced Danny. "It's a damn' good thing I'm working nights though, and it's a damn' good thing you got Jack Johnson on the desk tonight." Jim Dorsey was a captain of detectives, in charge of the station from 5 till 2 A.M.

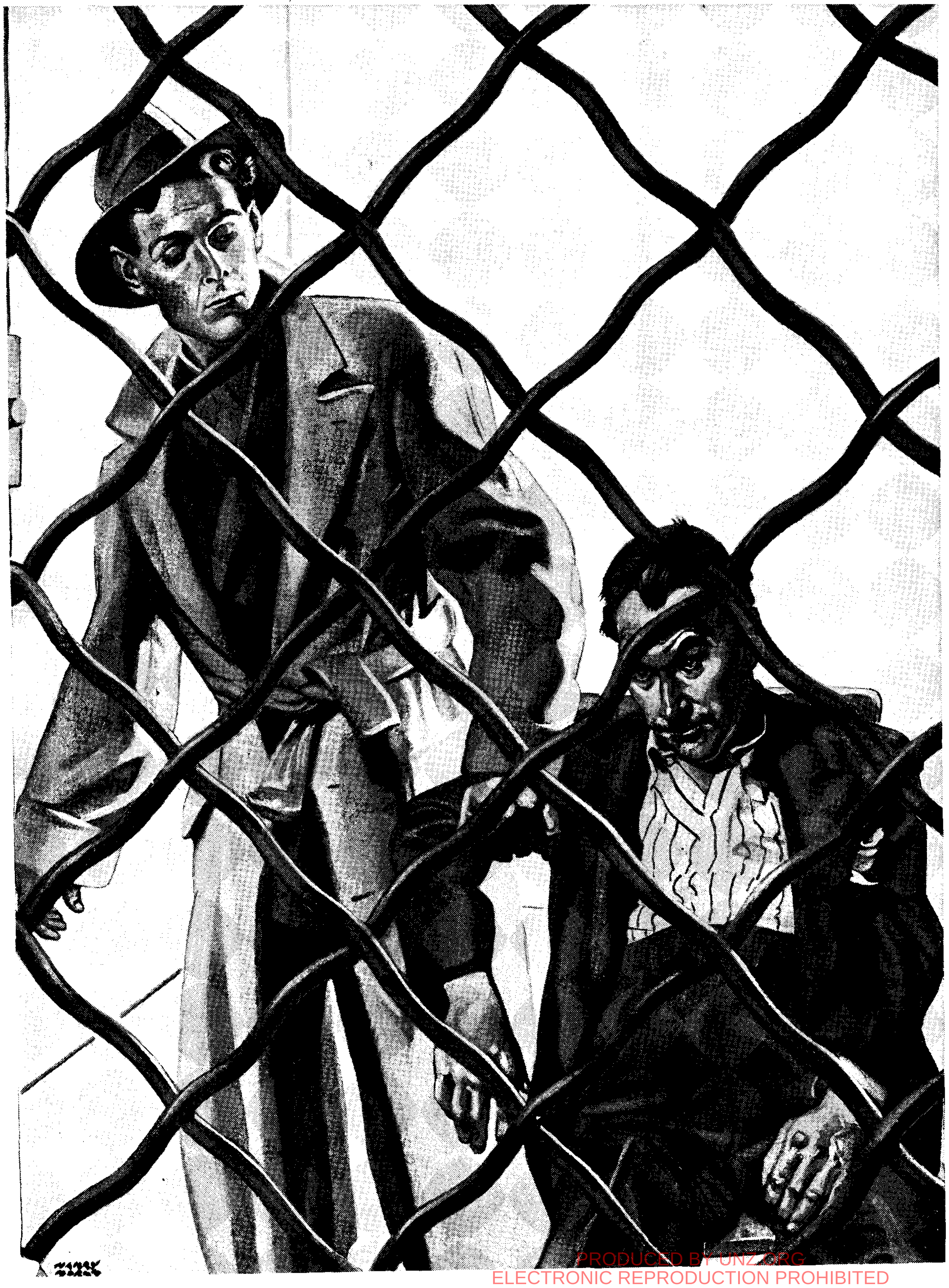
"Whatya mean it's a damn' good thing?" Danny's voice was plaintive, hurt. "It's nothing to me if Phil Biddle's brother is booked or not booked or what happens to him. I've got nothing with Phil Biddle's brother."

"Look, kid," the big man's voice was gentle. "Tom Biddle is drinking himself up. Phil is doing fine with those cabs, the town has forgotten about him ever being in the rackets, and he just married that skirt on the Hill. He don't want publicity. Phil Biddle is clean and you know it, and [illegible] know it.

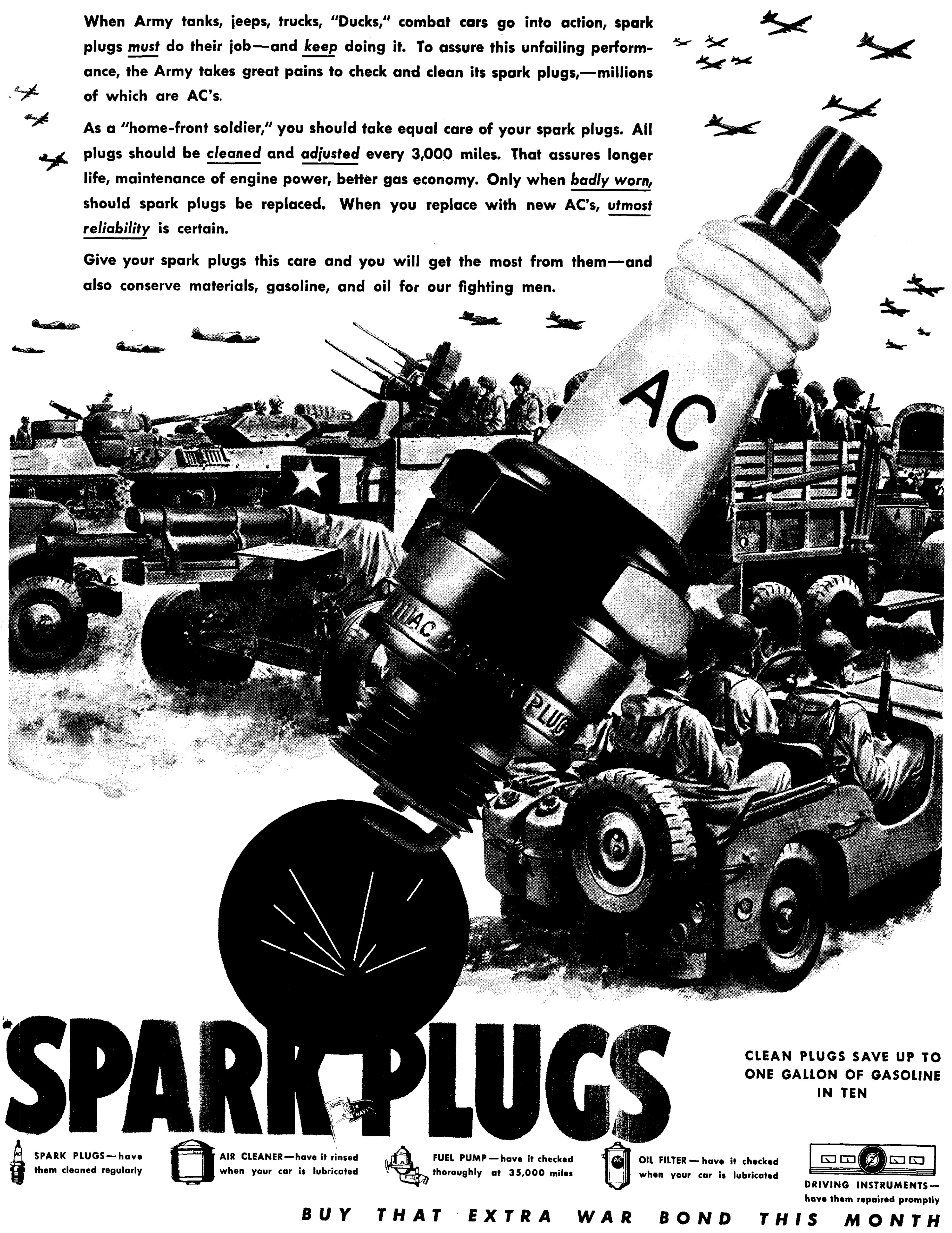
"Tonight Tom Biddle got a load on out at Hell Lake, and coming into town he banged up some farmer's rig on the Post Road. The farmer is okay, but his rig is ruined, and some punk kid that's been on the force for a month pinched Tom. I came to work just as they were taking him out of the car. The two coppers didn't even know his name yet, so I grabbed him and took him upstairs and told the punks that I would handle it."

"So—?"

"So if he's booked, he goes to court on a drunken driving charge. If he forfeits bail, he's still on the book, and it's still a story, and he gets his name *(Continued on page 48)*



Tom Biddle sat in a chair, the stupid look of the habitual drunkard etched into the lines of his face. "Come on, Tom, let's go," said Danny, taking his arm



When Army tanks, jeeps, trucks, "Ducks," combat cars go into action, spark plugs *must* do their job—and *keep* doing it. To assure this unfailing performance, the Army takes great pains to check and clean its spark plugs,—millions of which are AC's.

As a "home-front soldier," you should take equal care of your spark plugs. All plugs should be *cleaned* and *adjusted* every 3,000 miles. That assures longer life, maintenance of engine power, better gas economy. Only when *badly worn,* should spark plugs be replaced. When you replace with new AC's, *utmost reliability* is certain.

Give your spark plugs this care and you will get the most from them—and also conserve materials, gasoline, and oil for our fighting men.

SPARK PLUGS

CLEAN PLUGS SAVE UP TO
ONE GALLON OF GASOLINE
IN TEN

SPARK PLUGS—have them cleaned regularly

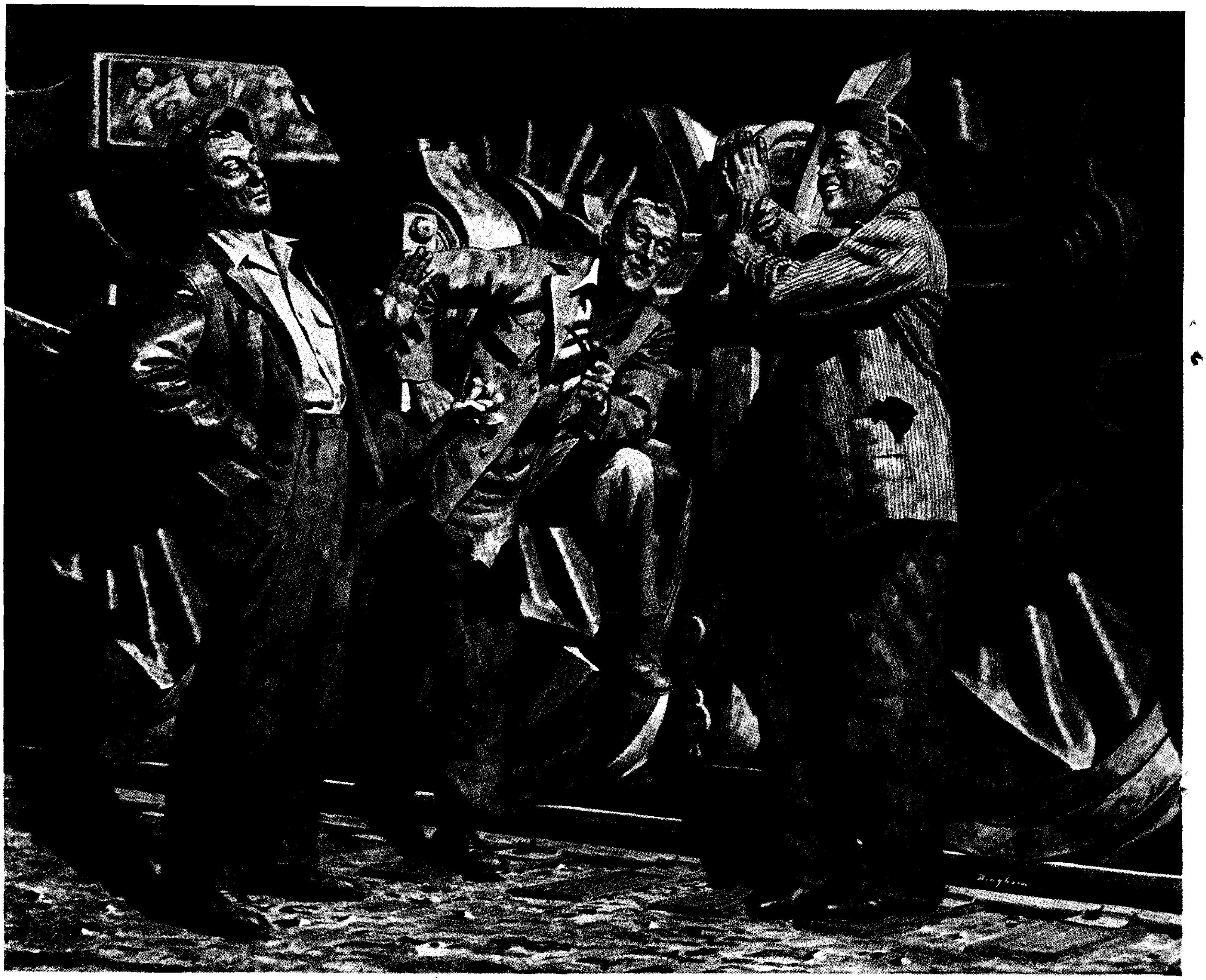
AIR CLEANER—have it rinsed when your car is lubricated

FUEL PUMP—have it checked thoroughly at 35,000 miles

OIL FILTER—have it checked when your car is lubricated

DRIVING INSTRUMENTS—have them repaired promptly

BUY THAT EXTRA WAR BOND THIS MONTH



Who's Right?

THESE three men run three different kinds of locomotives—steam, Diesel and electric.

You don't have to be a railroad man to guess what they're arguing about.

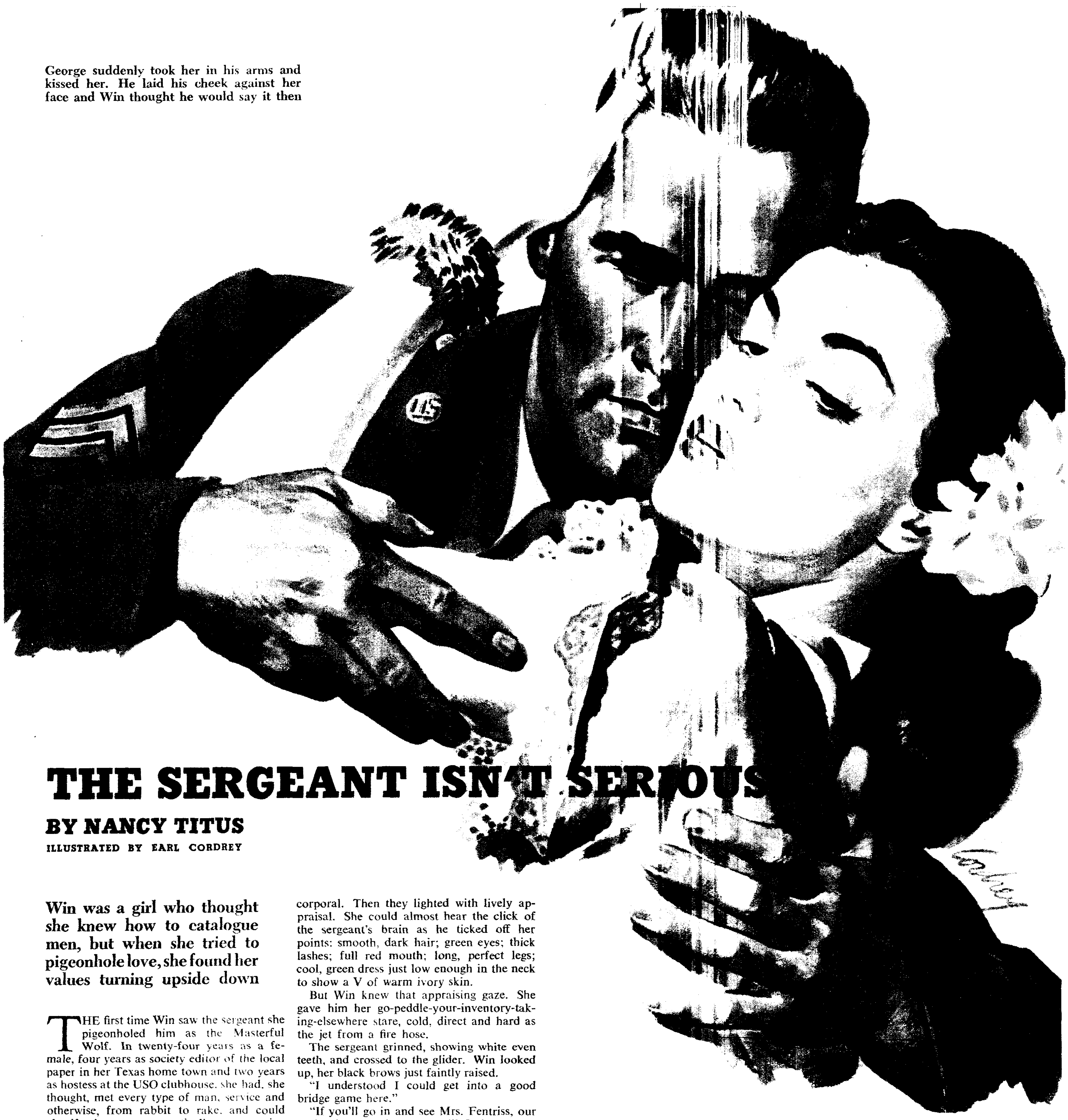
It's all in fun, however. For deep down inside, each of these men—and every man who really *knows* railroading—realizes that no one type of locomotive is better than the other two except under certain conditions and for certain specific duties.

That's why American Locomotive builds all three. We've been in the business too long to champion one type of locomotive.

We know from a hundred years of experience that only a careful study of a railroad's requirements can determine which type of power should be used.

Today, a large percentage of America's crack streamlined trains are powered by American Locomotive engines—some steam, some Diesel, some electric. Each is unsurpassed at its particular job because each was built for that particular job.

American Locomotive
NEW YORK
DIESEL ELECTRIC STEAM



George suddenly took her in his arms and kissed her. He laid his cheek against her face and Win thought he would say it then

THE SERGEANT ISN'T SERIOUS

BY NANCY TITUS

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

Win was a girl who thought she knew how to catalogue men, but when she tried to pigeonhole love, she found her values turning upside down

THE first time Win saw the sergeant she pigeonholed him as the Masterful Wolf. In twenty-four years as a female, four years as society editor of the local paper in her Texas home town and two years as hostess at the USO clubhouse, she had, she thought, met every type of man, service and otherwise, from rabbit to rake, and could classify them as automatically as a sorting machine. The sergeant was obviously on the prowl.

She knew it by the way he swung up the walk that early September evening; by the purposeful air that said he was looking for something and was not a man to be intimidated in his search. Even the blazing heat of Texas Indian summer had not daunted him. He was the only man she had seen that day who did not look as enervated as a bottle of skimmed milk.

He came straight up to the porch and looked around; a smallish man, hardily compact; plain and sunburned of face, but with a square, determined jaw, and bright, independent blue eyes. The eyes went over the occupants of the porch until they reached Win, who was sitting on a glider talking to a corporal. Then they lighted with lively appraisal. She could almost hear the click of the sergeant's brain as he ticked off her points: smooth, dark hair; green eyes; thick lashes; full red mouth; long, perfect legs; cool, green dress just low enough in the neck to show a V of warm ivory skin.

But Win knew that appraising gaze. She gave him her go-peddle-your-inventory-taking-elsewhere stare, cold, direct and hard as the jet from a fire hose.

The sergeant grinned, showing white even teeth, and crossed to the glider. Win looked up, her black brows just faintly raised.

"I understood I could get into a good bridge game here."

"If you'll go in and see Mrs. Fentriss, our senior hostess, I'm sure she'll find someone to play with you," Win said pleasantly.

"I want to play with *you*," the sergeant said emphatically.

Win was about to ask crisply what made him think she played, when the corporal put in, "I wouldn't mind a game myself. That was a good one we had last week."

"Swell," said the sergeant. "Where do we get a fourth?"

Win felt she was being railroaded, but if two soldiers wanted to play bridge, it was her job to see that they did. Still she felt sure the sergeant had invented the desire for bridge on the spur of the moment, and that he had quite another goal in mind.

But she found a second hostess to play with them and located a card table in the sunroom. The sergeant sat opposite her and began to shuffle the cards with businesslike rapidity. "I've got a special detail at ten," he said, "but if we play fast we can squeeze in a couple of rubbers. Cut for deal."

"I think it would be easier for all of us," Win said, "if we gave our names. I'm Winifred Sands. This is Mary Lou Bryce. And Corporal Loomis."

The sergeant nodded affably. "Sergeant George Harris."

"What outfit?" the corporal asked.

"Company A, Fifty-second training regiment." He had dealt and already had his hand arranged while the others were still getting their cards in order. "Two spades."

He was not looking at Win; he was not looking at anything beyond the cards. She stole a glance at him. His attention was riveted on the game, his head, with its tight cap of clipped brown hair, bent forward at an angle of absorption.

It couldn't be possible he really had singled her out in that highhanded manner, solely because he thought she looked as though she could play bridge. He was beginning to slip out of his category. And Win did not like that. She had an orderly mind and hated to make wrong guesses about people.

The sergeant played on concentratedly. He seemed to have forgotten the passing of time and Win, accustomed to herding the boys back to camp on time, began to worry, out of habit. At nine-thirty, when he had not made a move to leave, she said, "I hate to interrupt the game, but it's getting late, Sergeant."

(Continued on page 77)

6 A. M. . . . you're feeling punk

OH WOE! You wake up feeling punk because you need a laxative. What's to do about it? Get relief now—*when you need it*—speedy relief—easy relief! Take a glass of sparkling Sal Hepatica the minute you get up.

8 A. M. . . . you're full of spunk!

LET'S GO! You're feeling lots better already. Taken first thing in the morning, Sal Hepatica usually acts *within an hour* . . . brings fast yet gentle relief. In addition, it helps turn a sour stomach sweet again by helping counteract excess gastric acidity.

Remember . . . 3 out of 5 doctors, interviewed in a survey, recommend this sparkling saline laxative.

Remember Sal Hepatica when next *you* need a laxative.

Whenever you need a laxative
—take gentle, *speedy*
SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica from your druggist today, remembering this. Caution: use only as directed. Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Ask your doctor about the efficacy of this prescription. Sal Hepatica is a product of Bristol-Myers.

TUNE IN "EDDIE CANTOR"—Wednesdays, NBC, 9:00 P. M., EWT
"DUFFY'S" with Ed Gardner, Tuesdays, Blue Network, 8:30 P. M., EWT

Land of the Free

Continued from page 12

is completely nuts, or something must be done about him before it's too late."

"Tell that to his nibs," said Sergeant Holt, and began to write out another report. . . .

Colonel Barnbridge was an honest man and a good soldier. He could not help liking his German prisoners, who were good soldiers, too. Too old for service at the front, he felt proud that there was better order and discipline in his prison camp than in any of the Army posts at which he had spent his life. Here, commands were given and obeyed with a snap. The prisoners were clean, polite, nice-looking boys who did not ask to be coddled but kept themselves in top shape through sports, work and calisthenics. They painted lovely scenes on the walls of the mess hall and planted a little garden in front of the colonel's office. They marched with fierce enthusiasm, to the beat of marching songs that warmed the colonel's heart. Aside from —unfortunately—being enemies, these soldiers were perfect. There had never been a case of insubordination, and not a single prisoner had ever been sent to the guardhouse. The colonel was especially proud of this and pointed it out to every visiting reporter, senator and interested friend.

A communication from Washington marked "Urgent" had rested for four days on the colonel's desk before he got around to reading it. The minute he saw it, he tore into his adjutant's office and demanded to know why it hadn't been brought to his attention sooner.

Walsh muttered the expected apologies for something that wasn't his fault, and shortly before the four-o'clock roll call, he was transmitting an order to the commanding officers of all areas.

Captain Wilson remonstrated: "Transfer of Nazi prisoners! Bosh! What's so darned urgent about it?" At this hour, he was impatient to get home. But after some more muttering, he told Coulter to come along, and went over to the grounds where the noncoms were lining up their men for roll call.

"*Achtung! Au-gen Rechts!*" commanded Oberfeldwebel Schade, and the prisoners of Barracks F stiffened a trifle more.

The captain stepped in front of them. He wanted to get it over with quickly and without fuss.

"Orders!" he read out. "All men who wish to be transferred as anti-Nazis step forward."

A tremor went through the lines, but no one moved. Coulter had instinctively raised his hand as if to fend off a blow. This was all wrong. This wasn't the way to handle it. He touched the captain's sleeve and said under his breath, "They didn't understand you, Pete. Let me interpret it."

WILSON shrugged. Oberfeldwebel Schade, who knew English, who indeed had been well trained by the farseeing Nazis for the post of barracks leader in enemy country, had in the meantime repeated the order in German. No one came forward. There was a deep silence.

"There you have it," Wilson said, turning to Coulter. "There aren't any anti-Nazis among them. What a joke! All the noise, all the appeals, the talk in the papers—and there just aren't any anti-Nazis."

"They're afraid," said Coulter. "You can't ask them in front of the others, don't you see?"

"My orders are to segregate the anti-Nazis in my area. It doesn't say I have to take each prisoner on my lap and let him whisper secrets into my ear. But if you think you can do it better, you're welcome to talk to them," Wilson said irritably.

Coulter stepped in front of the men, feeling suddenly helpless and embarrassed. He knew that it was too late to repair the fouled-up situation, but he had to make the best of it.

"Men," he said in his halting German, "there have been frequent cases of mistreatment among you on account of political disagreements. What you don't seem to understand is that this is a free country and that everyone is entitled to his opinion—even a prisoner. We allow you to sing your Horst Wessel Lied and parade your swastika. We don't try to influence you. But if you think the command will tolerate any sort of dictatorship or brutality, you're gravely mistaken. We are responsible for the life and welfare of every prisoner. Therefore, it has been decided to separate those of you who are threatened by the majority. Any prisoner who wishes to be transferred to a company to be formed of anti-Nazis may step forward without fear. The camp commander pledges you full protection."

A whisper, a movement, a muttering went through the line. Coulter's eyes rested on Schlegel with an unconscious, encouraging, very unmilitary smile. The prisoner's face shone like a light in a glowing proud paleness. He hesitated another moment and then, as if drawn by the lieutenant's glance, he stepped forward.

"Who else?" asked Coulter, waiting for the dozens of terrorized men Schlegel had mentioned. Schlegel, too, waited for those unknown others to follow him. He felt immeasurably elated at this moment. He had won his fight. He was their leader now. He had opened the way for them at the risk of his life. Weyrich, he thought, Kranz, Ziegenfuss, Bergius—all the others. Then he became aware of the silence around him.

"Well? No one else?" Coulter said. When nothing happened, Wilson shrugged, saluted the platoon and walked off to the next. Coulter looked back at Schlegel before following the captain.

He had never seen a creature as lonely and bewildered as this prisoner standing all by himself in front of the line of his enemies.

"WELL, bring him in, Joe," Lieutenant Coulter told Sergeant Holt. It was evening and there had been a slight disturbance. At five o'clock, the American staff had left, and only the officer of the day and the sentinels and guards had remained within the stockade.

Coulter gave another one of his deep sighs as Schlegel was pushed into the office and tried to stand at attention. The prisoner looked very bad; his mouth was swollen under a crust of coagulated blood, and two front teeth were missing. He had a black left eye and a torn shirt; yet there was a strange air of pride about him.

"Prisoner Gottfried Schlegel attacked Oberfeldwebel Schade in the mess hall and threatened to kill him," Holt reported.

"Is that true, Schlegel?" Coulter asked, annoyed but willing to be lenient.

"Yes, sir. For this, I will be put in the guardhouse, sir."

"Why did you do it?"

"Because of the letter. I cannot speak English so good already, but I will explain. I have no letter from my wife for seven weeks, three days. Berlin is bombed every day. I do not know is she alive still, is she not. I wait, I wait."

"Go ahead. Tell it in German if you like."

"Thank you, sir. Tonight the mail was brought in for Oberfeldwebel Schade to distribute. Herr Leutnant, I waited, I waited seven weeks and three days, every hour, every minute. Today Schade dangles a letter in front of my eyes and laughs at me. I believe this is the letter I waited for, but he does not give it to me. First Biedelmann gets his mail, as always. Then Schade laughs at me and puts my letter to the bottom of the stack. Herr Leutnant, I tremble, I sweat, I think my heart will stop. It takes thirty-five minutes to distribute the mail—that's very long, sir, if you don't know is your wife alive or not. My letter is the last one, sir. I reach out for it, my fingers tremble so. But he doesn't give me the letter. He grins at me and spits and he puts the letter into his own pocket. Then everything goes white—"

"Go on, go on. I'm listening," Coulter said, but Schlegel threw his hands before his mangled face and began to sob.

Sergeant Holt watched with disgust and embarrassment. "The joke is, that the letter wasn't for Schlegel at all," he said. "It was for Oberfeldwebel Schade all right."

"First, my father," the prisoner sobbed into his hands. "He was against the Nazis; a professor he was. They sent him to Dachau. When they released him, his legs were crushed. They gave him no crutches. I carried him to the railway station; he was as light as a child. My mother, sir, she lost her mind and they put her into the state insane asylum and killed her with gas. Painless, they said. My wife—what happened to her? What happens to all of us?"

In the recreation hall, they had begun to sing their eternal Horst Wessel Lied. It floated out over the stockade, a defiant challenge.

Holt brushed invisible dust from his sleeve. "He's imagining things," he muttered. "He acted like a madman in there."

Lieutenant Coulter, too, wondered if the prisoner had not become somewhat unhinged.

SUDDENLY Schlegel dropped his hands, snapped to attention again and said trustingly: "Now you will put me in the guardhouse, sir?"

"Oh!" Coulter began to see the light. "Is that why you attacked your superior?"

"I was insubordinate. You will put me in the guardhouse, please," Schlegel repeated, with obstinate urgency. "You will not send me back to the barracks."

"I see. You're afraid to stay in your barracks after reporting for transfer to an anti-Nazi company," Coulter said with a wry smile.

"Yes, sir," Schlegel said, with a grimace of his mangled face that was meant to be a smile.

The lieutenant, too, began to smile. "You're a coward, Schlegel," he said, not unfriendly.

"They put chicken bones into my bunk, sir," said Schlegel, and Coulter grew serious all of a sudden. He had heard rumors according to which chicken bones in a man's bunk meant that he was sentenced to death. He gave his sergeant a quizzical glance.

"I'm afraid we'll have to put him in the clink, Sergeant Holt," he said.

"Oh, my gosh! And the colonel?" gasped Holt, but caught himself and added, "Very good, sir."

"Now relax, Schlegel. We'll keep you in the guardhouse for tonight, and tomorrow at ten you will be transferred to another camp. We have two hundred and fifty anti-Nazis there, so far, but I think by and by we'll get more. From now on, you are safe."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," Schlegel said. He made a perfect about-face and was marched out, with tears of relief streaming down his battered face. Coulter remained in deep contemplation until his sergeant returned.

"Well, this sure fouls up his nibs' perfect record," Holt said. "There will be the devil to pay tomorrow."

"You know what's wrong with us?" Coulter said, still deep in thought. "We Americans are nice people and we like nice people for company. But a lot of the people who are fighting our fight are not a bit nice; not in this camp and not anywhere in the world. People who are hunted and tortured and starved can't afford the luxury of being nice. They're hysterical and difficult and not very clean. If we really want to build this much-talked-of better world of tomorrow, though, we're going to have to side up with fighters like this guy Schlegel; and if we don't watch out, there won't be enough of them left to side up with."

"Yeah? Well, try and tell it to the colonel," said Holt and began brewing some coffee.

"You know what we're doing in this camp?" Coulter went on. "We're preserving the shock troops for Germany to start her next war with. We keep them well fed, in fighting trim, with all their infernal organizations intact, with their Gestapo brutalities untouched, and their belief in the Fuehrer unbroken.

"We might be able to beat the fanaticism out of the German divisions who're going to be beaten over there. And the German civilians will have enough of war—at least for a few generations. But these prisoners won't have been defeated or disillusioned and they won't have cracked. When the war is over, we'll put a few hundred thousand of them on nice comfortable boats and ship them back to Germany, so they can start the whole mess all over again."

"Now you're talking like Walter Winchell," said Sergeant Holt and handed his lieutenant a cup of coffee.

"HEY, where d'you think you're going?" the guard called to the prisoner who was shuffling across the recreation grounds in the middle of the night.

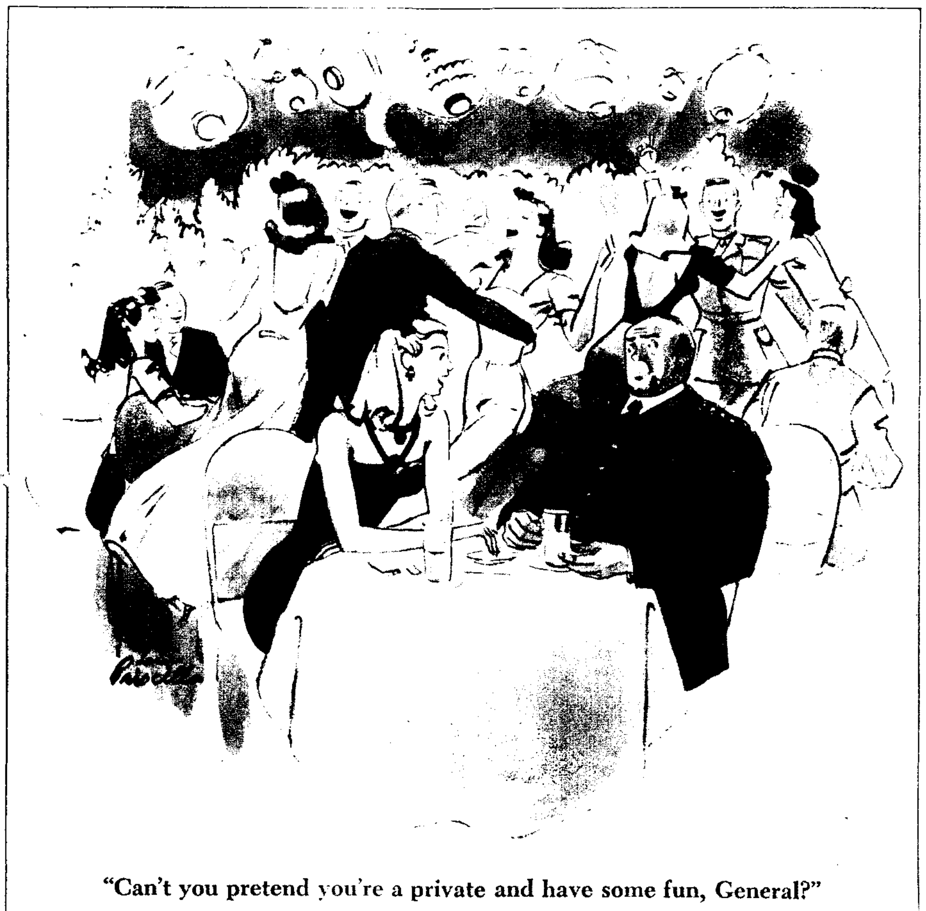
"I just wanted to give my pal his bottle of beer through the bars; they put the poor devil in the clink," said Biedelmann.

"You can't do that."

"Don't you know that every prisoner is entitled to one bottle of beer a day—in the clink or out? Geneva Convention. Yes, sir."

"Why, if it isn't Biedelmann," said another guard, joining them. "He's a good guy. You can let him go. He drove a taxi in Detroit, didn't you, Biedelmann?"

"Sure did," Biedelmann said, with the easy colloquialism that made him so valuable for certain tasks. "I would be an American sol-



"Can't you pretend you're a private and have some fun, General?"

COLLIER'S LOUIS PRISCILLA

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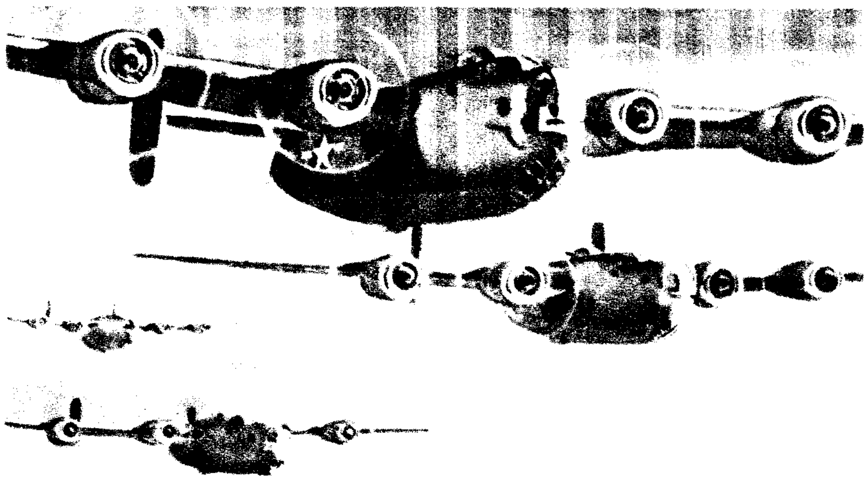
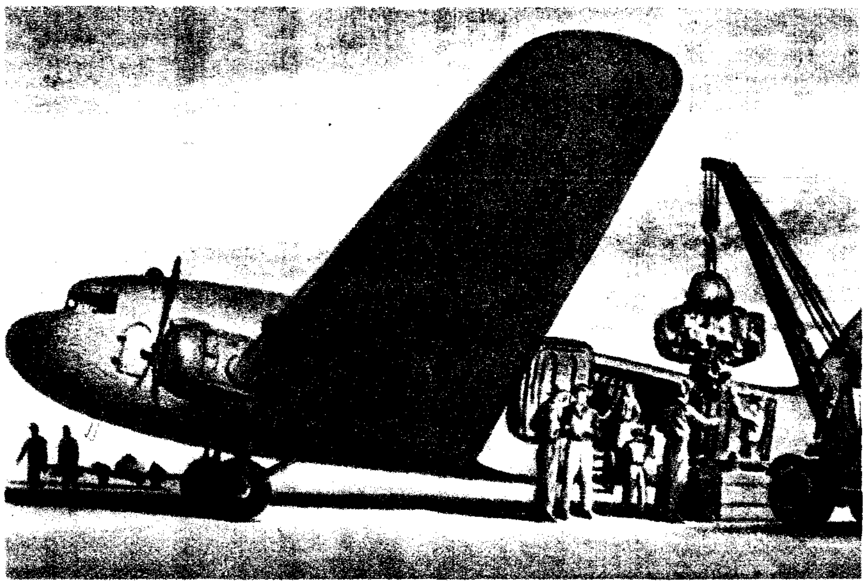
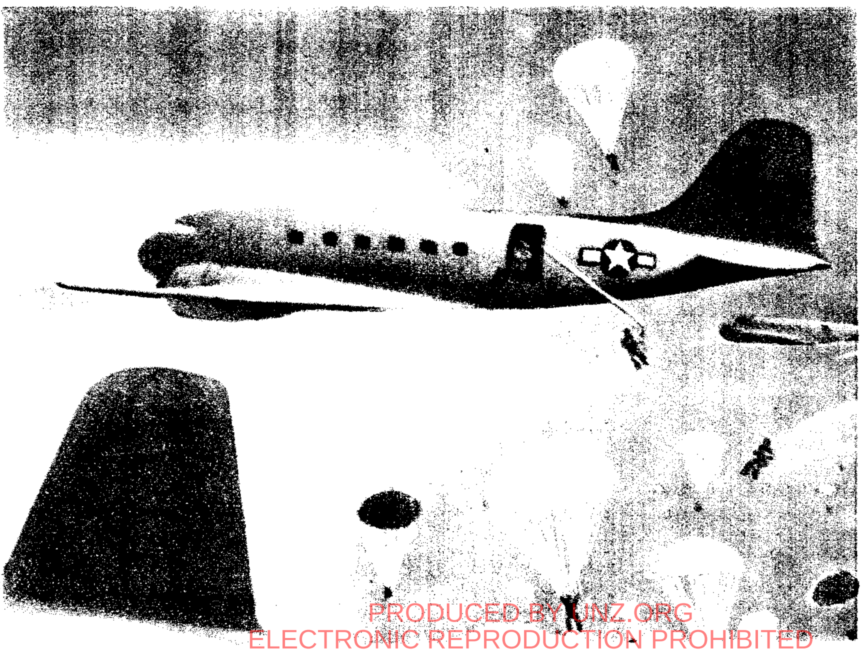


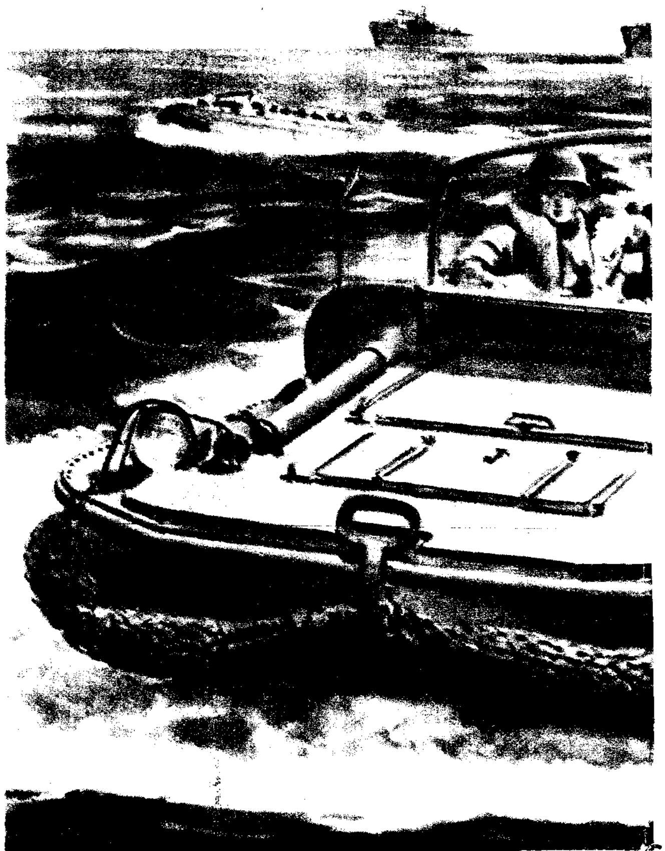
Chevrolet-built Pratt & Whitney engines power the B-24 Liberator—one of America's longest-range bombers.



Chevrolet-built Pratt & Whitney engines also power the C-47 and C-53 cargo planes—workingest airplanes in existence.



Chevrolet built ten per cent of all aircraft engines produced in the United States in 1943.



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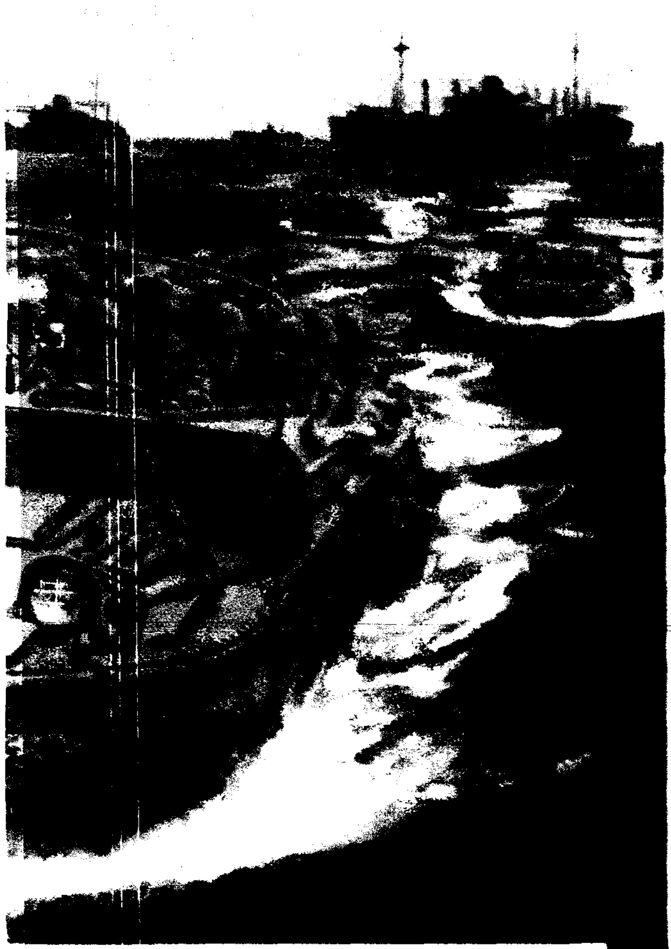
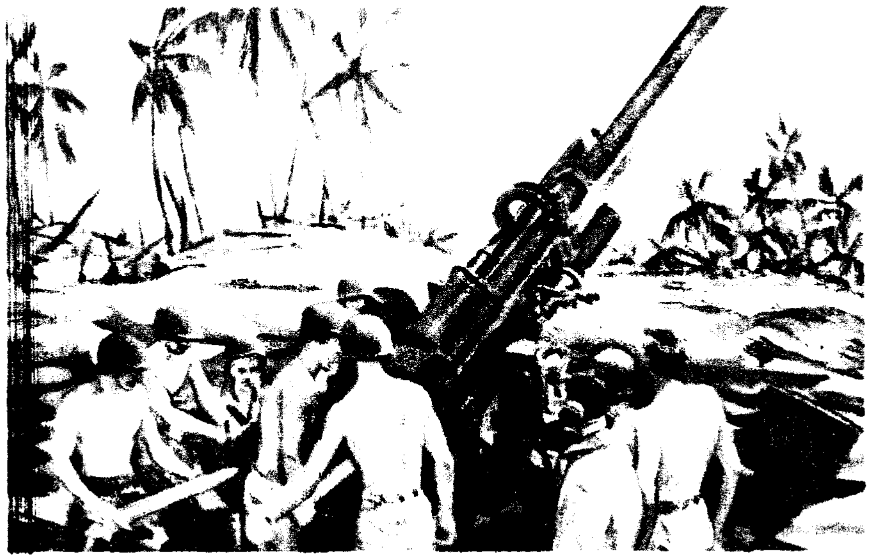
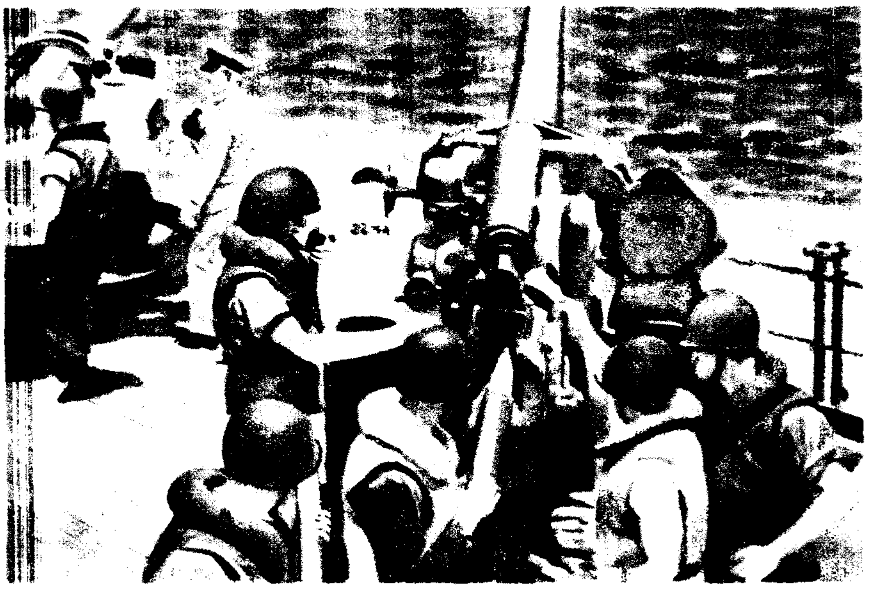


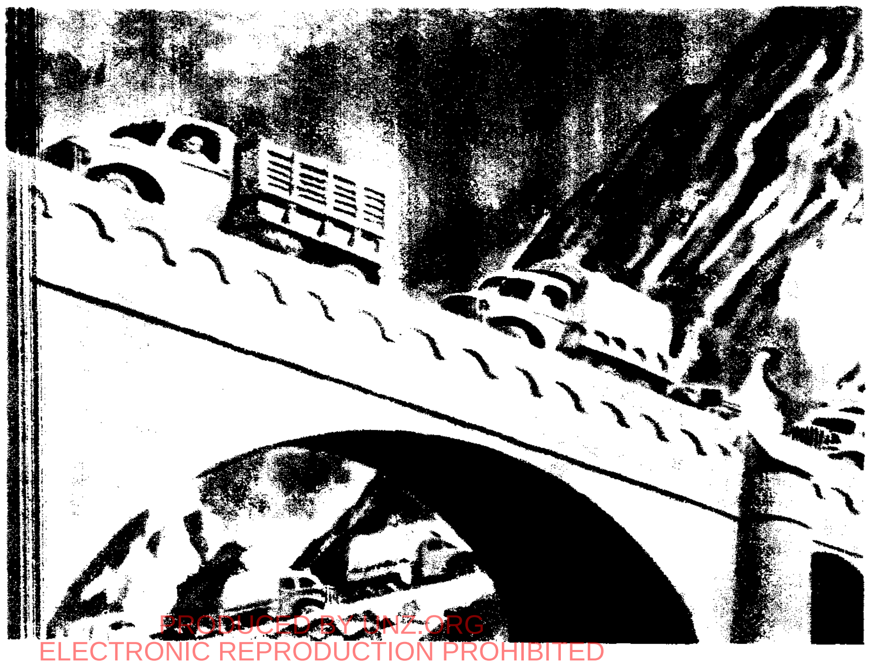
ncreasing numbers of Chevrolet-GMC "Ducks" carry our fighting rom boat to beachhead to Victory.



Great numbers of Chevrolet-built 90-mm. guns are destroying enemy tanks and planes.



Millions of Chevrolet-forged high-explosive and armor-piercing shells are blasting the Axis on all fronts.



Thousands upon thousands of Chevrolet-built military trucks are serving in all parts of the world.

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dier today, just like you, if my old lady hadn't asked me to come back—just before the war started. That's how I got caught up over there."

"I told you he's a good guy. We didn't see nothing, did we?"

"Thanks, soldier. My buddy will appreciate it."

The prisoner Gottfried Schlegel had happily fallen asleep in the heavenly seclusion of the guardhouse. It was cold there and quiet, and he was alone and safe. I'm safe, he told himself over and over again. Now I'm safe. It was a refrain that softly cradled him to sleep. Once more he was wandering down the dream avenues where he was certain to meet Marga. Then some noise, some strange presence penetrated his sleep and he sat up.

Biedelmann was standing at his bunk, smiling at him. For a moment he believed himself back in Barracks F. Then he saw the pattern of the bars sharply etched onto the floor by the brightness of the watchtower floodlights, and he understood. He knew that everything was lost. He had known it all along. They were everywhere. There was no escaping them.

"Surprised to see me? I thought you might feel lonesome," said Biedelmann.

"How—how did you get in here?"

In the white light, Biedelmann's face was a smiling, terribly smiling, mask. "Oh, we have friends," he said lightly. "We have keys that open many doors. Everywhere."

There was a long silence. Then Biedelmann broke the neck of the beer bottle with one swift blow against the iron bars. The beer came gushing out as the top splintered on the floor. So this is it, Schlegel thought. This is how it has to happen. He could not speak. He could not move or scream; he could not open his lips and he could not swallow.

"I thought you might like to hear some news of your wife," Biedelmann said. "I am a family father myself. I know how you feel." He drank carefully from the jagged rim of the broken bottle and wiped his mouth. "I got some news about your wife from our *centrale*. Unfortunately not very good news, Schlegel. Well—you have yourself to blame for what happened to her, no one but yourself."

Schlegel's lips formed a word: "Bombed?"

"Not exactly. She has been arrested and executed for your crimes. You thought that I came here to kill you? That wouldn't be very subtle, would it? No, you'll kill yourself, Schlegel. You have murdered your wife and you won't care to live with her life on your conscience. You thought yourself clever, didn't you? You thought you could fight against us because you are in America now. But listen well, Schlegel. Tomorrow the Americans will let you join the other traitor scum, the deserters, the Communists, the swine that call themselves anti-Nazis. You can give them a message from us. Tell them that the name of every one of them has been smuggled out of here and is in the hands of the Gestapo by now. There are ways of sending these names out; in the plaster casts of some wounded exchange prisoners, for example. Tell your friends that their wives and mothers and children will be punished for their crimes, just as your wife was punished. And now I wish you good night and happy voyage for tomorrow. Heil Hitler!"

Biedelmann threw the emptied beer bottle on the floor, got up and raised his arm in a mock salute. Schlegel, with the idiotic reflex of a puppet, saluted, too. Only at that moment did he discover that he was able to move again, and his blood began streaming hot and pounding in his veins.

"Just one more word," he said, as he bent down and gripped the broken beer bottle in his suddenly strong and steady hand.

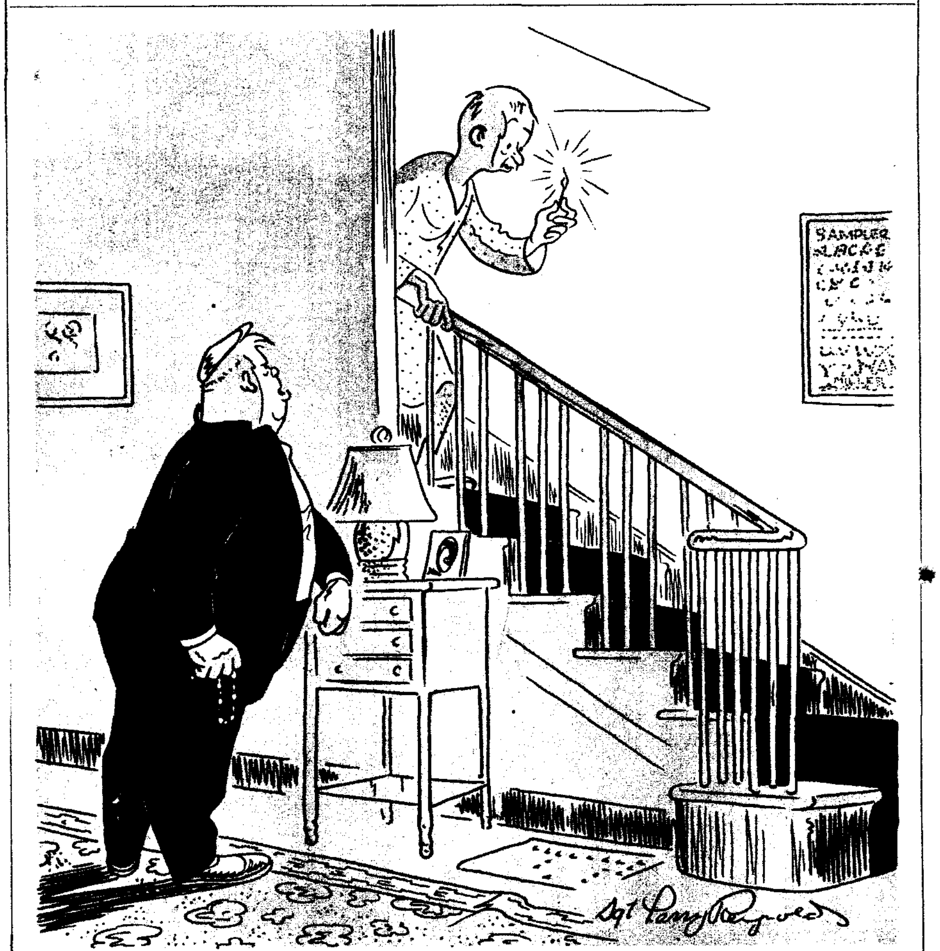
COLONEL BARNBRIDGE picked up the report which Walsh had dropped on his desk. "Prisoner of War Obergefreiter Paulus Biedelmann," it said. "Cause of death: Skull fractured by blows with broken bottle. Prisoner of War Soldat Gottfried Schlegel: Suicide by slashing wrists with broken bottle. Apparent cause of incident: Personal differences."

Colonel Barnbridge nodded his approval at the terse, military conciseness of the document. He hoped there wouldn't be too much of a fuss in Washington. He signed, and dropped it into the outgoing basket.

"All right, Walsh," he called to his adjutant, "I suppose that covers the matter. Maybe now we'll have some order here again."

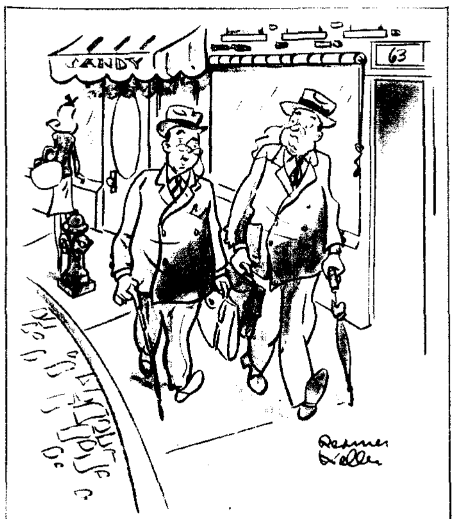
THE END

BUTCH by SGT. LARRY REYNOLDS



"Whaddya mean, you hear a tramp prowlin' aroun'? *I* happen to be a jewel thief!"

COLLIER'S



"I must be looking pretty old. My wife has stopped asking questions about my secretaries"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

Yankee Songbird

Continued from page 22

it requires. Give Morton an audience of politicians in a supper club, and he'll have them begging him to accept public office after he's warbled a few sentimental songs in his exceptionally high lyric tenor. Captains of industry who are harder to make an impression on during the daytime than a diamond, are as putty in his hands in the small hours when Morton goes to town on The Rose of Tralee. And here's a sign of the times: Downey's heaviest fan mail stems from a weekly program devoted exclusively to hymns.

Morton's apprenticeship as a singer embraced membership in his parish choir back in Wallingford where his father was chief of the Fire Department, a course of lessons with a maestro in New Haven who represented himself as formerly with the Metropolitan (without mentioning that he meant the insurance company), a spell as song plugger in New York, and finally a night-club job that brought his lyric tenor notes within range of Paul Whiteman's discriminating eardrums.

Downey's meteoric financial ascent started when Paul gave him a job as soloist with his S.S. Leviathan band at $75 a week. All the John McCormack of Wallingford had to do was sing the chorus of every number and, between solos, hold a reedless saxophone to his lips as if playing it. In those days any orchestra leader who would pay a man just for singing would be considered *non compos mentis*.

At the end of nine round trips across the Atlantic, Morton was getting $250 a week, and had met such important people as Joe Kennedy, Barney Baruch, Jack Donohue, the great tap dancer, and Albert D. Lasker, the man who put the canoe he was working on back in shape to ply the oceans. Friendship paid its first big dividend to Downey when Jack Donohue got him a $750-a-week job with Flo Ziegfeld's musical, Palm Beach Nights.

When that show closed, Downey chanced a two weeks' booking at the Café de Paris, London, at 250 quid (about $1,200 in our scratch), which extended into a 26-week engagement and added royalty in droves to his list of friends. The King of Belgium, the Duke of Windsor, the Duke of Kent and the Duke of York (now King of England) were among those who came under the spell of the New England boy's voice in old England. The Duke of York thought so much of him that in 1936 he invited him to England to sing at his coronation.

Bringing an Irish tenor to Dublin is like shipping bituminous to Newcastle. And when the Irish tenor happens to have a Connecticut twang, the situation seethes with superfluity, as they would say in Sackville Street. However, 'tis a great tribute to Downey's artistry that the moment the b'hoy opened his mouth and let out the first note of a "come-all yez" over Dublin's principal radio station, after his London stay, the native Irish forgot he was a narrow-back, or American-born Hibernian, who is only one notch below the "perfidjus Sassenach" in the list of those to be hated heartily.

Sure, and when Morton put that sob into his v'ice in singing Mother Machree, didn't every banshee set up such a wailin' that an Orangemen's parade in distant Belfast broke up in a riot. Down Kerry way, they swore Morton couldn't have been born anywhere else but Tralee, when he interpolated some of his "Why did he die?" business in imitation of an old Biddy keening at the wake of a licensed publican.

"Faith, 'tis the gen-oo-ine Kerry cry!" said many a tad, pounding his fist on the table so violently as to jolt the collar of foam from his porter. "By the Holy Farmer, the b'hoy do be one of our own kind, no less! He do have a better brogue nor myself."

Morton's stay in Ireland was a picnic. He sought high and low for his famous relative, the Downey of Bally-McElligott himself, that didn't discover until after he had won the horseshoe-pitching championship of all Ireland, that he had forgotten to remove the horses from the shoes. This same ancestor not only could hold a high note for five minutes widout drawin' a breath, mind 'oo now, but he could pick himself up by the scruff of the neck and hold himself at arm's length while doing it. That's, no doubt, how Morton comes by his powerful and "soothERin' bronnickal chubes."

Returning reluctantly to the States after commingling with his Celtic brethren, Morton took a sustaining program on the air at $1,250 a week. A half-year later, he was signed by a tobacco company at $2,500 a week. When he quit eighteen months later, obsessed with the idea that he'd wear out his welcome on the air if he didn't take a respite, he was collecting $4,000 a week.

Morton meantime had sung in one of the first musical sound pictures, Syncopation, and meeting Barbara Bennett, a member of the cast, had married her after a three weeks' courtship. For a decade the marriage was pointed out as one of the ideal matches of show business, as the Downeys raised a family of four boys and a girl. But it went on the rocks over a year ago, and Morton won custody of his children. His sister now looks after them at Wallingford, while Morton is out making nest eggs for them.

Dissipates on Sundaes and Splits

Morton's favorite dissipation is an ice-cream bender. After an absence from New York he can't get to the Stork Club fast enough to glut himself with chocolate sundaes and banana splits, with Sherman Billingsley, the proprietor, acting as pace-setter. Sherman has an edge on Morton when it comes to downing a cone, but Downey is the master at dish work and ice-cream sodas.

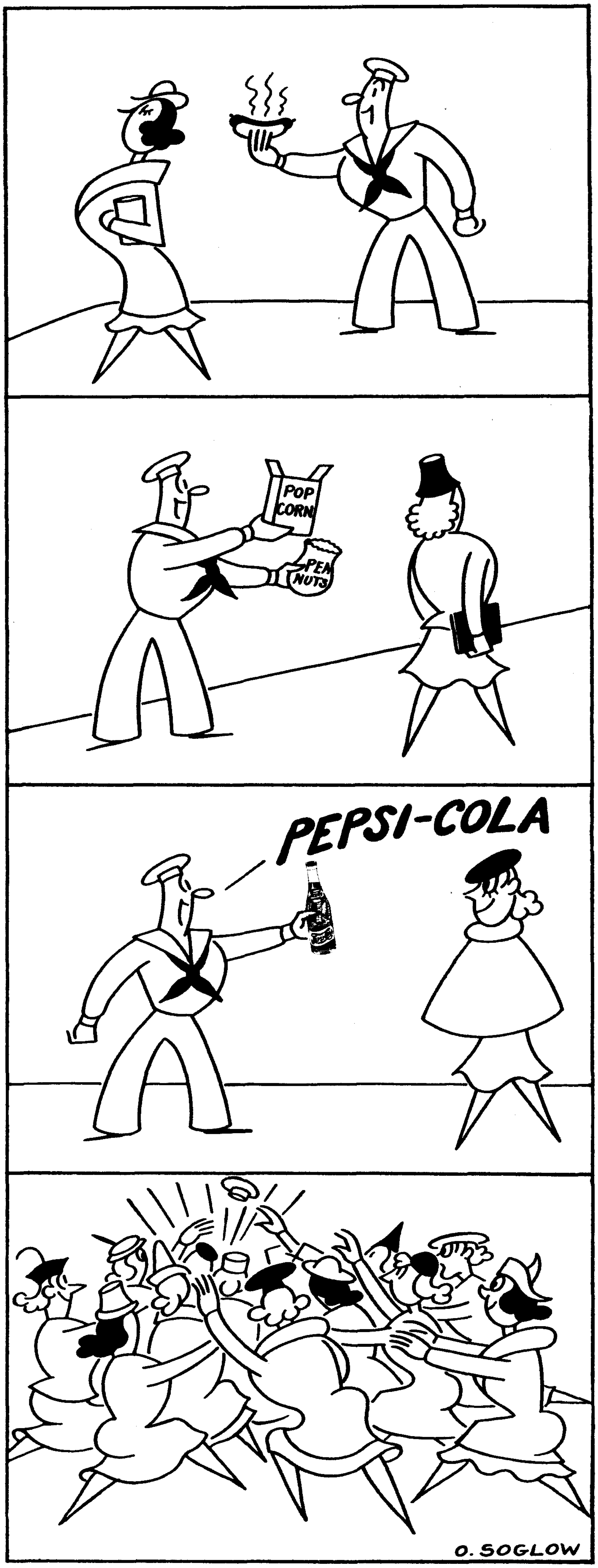
What was to have been a year's respite from radio stretched out into six as Morton, reduced to $85,000 per (out of which he netted more than he will out of this year's $300,000), played supper clubs and vaudeville, happy, though making hardly more than the President of the United States. 'Twas here the b'hoy's Irish fortichude asserted itself.

Then two years ago he was signed up to sing the praises of a beverage at $4,000 a week under a 5-year contract, something unheard of in the early days of radio when a 13-week agreement with an option was considered a long-term booking. The job gives Morton the chance to pick up pocket money, such as $2,500 a week for singing at a supper club—$4,000 if he also does the dinner show—and $7,000 a week for theatrical engagements.

"And to think that it's the same voice I gave away at lodge entertainments back home in Wallingford!" says Morton, still giving himself an occasional pinch after all these years, to see if it isn't only an Irishman's dream. But then he always recalls the compliment John McCormack paid him.

"You'll always be successful," said John, "because you sing from the heart, not just the throat."

THE END



Plague Fighter

Continued from page 26

one day luck smiled on him. He had strung atoms of nitrogen, hydrogen, carbon, oxygen, sulfur and sodium together in a fantastic pattern to make a yellowish powder. Parke Davis christened the new drug Promin.

Now let's move out to Rochester, Minnesota, to the Mayo Foundation, an adjunct of the Mayo Clinic. Doctor William Feldman is investigating new drugs of the sulfa family. He writes a letter to Doctor Sweet asking if his laboratory has found any interesting new members. Sweet mails a packet of the pale yellow powder.

There is more routine business. The drug is tried out against the streps. It works well enough, but nothing brilliant. Then it has a turn against the pneumococci and gonococci. Passably good. But still not brilliant. Then Feldman begins wondering about the tubercle bacillus.

Up to this point, remember, no drug had ever touched the sluggish but tough microbe that causes tuberculosis. Several years before, a group of researchers had tried sulfanilamide. To have any effect at all on the t.b. microbe, they had to give staggering doses of the drug—doses so large that they killed 60 per cent of the research animals. So this wasn't hopeful. No t.b. patient would care to take a drug which had three chances out of five of killing him.

Naturals for T.B. Tests

But, Feldman reasoned, this new stuff wasn't a sulfa drug. It was a *sulfone*. There was a chance. . . . Anyway, it was worth trying. He sent to the animal house for a batch of 80 guinea pigs. The guinea pig is the perfect research animal for tuberculosis. It has no natural immunity whatsoever. You hoist up their front legs and shoot a few tubercle bacilli under the skin. Within a few weeks, the microbes are established all through their bodies—in spleen, liver, lungs. In three to six months, the guinea pigs die—always die.

All the 80 guinea pigs got these shots of sure death. Twelve were set aside to await the inevitable. But the other 68 would get Promin—they would eat tiny amounts of the drug mixed with their food. After this, there wasn't much to do but watch and wait. Within a few weeks, the control animals—the ones which got no drug—began to die. But the others were going about their business as unconcerned as could be.

At the end of 192 days, all the controls were dead, eaten up with the tubercle bacillus. But 84 per cent of the others were alive. Over half of these survivors showed no gross signs of tuberculosis, and the others showed only minor signs. Instead of wasting away, they had gained weight.

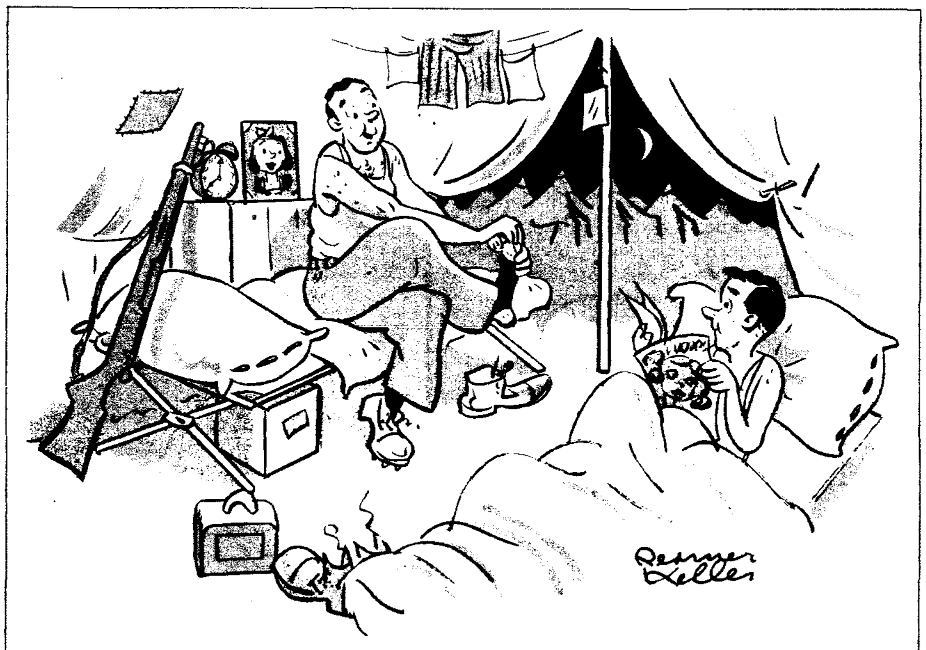
Feldman and his co-workers, Doctors Corwin Hinshaw and Harold Moses, were rightfully dubious about the results. Frankly, they were far too spectacular. So they repeated the experiment. It was the same story.

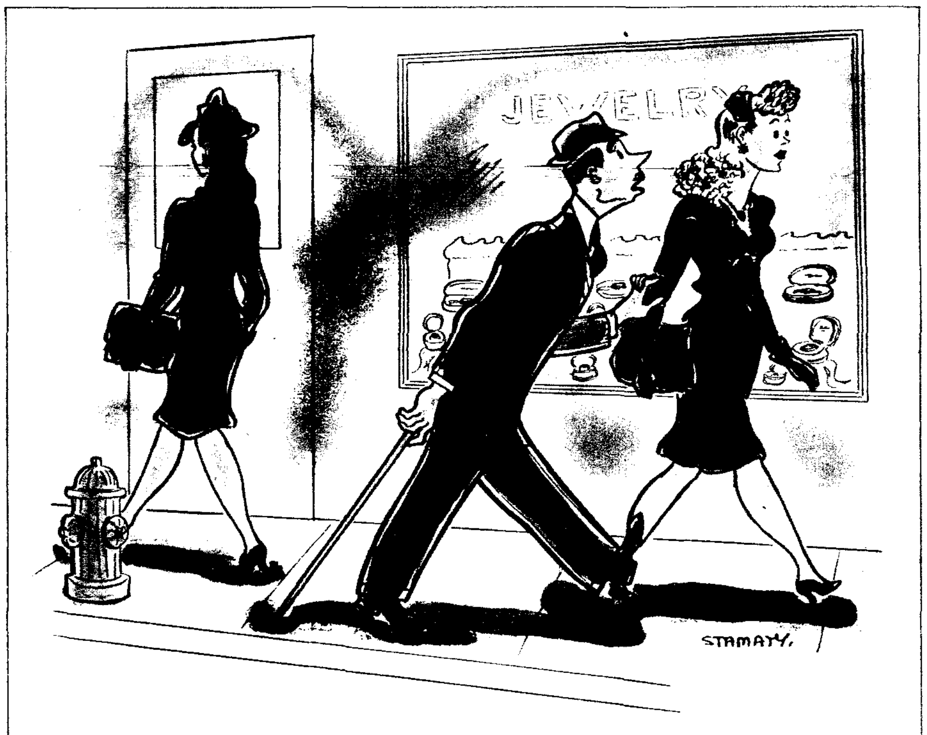
Other research groups checked the results. There was no question about it. The pale yellow powder had a selective effect on the microbe of the white plague. While this animal work was going on, Bambas and his helpers had been busy making new sulfones, which looked even more promising than the original Promin. The time had come for tests with human beings.

In trials on human beings, the usual procedure is to start with hopeless cases—people who are going to die anyway. Then if the drug turns out to be too toxic, nothing is lost. The doctors had a made-to-measure case for such a trial; a two-year-old boy with tuberculous meningitis.

This is as frightful a disease as any doctor is ever apt to see. It is caused by tubercle bacilli attacking membranes of brain and spinal cord. Almost unbearable pain results. Patients often scream continually until exhausted. Then coma, then death. The disease is 100 per cent fatal.

The physicians started administering enormous doses of Promizole—a cousin of Promin. Within a matter of hours, symptoms began to subside. Six days later, the child was standing up in bed, playing. Several weeks later, he was released from the hospital, well.


COLLIER'S "I challenged Joe Louis to give the password" REAMER KELLER



"I wish you wouldn't introduce me as your first husband, dear"
COLLIER'S STANLEY STAMATY

In such cases, physicians inevitably decide that something went wrong. Perhaps the original diagnosis was wrong. Maybe the child didn't have tuberculosis meningitis. Such afterthoughts are understandable when cases of this type come along. It is hard to believe that anything will cure a sickness that always before has killed 100 out of every 100. So the child's case was set aside as doubtful.

Feldman, Hinshaw and others working in a dozen tuberculosis sanatoriums scattered over the country began giving Promin a widespread clinical trial. Hundreds of people with all types and in all stages of tuberculosis got the drug—some by mouth, some by injection. There were patients with new tuberculosis, and others with old. There were patients with tuberculosis of the kidneys, and patients with tuberculous abscesses.

In some of these cases, response to the drug was little short of miraculous. In a matter of a few weeks, lung fields cleared, and the patients were well. But cases like these and like that of the child with tuberculous meningitis don't make good medical statistics. Only a large mass of cases can tell a true story, give an accurate appraisal. So look at results with a group of 423 patients.

Out of the group, one third were unquestionably improved, many of them making quick recoveries which permitted them to go back to work. Forty-nine died—half of them with tuberculous meningitis. In the rest of the cases, there was doubtful improvement, or the patients remained stationary. Study of cases indicated that the drug was particularly promising in treating early tuberculosis.

If Promin couldn't be regarded as a cure for this ancient plague, it at least gave better results than any previous drug. It was a chemical wedge driven into the problem.

These clinical successes led naturally to work with another disease—leprosy; for the two are alike in many respects. Both are caused by rodlike microbes of the same family. It is difficult for the untrained eye to tell *Mycobacterium leprae* from *Mycobacterium tuberculosis.*

Both are slow, plodding killers—not whirlwind assassins like the streps. The leper, for example, may live with his disease for twenty or thirty years. It may blind him, deafen him and cover his body with horrid sores. Then in the end he will die of something else—possibly pneumonia.

If tuberculosis is a baffling disease, leprosy is worse. It has been recognized for 6,000 years—yet virtually nothing is known about it. Gerhard Hansen, Norwegian researcher, discovered the microbe of the disease in 1874. All efforts to pass leprosy to experimental animals have failed.

A number of research men have tried a hair-raising experiment: They injected the leprosy bacillus into their own bodies. In only one such case was the disease produced. A convict in Hawaii, under sentence of death, volunteered to have a leprosy injection. This was in 1884. Six years later he died of the disease. But even here, there was some doubt. The man had lived in intimate proximity to the disease all his life, may have had it in a latent stage before the attempt to infect him was made.

Leprosy devastated Europe during the Middle Ages—there were 20,000 leper asylums on the Continent. Then it disappeared. On the other hand, the disease is increasing in Brazil. Contrary to popular opinion, it is the most feebly communicable of diseases. Infection of staff members at leper hospitals is virtually unknown. One survey showed that only two out of every 100 wives of lepers contracted the disease from their husbands. Nearly every large city has its quota of lepers who go about their business, endangering no one.

In treating the disease, physicians have relied principally on rest, good diet and protection from injury. With the exception of chaulmoogra oil, derived from nuts of an Indian tree, leprologists have never had a drug for treating this disease, and many people are highly dubious about the value of chaulmoogra oil. Word of the clinical wonders accomplished by Promin in treatment of tuberculosis naturally aroused interest at the National Leprosarium, Carville, Louisiana.

Carville, operated by the United States Public Health Service, is an isolated spot sixty miles north of New Orleans, which usually houses about 350 patients. Because of the similarity between leprosy and tuberculosis, Doctor G. H. Faget, staff physician, decided to try Promin on a group of his patients.

He selected ten people for the trial, giving them the drug by mouth. Nearly all became ill. In addition to nausea and headache, they became dangerously anemic. The trial was stopped. Then Doctor Faget decided to give the drug by intravenous injection. He selected twenty-two patients.

He laid out a plan. Patients would get 1- to 5-gram daily doses for a period of months. Three times a year they would have a two weeks' rest period with no injections. They got liver and iron to ward off anemia.

Results Almost Miraculous

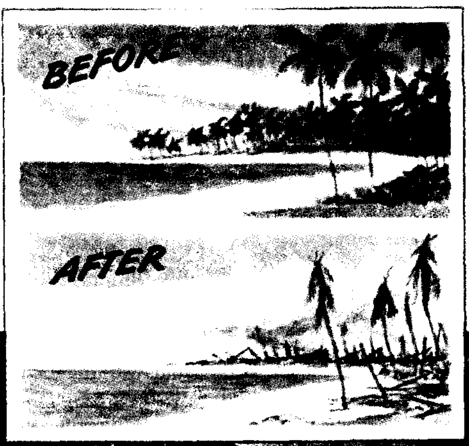
This time, results were completely different. Few patients had any side reactions. Only a third of them suffered nausea—and it was a mild transitory nausea. There was no dramatic response to the drug, but as time went by, the coppery skin patches—the badge of leprosy—began to take on the tone of normal skin. Open sores healed, and leprous lesions of the eye, which threatened blindness, cleared up. Nasal and throat lesions, which close these passages and cause suffocations, subsided. Ulcers on tongue, lips and palate healed.

The summary of results with 22 patients showed that 15 were definitely better. Six had remained stationary and one was worse. Doctor Faget concluded: "It can be regarded as the most hopeful experimental treatment ever undertaken."

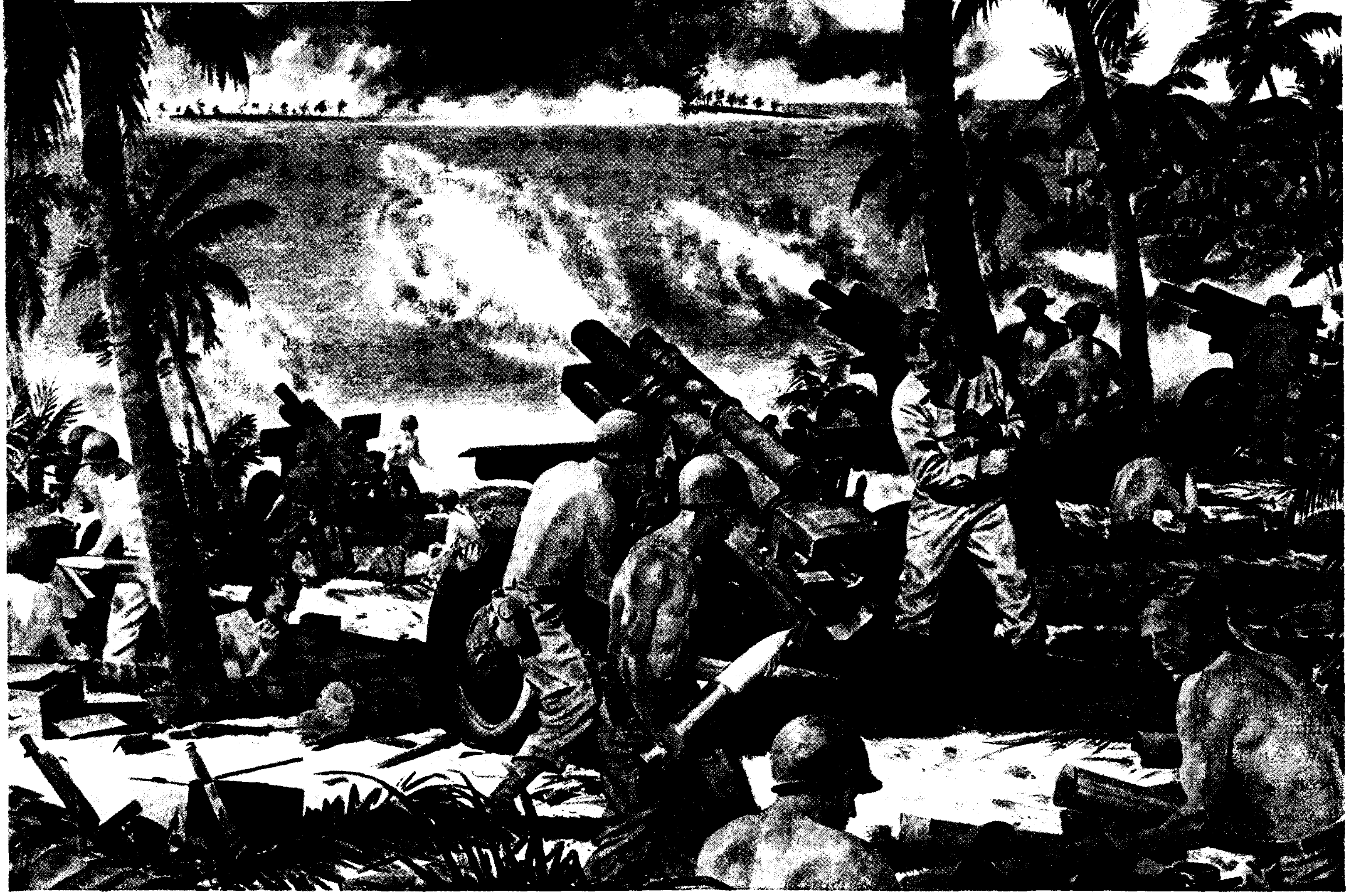
As they stand today, Promin and its related drugs cannot be regarded as the final answers for either leprosy or tuberculosis. These drugs are slightly toxic and not highly specific. Enormous doses of them are necessary to achieve results. Some of Doctor Faget's patients got as much as five pounds of Promin in their veins in the course of treatment. So let no one make the mistake of looking on them as cures. They are not on the market, and they may never be marketed—at least not in their present form.

The situation today adds up to this: The research men realize that they have struck pay dirt in the sulfones and are now searching for the vein. Parke Davis chemists have found three promising members of the family. Workers at the National Institute of Health and at Abbott Laboratories have produced another sulfone, called Diasone. Dozens of research men are on the job and the search gets hotter day by day. The magic which will eradicate leprosy and tuberculosis may be just around the corner.

THE END



The "Scalping" of an Island!



How the Fire-Power of the Army Artillery Blazed the Way for the Landing on Kwajalein

8:58 A. M., January 31, 1944 . . . all is quiet on the island of Enubuj, Marshalls group, Central Pacific. Looking at nearby Kwajalein, you can see its peaceful skyline of palm trees, pandanus, and other tropical foliage. 8:59 A. M. . . . still all quiet. Situation unchanged. 9:00 A. M. . . . the zero hour! Like the crash of some incredible thunder, the guns roar out in unison. It's the Army's "walking" artillery barrage, concentrating first in the waters off Kwajalein . . . then on the beach . . . then creeping slowly inland. Landing craft move up behind this protective screen of fire. Men swarm ashore, as the enemy huddles underground. Then the smoke clears away, and you can see that Kwajalein's heavy foliage has completely disappeared. "Like blowing the wig off a bald man's head," as one correspondent puts it. And Kwajalein is . . . scalped!

The Army's use of heavy artillery, based on tiny Enubuj island, was only one of the many factors that made the capture of Kwajalein a "military classic." Naval shelling, aerial bombardment, the courage and skill of the ground forces . . . these will never be forgotten. But the Army's Fire-Power — the dramatic "walking" barrage from an off-shore atoll — saved hundreds, perhaps thousands of American lives. And we at Oldsmobile are proud to think that some of our products, our 105 mm. artillery shell, were represented in this historic operation.

Oldsmobile also builds shell for the Navy, aircraft cannon for the A. A. F., tank and tank destroyer cannon for our armored forces, plus other "censored" Fire-Power products now in production.

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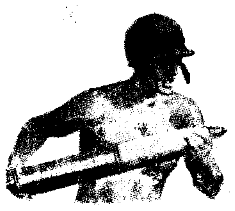

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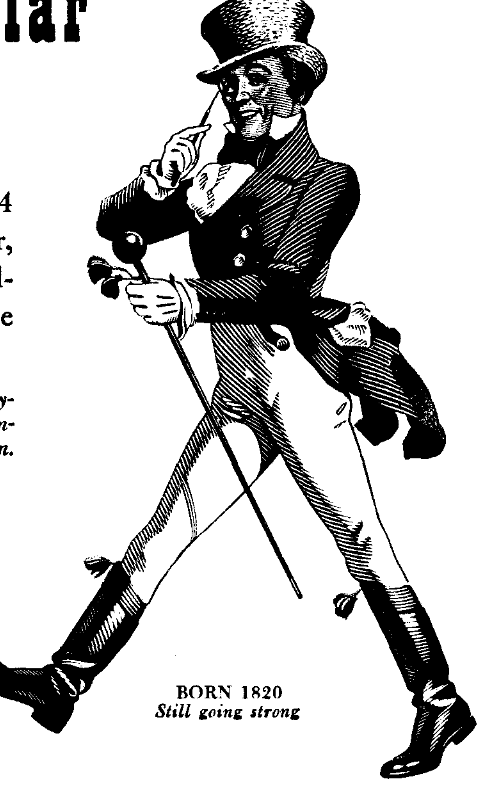

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Quiet Night

Continued from page 36

in the paper, and your sheet says it's Phil's brother. That's going to be just dandy for Phil, just dandy. That's going to put him in solid with the Hill crowd that is."

"So—?"

"So, it's worth exactly a hundred fish to me to see that Tom goes home tonight—clean. And it's worth twenty-five fish each to those supersleuths, and Jack Johnson wants a half a yard. He's no punk copper. I'll take care of those monkeys from the wires and the radio stations; I'll break their backs if they show up here. But Phil knows you hand out dope for the Morning Times, and he knows it's the only morning paper in town. He ain't going to rest easy till he knows it's okay. That's all, Danny."

The big man went back to his paper. Danny got up and went out, taking care to shut the door quietly behind him. He went back to his office and settled himself in the swivel chair, still holding the reports.

Mary was right. It was a quiet night. It was only thirty minutes after he had gone to work that he called his office and asked for rewrite, having checked the two stories Mary had told him about.

He talked to the rewrite man, agreeing that there should be a picture of the kid holding the dime in his hand, and that there might be a feature follow story on the family circumstances.

The rewrite man told him that the city editor wanted to talk with him, and then he knew that Tom Biddle might be a problem. "Yes, George?" He spoke casually as the city editor picked up the phone.

"Danny, I understand that Tom Biddle was booked about five tonight."

"I don't think so, George. Where'd you hear it?"

"Some copper goes with my wife's sister, and he told her that he was going off duty, and he hears some guys talking in the garage about it. Phil Biddle's just married that girl on the Hill, and I don't think he'd like it. Call me." The city editor hung up.

So. So now George smelled it. Now it was getting to be just swell. Now it was really getting good. Danny sat for a moment, his legs crossed, one leg swinging freely. Then he rose, closed the door of his office and returned to his chair.

HE PICKED up the phone, asked the operator for the number that the desk sergeant had given him. "Hello, hello, this is Danny Nyack. Is Phil there? Phil Biddle, who do you think? Nyack. Danny Nyack. Yeah. I'll wait."

A harsh, rasping voice said, "Biddle."

"Phil, this is Danny Nyack. Did you call me?"

"Yes, I did, Danny boy. How have you been? How's your mother? I haven't seen either of you for quite some long time."

"She's fine, Phil, fine. As a matter of fact I gave her the courtesy card you sent me, and you know, Phil, she tipped the driver two-bits." They both laughed. "She felt sorry for the poor boy, she said."

"She's a wonderful woman, Danny. You know what I think of the mother. I'm proud that she rides in my cabs."

"Thanks, Phil, thanks."

"Danny, you know what I called for?"

"Tom?"

"That's it, Danny. I've got the farmer and the rig all taken care of. I don't want any mess, Danny. I want Tom and I don't want it printed."

You don't want it printed, Danny thought. Who the devil are you to keep stories out of the paper? Well, brother, you'll keep it out, but you'll pay. And how, you'll pay.

"It'll take five bills, Phil."

The man on the other end of the line whistled softly. "What's the matter, Danny? Cost of living gone up?"

"There are a lot of people to see, Phil. You know I don't care as far as I'm concerned. I'm happy to do it, you know that."

"You're the boss, Danny boy. I'll be down about nine. Have Tom outside for me, will you, Danny boy?"

Danny hung up and sat for a moment. Then he walked to Jim Dorsey's office. "I'll have the two hundred here for you about midnight, Jim, but he wants Tom at nine o'clock."

"All right, Danny, you're giving the orders." Danny looked at the big man, but Dorsey had completely dismissed him, and was reading some investigation reports on his desk. Danny left the office, and walked around to the other side of the building into the central fire department switchboard. He checked the log book for fire runs then talked for almost a half hour with the operator about a fishing party that both had been on the previous summer, and made tentative plans for another party on the opening of the trout season, and left.

HIS office was cold when he came back. He shut the window that looked out on a court, and sat down once more. Danny picked up the phone, listened for a dial tone, dialed his office number, said, "Forget it," when the operator answered, and hung up. He thought for a moment, then picked up the phone again and asked for George Hewitt.

Hewitt said, "City desk," and Danny said, "George? Danny. Look, George, that Tom Biddle yarn is a phony. Some farmer ran his rig off the road out on the Post Road and when the coppers got there, here was Tom stiff, and they figured he'd smashed the guy up, but the farmer tells them that's all there is to it, and this guy that was with Biddle, I don't know what his name was, the coppers told him to drive, and that was the end of it."

"You're sure, kid?" Hewitt's voice was friendly, and the question was merely a habit of years of newspaper work.

"That's it, George."

"All right, Danny. Thanks a lot."

Danny hung up and turned to see a tall, thin man dressed in somber shades of black and gray standing in the doorway of the office. He rose and asked if the man was looking for someone.

"My name," the man said, "is Reverend T. L. Johnson. I am pastor of Trinity Church, Mr. Nyack, and I should like to speak with you for a few minutes if you will be good enough to spare me the time."

"I'm sorry, Reverend, but I don't remember meeting you." Danny took a handkerchief from a jacket pocket and wiped the straight-backed chair that rested next to the desk.

"Thank you, Mr. Nyack. We have never met." The Reverend sat down carefully in the chair. "Mr. Nyack, you are very well known in the city. You have achieved the strange effect of gathering about you a great deal of notoriety, that, because it cannot be supported by concrete evidence, must remain entirely a matter of conjecture. There is about you an aura of mysticism which I sometimes wish that I might enjoy. Mr. Nyack, I've come to ask a favor."

Danny said nothing.

"Mr. Nyack, in a few minutes the coroner's office will call the police department to report a suicide. The woman's name is of no importance to you, although I imagine that you will be checking it soon. This woman is a parishioner of mine. That is, she was. She was seventy-two years old, and for the past six years has been suffering from cancer. She has not been out of bed for two years. Her sufferings have been unbearable, and I will admit that at times I have asked the Almighty for a merciful death soon. She lived with a married daughter and her son-in-law; honest, hard-working folk. She has two sons, both married, both living in the city, both with families.

"No member of that family, Mr. Nyack, has the slightest claim to notoriety, or publicity, or newspaper space. They have never done anything to warrant it. But this evening, when the woman's daughter brought her dinner to the room, she found her dead—both wrists slashed." The Reverend stopped and looked for Danny to say something.

"I don't get it, Reverend. Where do I come in?"

"Mr. Nyack, you are employed on the Morning Times—the only morning paper in the city. In my dealings with the press I have come to learn the value of 'spot news'; today's news is tomorrow's history. I think that is correct. If you don't call the story in, you save the woman's entire family a great deal of anguish and sorrow.

"I have learned, too, that news is news, and that if it warrants news space, it must be called in. Yet, what difference will it make to your readers, and what possible difference can it make to you, whether or not the story is printed. This woman had an extremely small circle of friends, she is known by the smallest fraction of the city's population. I've come to ask you not to call that story in to your paper, Mr. Nyack."

Danny sat silent. He brought his hands together in front of his face, fingertips touching. He bent his head, then raised it, cleared his throat and looked up at the pastor.

From the inside pocket of his coat, Danny took a handsome leather wallet. He looked carefully into the wallet, then extracted a newspaper clipping. Danny held it forward and the pastor took it from him. "That was in our paper a month ago, Reverend," Danny said quietly.

The pastor read the small clipping: "Richard A. (Dick) Lawson, 24, son of the publisher of the Morning Times, and former state amateur golf champion, forfeited $100 bail in municipal court Monday when he failed to appear on a charge of driving while drunk.

"Lawson was arrested Saturday night, after he had driven his car through the guard rails of the Ninth St. Bridge."

The Reverend handed the clipping back to Danny. Danny smiled. "I call them all in, Reverend. That's the way we run our paper."

The pastor rose and buttoned his coat. He extended a hand toward Danny. "Thank you very much for your patience. It's a fine thing to know that we have such an honest newspaper in the city, Mr. Nyack."

Danny released his hand from the Reverend's, and walked with him to the front door of the station, holding the door open. They shook hands again, and Danny walked back to his office. So I'm getting to be a gentleman, he thought. Twelve years in the business and I'm giving him ethics. Well, I'm certainly getting to be a dandy, yes, I am.

He called Leonard Alton, the coroner's deputy, learned the facts of the case, including the survivors and their addresses, and then checked with the morgue and the coroner, and nodded his head silently when he learned there would be a post-mortem the next day. He hung up and called his office.

"Ed," he told the rewrite man, "here's a suicide, might make a story. Here's Mary, F for Frank, Hurlihee. H for Harry, u, r, no, r for Robert, l, i, h for Harry, double e, no, double e for Edward. That's right, H-u-r-l-i-h-e-e. Mrs. Yeah. She's seventy-two, cancer for six years, lived with a daughter, Mrs. J for Jack, H for Harry, Smith. Yeah. 415 Amsterdam. Yeah. This woman's been bedridden. Daughter takes care of her. Well, this afternoon 'bout five, the daughter comes in to feed her and here's the old lady in bed with both wrists ripped. Yeah, dead as a doornail. That's it. She's got two sons, William and Eli, live at 79 S. Wabash. Yeah. Three kids, eight grandchildren. That's it. No, nothing much else, quiet night. And tell George some Reverend might call him to keep it out. He tried it with me."

He walked downstairs, through a long hall, and out into a huge garage. He went into a small office at one corner of the garage, picked up the ledger marked "Ambulance" and, using the phone in the garage, called the office and gave them the ambulance runs for the last twenty-four hours. He called the police operator and told him he would be in the garage for a time, and if anything came up, to call him there. Five men: the ambulance driver, the doctor, a traffic cop going on duty in an hour, the garage mechanic and the wagon driver were playing five and ten rummy. Danny sat down.

"Say, Doc, I wanted to ask you," Danny began. "Ma doesn't look so good—"

"Listen, Danny," the doctor threw his cards on the table, "will you let your mother alone? I saw her last week, and she's fine. Just let her alone. She'll outlive both of us."

The other men laughed, and Danny smiled shamefacedly. He was dealt into the game, and played for an hour and a half, losing eighty cents. The sharp three bells of the fire gong broke the steady silence and Danny put his coins in his pocket and ran to the central switchboard.

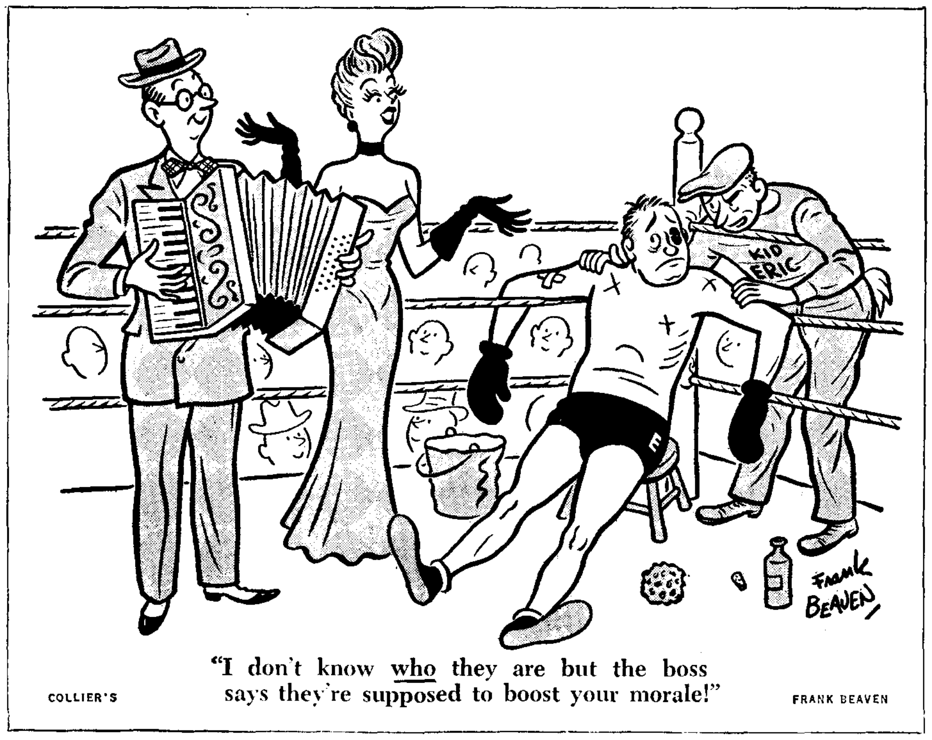
"Whatya got, Joe?" he asked the operator.

"Giant Aircraft again, the sprinkler system," the operator exclaimed. "There ain't no more fire out there than there is in your pocket, but that damn' alarm rings just the same."

"Thanks, Joe." Danny used the operator's phone, and told George Hewitt that the aircraft fire was a phony. The office had a police radio which picked up all fire and police calls, and an aircraft plant fire, even a dud, would require explanation to the city editor.

DANNY went back to the office, looked up the phone number of the plant president and called him. He explained hesitatingly that he didn't want to bother the executive, but an alarm for the plant had just been sounded, that he—Danny—had checked it and it was just the sprinkler system. The executive thanked him, asked him what brand of bourbon he drank, and when Danny told him to forget it, the executive insisted on both his preference and Danny's home address, and told him he could expect a case of whisky. Danny told him and thanked him again, and hung up. He called a tavern owner, asked what the case was worth to him, and sold it immediately, promising to deliver it within a week.

He lit another cigarette, looked at the watch on his wrist, and saw that it was eight minutes past nine. He sat quietly with legs crossed, smoking the cigarette leisurely, occasionally tugging at his left sock. It was fifteen past nine when he dropped the butt



"I don't know who they are but the boss says they're supposed to boost your morale!"

COLLIER'S FRANK BEAVEN

. . . and your leaves and furloughs together!

Why be just "the girl he left behind?" Join the WAC... and you join him in service to your country, you talk the same language — husbands and wives can spend glorious leaves and furloughs *together*, subject to service needs.

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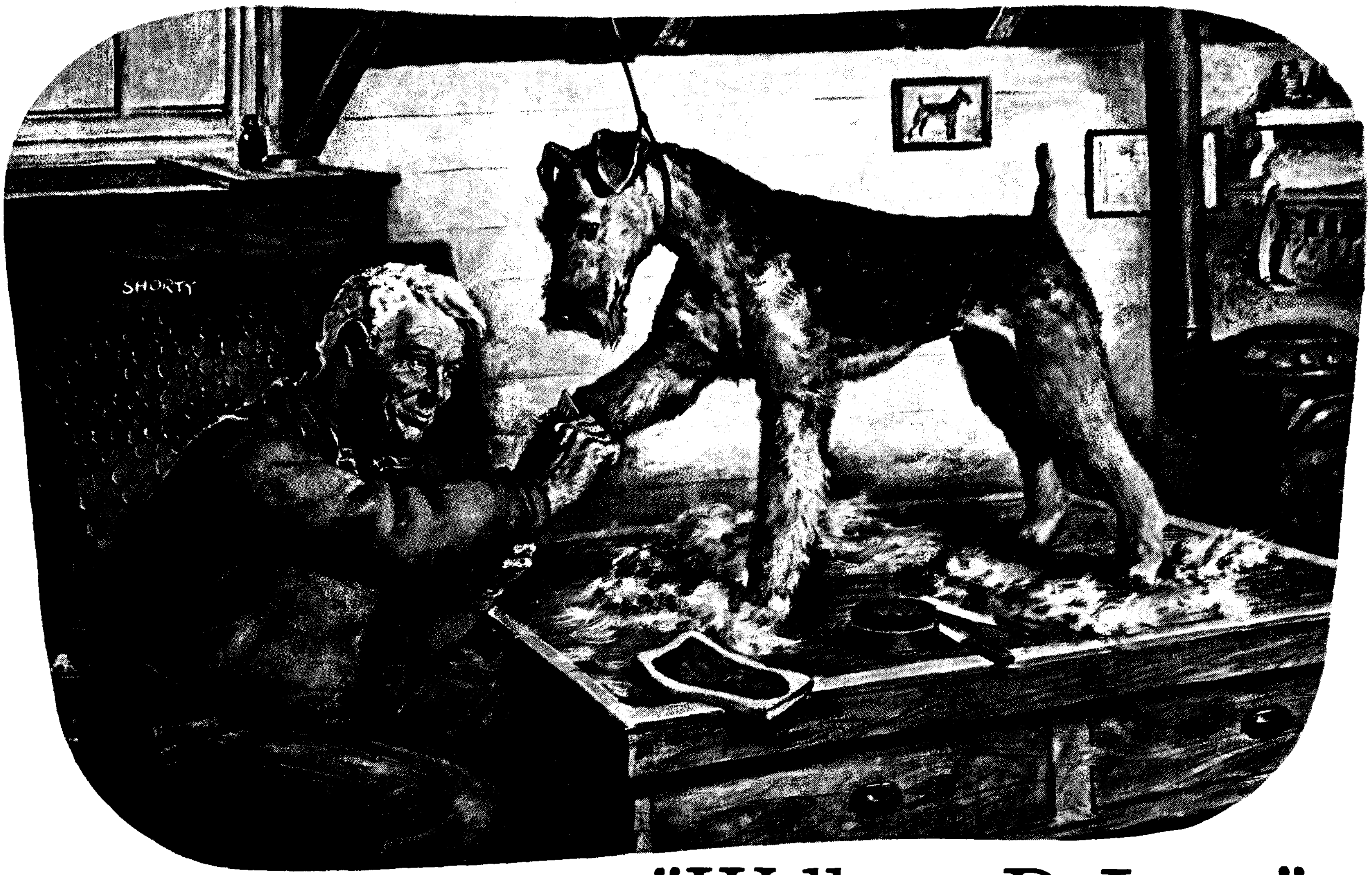
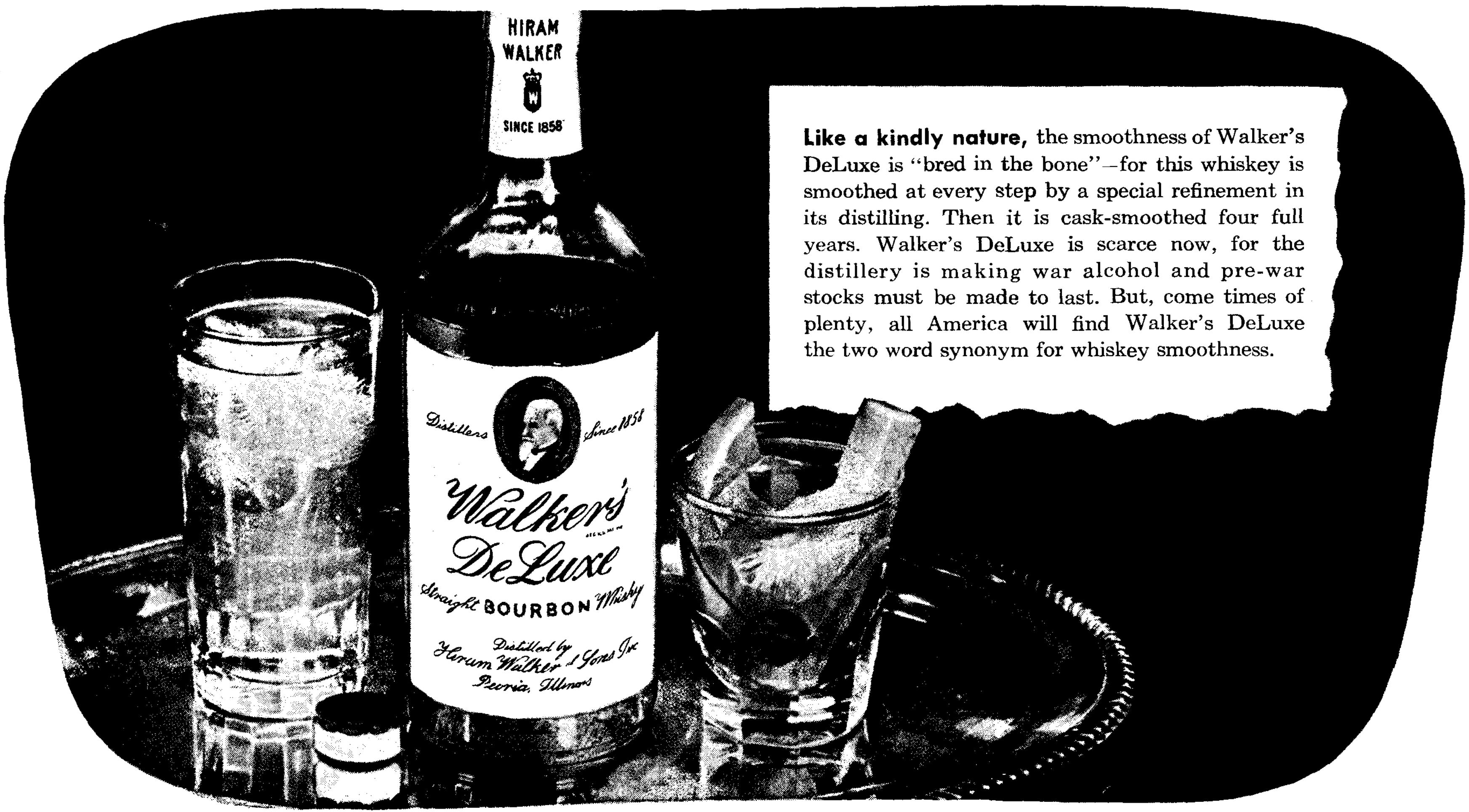


2 words that mean smooth whiskey –"Walker's DeLuxe"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Straight BOURBON Whisky
Distilled by
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Like a kindly nature, the smoothness of Walker's DeLuxe is "bred in the bone"—for this whiskey is smoothed at every step by a special refinement in its distilling. Then it is cask-smoothed four full years. Walker's DeLuxe is scarce now, for the distillery is making war alcohol and pre-war stocks must be made to last. But, come times of plenty, all America will find Walker's DeLuxe the two word synonym for whiskey smoothness.

Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

to the floor, took his coat and hat from the door and walked to the front door of the building.

He searched the street for a sign of Phil. He noticed the familiar top light of one of Phil's cabs, parked a half block from the station, its usually bright light only a dim glow in the quiet street.

He walked back to Jim Dorsey's room. The captain of detectives sat quietly in his chair, his feet on the desk, his hands folded over a big stomach. Danny shut the door behind him.

"You got him, Jim?" Danny's voice was a little excited.

"Take it easy, kid, take it easy. I've got him. He's in there." Jim's head jerked to his left toward a door that was closed.

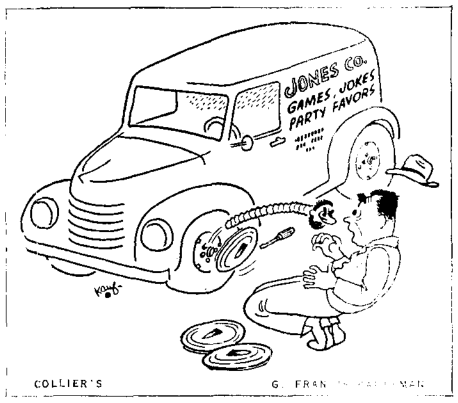
"All right, then. Let me have him and let's get this thing over with."

"Easy, kid, easy. There's a matter of the two hundred fish to take care of."

"Well, for Pete's sake, don't you trust me?"

THE big man laughed. He laughed easily, and then gradually became convulsed with laughter. He laughed until tears came from his eyes. He laid his head on the table, and his hat fell from his head, and still he laughed.

He looked up at Danny standing there, and wiped his eyes with a handkerchief. "Kid, you're going to kill me one of these days. Honest to Pete, you're going to kill me. Listen," his voice was hard and cold now. "The only reason that I ever got to be captain around here is that I never trusted nobody. I trust as many people as you do. You know that as well as I do. Who the hell are you to ask me if I trust you? No, I don't trust you. Why should I? You're telling me that you'll be lucky if you wind up with a dollar on this deal, and I'm telling you that you're a liar. But that's all right, that's okay. All I want is my yard and I want that now." He banged a heavy fist down on the table.



COLLIER'S G. FRAN [illegible] MAN

"You said midnight." Danny's voice was injured.

"I don't give a hoot what I said. Tom Biddle's in there. For me, he's just another lob. I don't care if Phil Biddle is his brother. I never backed away from Phil Biddle when he was running every game and every chippy in town, besides all the rotten poison that he sold, and I'm not backing away now. That's all. You go and get me that yard, and the other for the boys, and you'll get Tom. And get it fast. I'm tired of waiting."

Danny left the room and went to his office. From a drawer in the table, he took a long, tan, stamped envelope. He put it in the typewriter, typed his name, address and zone number on the envelope, and took it out again, placing it in the pocket of his coat.

He walked out of the building again, and over to the cab. He opened the door and got inside. Phil Biddle sat in a corner, quietly smoking. A glass pane separated them from the driver.

"Hello, Phil." Danny sat quietly, his legs folded, keeping his coat together with his hands in his pockets.

"Danny, how are you, old boy?" Phil Biddle waited quietly.

"Phil, I've got to have that dough first. Tom's in there and I'll have him out here in five minutes, but I'll need that dough first."

"What's the matter, Danny, don't you trust me?"

"I'm sorry, Phil, honest, but I've got to have the dough. I don't care as far as I'm concerned, but they want theirs. Now."

Phil Biddle reached into an inside pocket and extracted an envelope. He handed it to Danny and the reporter started to leave. Phil Biddle's hand moved and enveloped Danny's wrist. "Count it, Danny."

"What the hell, Phil!"

Phil Biddle rapped sharply on the window behind the driver. "Watch this, Frank." The driver turned and looked at Danny.

"All right, Danny, count it," Phil said.

Danny looked from one to the other. He smiled and opened the envelope. He counted five one-hundred-dollar bills. He shoved the money back into the envelope and opened the door of the cab.

"Five minutes, Phil. Drive around the back," he said, and walked away from the cab. Inside the door of the station was a small darkened vestibule. He stopped here, removed the five hundred-dollar bills from the envelope. He put three bills into the envelope he had addressed to himself, sealed it and dropped it in a mail chute that stretched the length of the room against a wall. The two remaining hundreds went into his pocket.

He looked around, stood there long enough to light a cigarette, and walked toward Dorsey's office.

He stopped just before Jim Dorsey's desk, shut the door behind him, and while the big man watched him as unemotionally as though he were reading a routine report, Danny took the two bills from his trousers' pocket, and placed them before the detective.

Dorsey picked up the money, put it in his pocket, and picked up the phone on his desk. "Get Jack Johnson in here," he said, and hung up. He threw Danny a ring of keys, which the reporter caught, and Danny walked toward the door to his right. He tried two keys without success, the third opened the door, and he walked in.

Tom Biddle sat in a chair in a bare room, the stupid look of the habitual drunkard etched into the lines on his face. "Come on, Tom, let's go." Danny took his arm, and steered him through a door that was opposite the one that opened into Dorsey's room. They entered a darkened corridor, walked along it to a flight of stairs. Danny held him by the arm, while they walked up a flight of stairs, turned to the left, walked the length of another darkened corridor, and then down another flight of stairs. They emerged from the back of the building and walked directly to Phil's cab which was waiting in the darkened parking lot that stretched behind the building.

THE door of the taxi was open when they reached it. Danny helped Tom into the cab. Phil Biddle sat in a corner away from his brother. Tom let his hand fall back onto the seat and was asleep in an instant.

Danny leaned into the cab, supporting himself with his left hand on the back of the front seat. Phil leaned over, put out his right hand, and Danny took it.

"Thanks, Danny, you're still number one in my book."

Danny smiled. "You've always been there in mine, Phil." He took the cabman's hand and shook it.

"No hard feelings, old boy?"

"No hard feelings."

"Remember me to the mother."

"Sure, Phil."

"Good night, old boy."

"Good night, Phil."

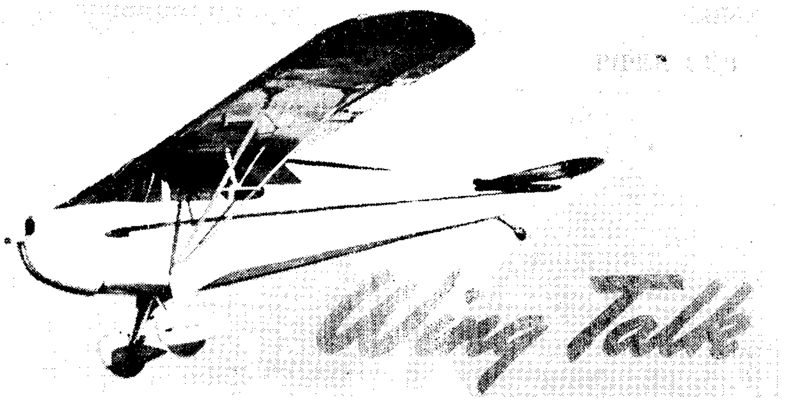
Danny slammed the door of the taxi, and walked rapidly away from it. He heard the motor catch and listened to the roar of the engine as it left the lot, but didn't turn.

He walked back to Dorsey's office, asked the big man if he wanted to get some coffee, and when the captain arose, he called the paper to talk to the city editor.

"Hello, George. Danny. George, I'm clean here, not a thing, no, nothing. George, I'm going down to the Polack's with Jim Dorsey. No. Maybe half, three quarters of an hour. I don't know, he wants to tell me something." He looked at the big man and winked. "No, not a thing, George. Quiet night."

Danny offered a cigarette to the detective, who lit a match for both of them, and they left the room.

THE END



Wing Talk

HANS GROENHOFF

GRANDPA didn't own a horse and buggy but he got the young lady out in a surrey now and then, because the livery-stable business was set up. Comes now the prospect of the livery stable of the air when the combat aircraft return home for good, and the boys who manned them want to keep flying but who, like Grandpa, can't quite swing the responsibility of buying the equipment outright. Other countless thousands who never got to wear Army and Navy wings will want to fly, too, and, though capable of plane ownership, may prefer the livery-stable service as more practicable.

The majority of postwar pilots may be content with flivver-type airplanes, but there are others who have become so familiar with fast, maneuverable ships that they won't be satisfied with the low-powered puddle jumpers. Others will require an airplane equivalent to the automobile sedan type. The flying livery stable or U-Fly-It agency, will of necessity, be required to provide a variety of airplane types for its clientele.

An association of auto-renting companies with branches in a number of cities is now delving into the possibilities of postwar airplane-renting stations. If this organization's members enter the aviation field, they would provide a dual service for travelers who may want to rent either an automobile or an airplane.

The airplane renting station will not be an entirely new venture. For many years it has been possible to rent airplanes at the majority of airports where this side line was carried on in conjunction with various other services offered by the fixed-based operator.

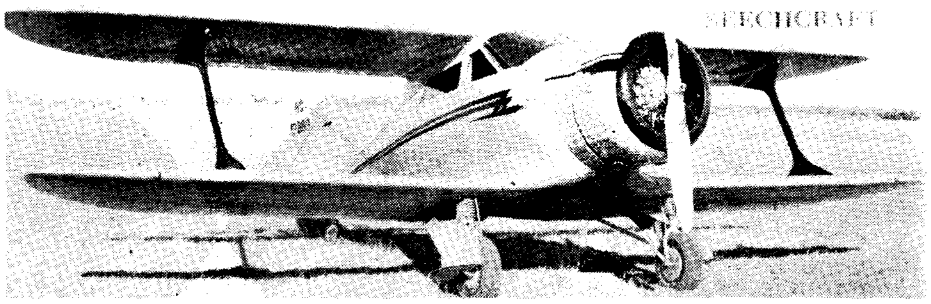
Kansas City was the headquarters for the first recognized U-Fly-It service. An auto-renting service experimented with a station there fifteen years ago, but the time wasn't ripe for such a venture. Had it proved a success, the promoters would have extended the service to other cities where branch offices were conducted. The New York City area had a thriving Fly-It-Yourself Station previous to the war. At Roosevelt Field, Long Island, a wide range of airplane types, from grasshoppers to custom-built flying sedans, could be hired. For eight dollars an hour and up, a licensed pilot might rent any airplane he was qualified to fly and use it for local pleasure hops or for cross-country business flights. The pilot was billed only for his actual flying time. Each ship had a recording device which automatically kept account of the time the engine was running—a taximeter of the air. When the airplane was not being used, a flat-rate day-rental charge was made. This was equivalent to the cost of one hour's flying. Thus the pilot paid for an hour's flying time minimum each day, whether or not the airplane was used. While away from the home base, the airplane still paid dividends to the owner. If held up by weather, the pilot was charged only the minimum daily rental for an hour of actual air time.

A convenient service for the public could be provided by a nation-wide organization. If such facilities are established, it will be possible for travelers to use them to real advantage. A vacationist might leave his home in the East, rent an automobile at a downtown agency, drive to the airport, exchange the automobile for an airplane, fly as far as Cleveland and check in for the night. Next day, he would have his choice of either airplane or automobile from the same source, in the event the weather wasn't right for flying or he desired to make a side trip by the highway route. He could readily benefit, if, at any community he visited, it were possible to rent whichever vehicle was best suited to his requirements.

Renting out airplanes has not always been profitable. During the early days of commercial flying, aviation schools required their students to post cash bonds

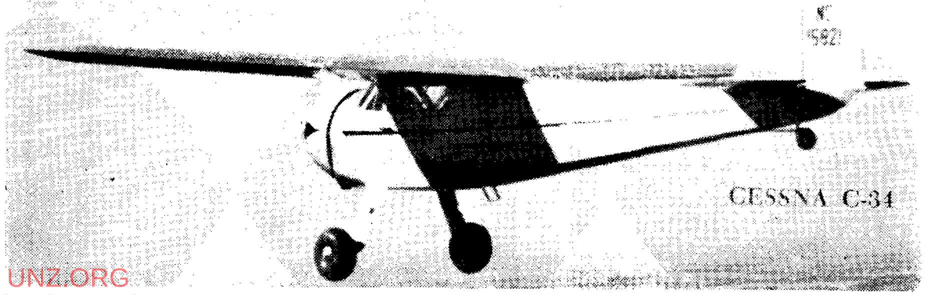
(*Continued on page 66*)

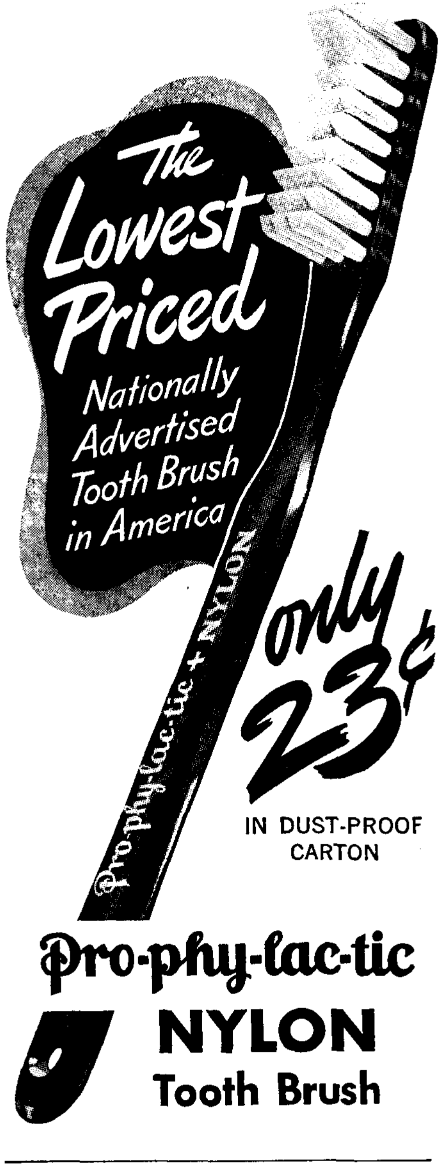
EDGAR B. SMITH



ACME

AERONCA D-58





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Danger in Paradise

Continued from page 15

That made me feel better, because the more I turned it over in my mind, the more inglorious my role appeared to have been.

That night Iris was making her debut on the new breakfast-food program. I was taking her to the studio.

I sent a gardenia corsage, and when I called for her that night, she had pinned it on. There was another corsage box on the dinette table. Gardenias. "Crowley?" I asked, and she nodded.

I said, "When you see him, tell him you're wearing his."

She said, "That's sweet, Jimmy. I'd kiss you for it, except you'd get all over lipstick."

She looked tantalizingly pretty. Her hazel eyes were shining more brightly than usual. She was wearing a simple red dinner gown. She wore no jewelry. Iris didn't like jewelry.

We entered the studio by a special entrance. Iris turned me over to a slim-hipped lad in a page's uniform and he conducted me into the sponsors' booth. I felt very important and exclusive, even after Dan Crowley came in.

Soon the doors to the main studio opened and the public swarmed in. The orchestra was tuning up, each man making funny little noises on whatever instrument he played. The director was making last-minute cuts in the script, the sound man was leaping about like a flea, testing his equipment. The clock was moving slowly and inexorably toward zero.

One minute before air time, everything was confusion. But the program started on the dot and flowed smoothly. It was a good show, and Iris was wonderful; Crowley and I agreed on that. After they were off the air, Iris had to sign a lot of autograph books. She received masses of flowers. Flowers from everybody: sponsors, director, co-stars, orchestra, friends, admirers.

By the time we got together, the studio had cleared. Crowley was still among those present. I said I had fixed up a little snack at my place. It had been intended as a surprise for Iris, but I invited Crowley. He said he was sorry, but he couldn't. Busy. Being an F.B.I. agent is worse than being a doctor.

He congratulated Iris, told us good night, and checked out. I liked Crowley, but *it* didn't break my heart to see him leave. I got Iris out of the place and into a taxi. Ten minutes later we were home. I pitched her a gay apron which I kept on tap for such occasions and she tied it on over her dinner dress. This gave promise of being a cozy little party. Everything as planned.

That's what I thought. But I should have known better.

We were having a lot of fun with sandwiches and dill pickles and coleslaw and beer when the doorbell sounded. I said, "I bet it's Crowley," and tried not to sound disappointed. Iris stayed where she was, while I answered the door.

Two men stood there. Two strangers. They were big men. They looked pleasant enough. They took off their hats and one of them said politely, "Mr. Drake? May we intrude for a moment?"

I LET them in, and we walked into the living room. Iris glanced at us with that interested look people wear when they're about to be introduced. I turned toward the spokesman and started to say something when the other man tackled.

The arms that wrapped around my thighs were good, strong arms. The attack came from behind and knocked the breath out of me. Before it came back, the other man—the polite one—had swung into action, too.

Those lads knew their stuff. Before I realized what was happening, they had a gag in my mouth and ropes around my ankles and wrists. They pitched me into a chair, and one of them moved in on Iris. He said, "Don't scream, Miss Randall."

Miss Randall didn't scream. She didn't do anything. The man said, "If you start anything, you won't like what happens."

The larger of the two men was on the blond side. His hair was close-clipped, and he had hard brown eyes and a cruel mouth. He told Iris to sit down, and she obeyed. The shorter of the two stood watching me. He said, "Let's don't have any trouble. We're both armed."

I took that for granted. I didn't say anything, because I couldn't.

The tall man stood with his back to the fireplace. He ignored me; he was interested in Iris. He said, "I'm going to ask you a few questions, Miss Randall. If you give frank, honest answers—things won't be too bad."

"First of all, Miss Randall, why did you kill Margie Brett?"

Wham! Like that! No doubt in his mind that Iris had killed Margie. He was concerned only with the motive.

Iris looked as amazed as I felt. She said, with astonishing calmness, "I didn't kill Margie."

The tall man shrugged. He said, "I know better."

The sheer preposterousness of the accusation seemed to have a soothing effect on Iris. She said, "That's the silliest thing I've ever heard."

"It's not silly." The stranger's voice was low and quiet. "We know you killed her. We think we know why. We'd prefer to hear your version of it. If you're sensible, you'll talk about it freely. I can assure you that the police will never know."

Iris repeated, "I had nothing to do with Margie's death."

"You had an appointment with her in Mr. Drake's office, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"You went to keep that appointment . . ."

"Certainly, I did. I found a gun on the floor."

"What did you do then?"

"I hit myself on the head with it. That's how I happened to be unconscious when they found me."

The man said, "Very amusing, Miss Randall. But not amusing enough. We know when and how you were hit on the head. But we still don't know why you killed Miss Brett."

She said, "I've told you that I didn't kill her."

"Was it because of the cigars?"

I flinched at that one. The cigars again. Iris didn't say anything. She was angry and bewildered. But apparently not frightened. Not too badly, anyway.

I had been studying the intruders. They looked like gentlemen. Neither had the slightest trace of accent. But nowadays that doesn't mean anything. I wondered which team they were on. I figured they must be playmates of Hernandez. Lawton wouldn't still be probing for the cigars. He thought Claude Williams had them.

Now Iris made an impatient gesture. "Look," she said. "I know nothing about the murder *or* the cigars. You're wasting your time."

The man moved toward her. He said, "I shall have to bind and gag you, Miss Randall. Just in case. It would be better if you didn't struggle."

I sent Iris a message with my eyes. I hoped she wouldn't do anything foolish. She evidently understood what I meant, because she submitted. The stranger was polite. He said, "I hope that isn't too uncomfortable." Then he turned to his partner and said, "Search. I'll keep watch."

The second man disappeared. He went into my bedroom and started doing things. I could hear doors being opened. I could hear things being moved. I could hear him fussing around my dresser. Then he came back into the living room. He looked excited.

He was holding what had been a box of El Corsario Invincibles. It was the box Claude Williams had given me.

He handed this to the man by the mantel. He opened the lid and stared at the mass of twisted tobacco leaf and powder inside. He made a sound which betrayed acute disappointment.

I was thinking that the timing was unfortunate. What a break it would have been if the F.B.I. had been able to make up the new box of El Corsarios, with the microfilm inside. Crowley wanted the Hernandez gang to get them, intact. This would have been perfect. Unfortunately, it wasn't working that way. What they had here was the remains of a box of cigars which hadn't meant anything in the first place.

And I couldn't tell them that. I couldn't *tell them anything.* The one thing they mustn't ever know was that the F.B.I. had got the phony cigars and understood their significance.

THEY whispered for a few seconds. Then the smaller man came over to my chair and released the gag. I moved my jaws and moistened my lips.

The tall man gestured at me with the cigar box and said, "Why did you break them?"

I said, "If I told you it was because I enjoy busting up cigars, you wouldn't believe me."

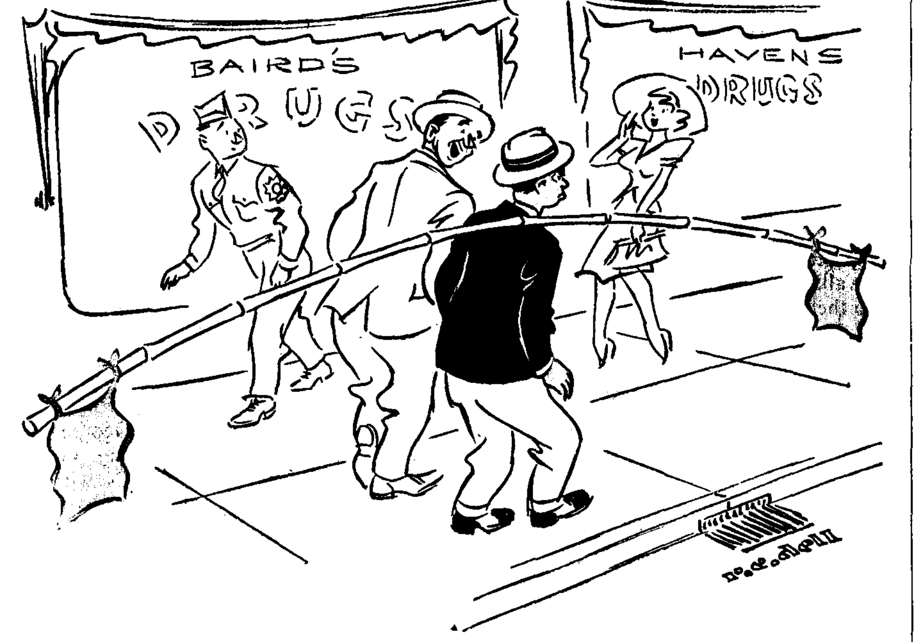
The shorter man was standing near me. He swung hard with his right hand. It cracked against the side of my face. It hurt. I tried to get up. He shoved me back in the chair with his left hand, and hit me again with his right.

I heard a gurgling sound from Iris. I tried to look at her, but my head was spinning and I couldn't see clearly. My jaw felt swollen.

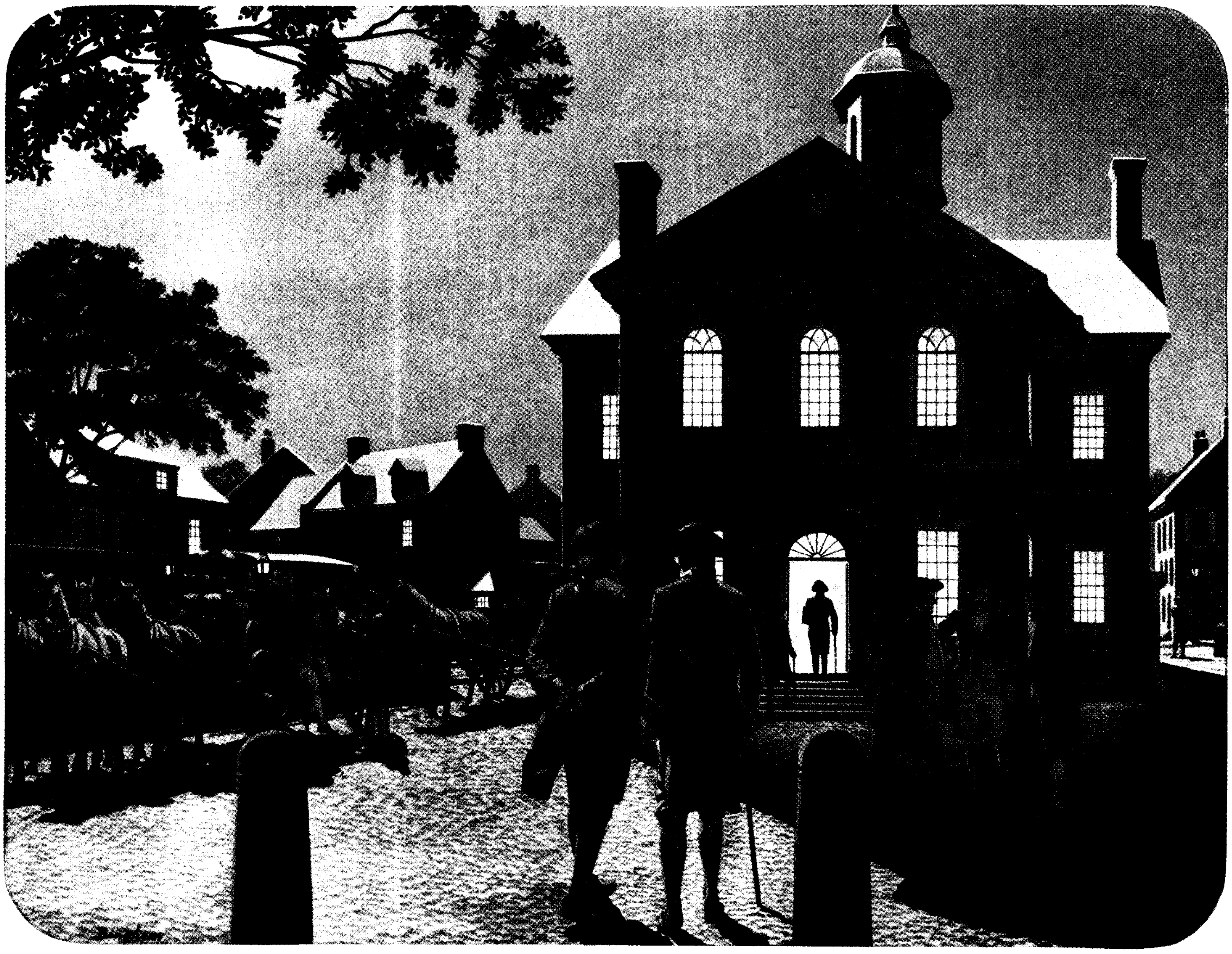
My friend at the mantel said, "We'll make you talk. You better do it the easy way."

I said, "I don't know how or why those cigars got broken. When I put them in the drawer, they were perfectly good cigars. I can't explain something I don't understand."

He nodded at the man by the chair. That gentleman needed no urging. He went to work on me. I've taken beatings before, but this was different. I couldn't fight back. I sat there, taking it. I got so mad I cried. The

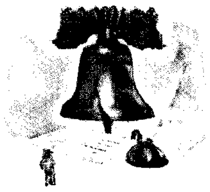


COLLIER'S "How is your sunburn, Ed?" R. C. DELL



Carpenters' Hall, meeting place of First Continental Congress... from an early print.*

PHILADELPHIA
Heritage of Tradition



> *"Then we adjourn and go to dine — and feast upon ten thousand delicacies, drinking Madeira, claret or Burgundy... I shall be killed with kindness in this place."*
>
> *... letter from John Adams of Boston to his wife — September, 1774*

That high prestige which won for Philadelphia its honored place as our Nation's first capital reflected the mode of life in those interesting days. Sumptuous indeed was the standard it set, at once the envy and delight of our proud Colonial Society. A "heritage of hospitality" graciously sustained today by Philadelphia Blend... whisky of such special excellence you might justly reserve it for special occasions. Yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia Blend, regularly and often.

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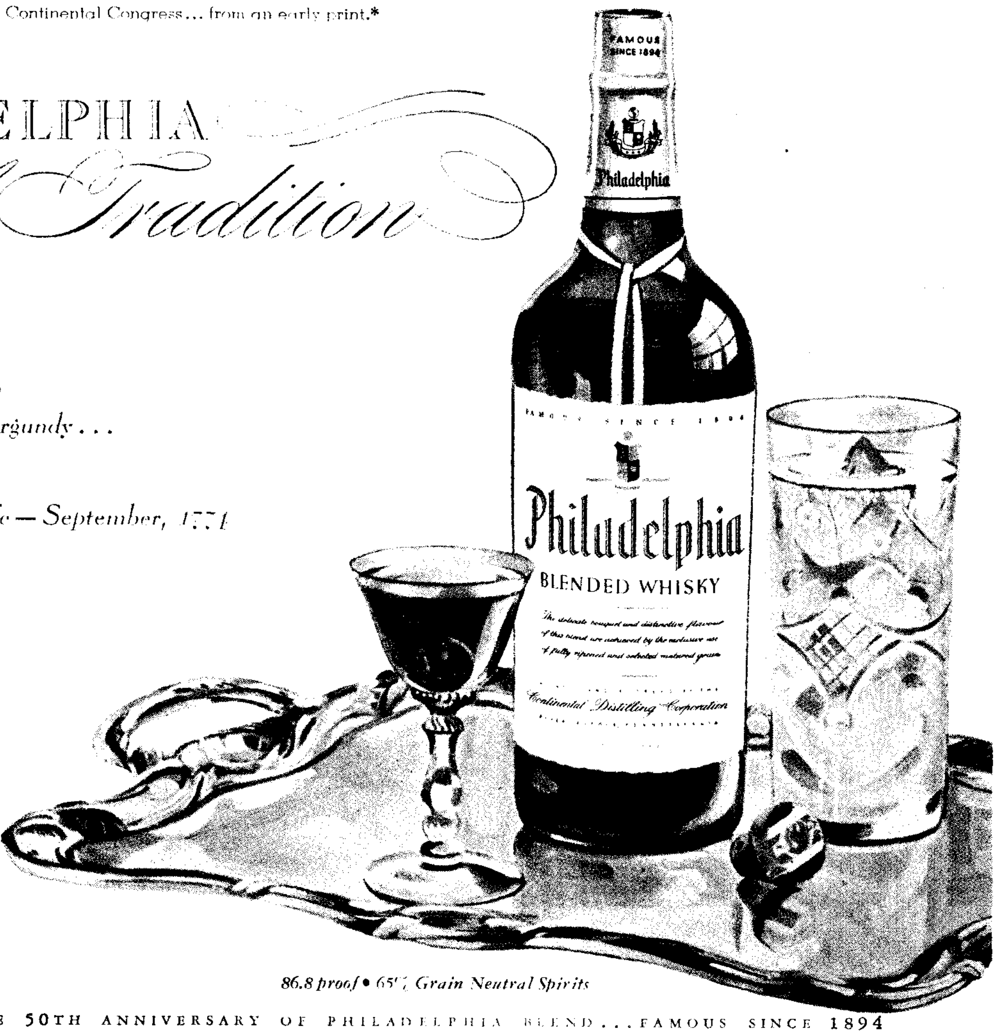
FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
FAMOUS SINCE 1894
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BLENDED WHISKY
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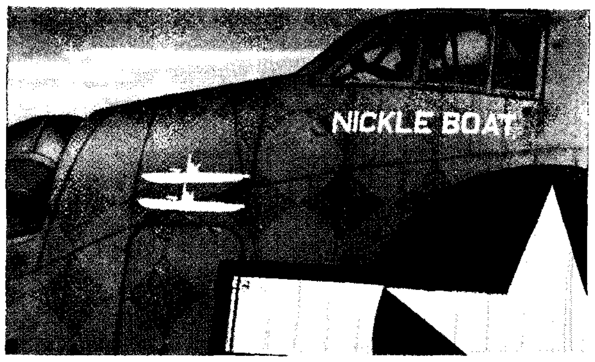
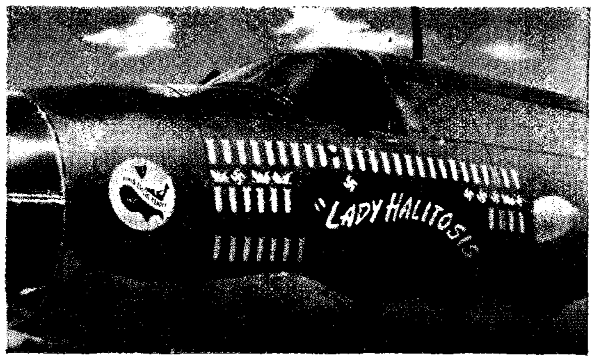
*FROM A SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS DESIGNED TO CELEBRATE THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF PHILADELPHIA BLEND... FAMOUS SINCE 1894

Victory's Written All Over These Veteran Martin Bombers!

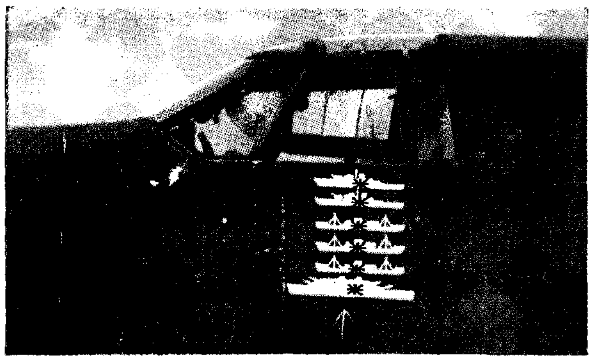


"NICKLE BOAT" On every front you'll see Martin bombers bearing the white silhouettes that denote victories won. This Martin Mariner patrol bomber, for instance, found good hunting in the South Atlantic.

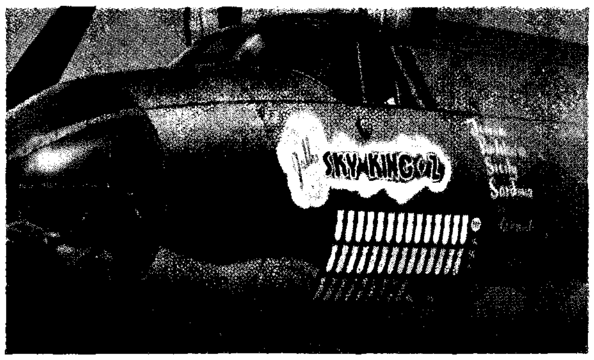


"LADY HALITOSIS" A one-plane blitz was this Martin Marauder. Can you tell how many enemy freighters, subs and planes she destroyed? Look at the box below headed "Count The Score" for explanation of symbols.

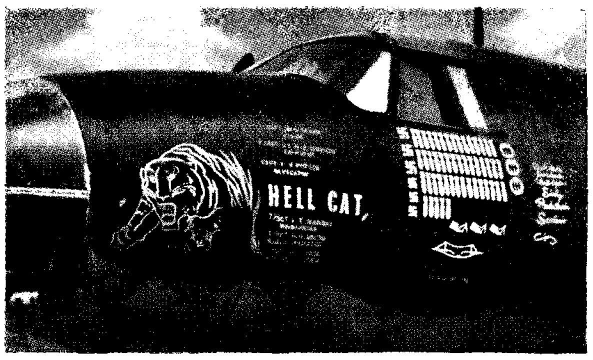
"MAMMY YOKUM" Enemy ships sunk were all that counted in the rugged Alaskan-Aleutian theater during th early days of the War. Many bombing missions complete and enemy planes downed weren't tallied.



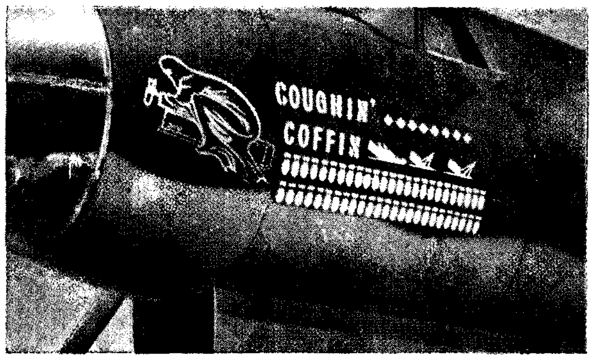
"PAPPY YOKUM" Veteran of the Aleutians, this Marauder was bad news to Japs. Mute testimony to the daring U. S. airmen, such "flying scoreboards" also attest to the safety and dependability of Martin planes.



"JABBO THE SKY KING" Count the missions from which this two-fisted scrapper returned! Really rugged, Marauders recently made 6,700 sorties with a loss of only 21 planes . . . the best record for the European theater.



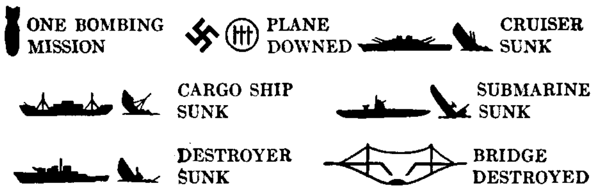
"HELL CAT" This Marauder blasted the Nazis in North Africa, Sicily, Sardinia, Pantelleria. Ease of maintenance gives Marauders high availability, reduces overhaul time, keeps them in the air more than any other plane.



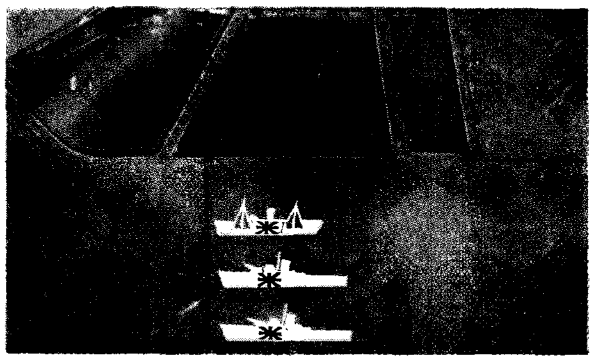
"COUGHIN' COFFIN" Original "wing and a prayer" ship, this flak-tattered Marauder proved, over North Africa, how Martin planes return, mission after mission, to bring their crews home safely. Look at her score!

Count the Score

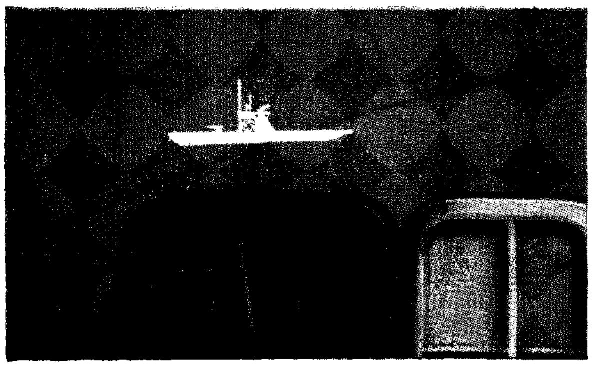
of these Martin planes!



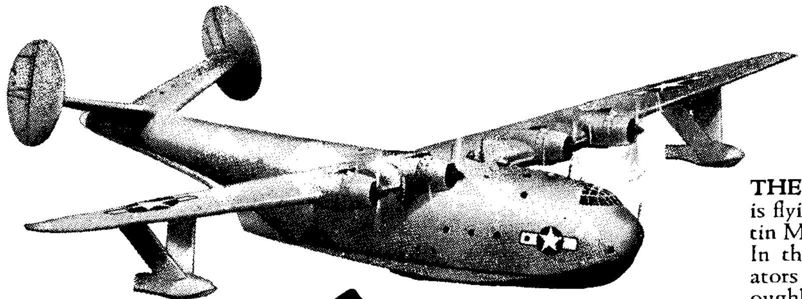
Use this key to tally the victories of the above planes. Some accomplishments are denoted by two or more symbols, *since the silhouettes used vary with different squadrons* and different theaters of operation. But the fighting qualities of Martin aircraft never vary on any front!



"OLD #47" Nipponese nemesis in the South Pacific, this tough old Marauder earned her honorable discharge. Her medals are painted on! Bombing missions and enemy planes downed weren't recorded.



"DUMBO" Far-ranging Martin Mariners are covering the sea-lanes and getting convoys thru at the expense of enemy submarines. In addition to their safety and dependability, Martin planes are noted for economy of operation.



THE PLANE OF TOMORROW is flying today. It's the 72-ton Martin Mars, world's largest flying boat. In the Mars, postwar airline operators will have a transport thoroughly tested in trans-ocean service. Production lines now turning out twenty more of these giants for the Navy, are being tooled for prompt delivery. Companies interested in Mars-type transports for postwar use, write THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY, BALTIMORE-3, MD.

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tears rolled down my cheeks. I kept trying to tell myself that this wasn't too bad. I tried to sell myself the idea that it couldn't last forever. It still hurt. Iris was twisting in her chair. She looked horrified and pitiful.

After a while he stopped punching me. My head felt like a balloon. My coat and shirt were messy. I couldn't see very well out of one eye, and my lip was cut.

The two men talked together. Then the tall man said to me, "Who's got the stuff?"

I didn't say anything.

"The police?"

I shook my head.

He said, "I might kill both of you."

"I can't stop you."

There was another conference. The shorter man came over to me and hit me again.

The other man said, "Think it over. Maybe you'll change your mind. You haven't seen the last of us."

They left the apartment.

I felt lousy. I felt sick. I was still crying, the way a kid cries when he gets into a fight. I saw Iris struggling in her chair. I hoped she'd get somewhere. She did, because they hadn't bound her very tightly. But it took a long time.

She got loose. She came over to me and I saw that she was crying, too. She didn't untie me right away. She put her arms around me and pressed her cheek against mine. She kissed me and she said something wonderful. She said, "Oh, my darling . . ."

I didn't say anything. But if I was crying now, it was because I was happy.

This, I figured, was worth a beating.

THE telephone woke me. I turned over quickly and said, "Ouch!" That was the side of my face which had come in for most of the punishment. My eye was half closed, the inside of my mouth was cut and sore. My lower jaw felt as though it had been jarred loose—permanently.

I blinked at the morning sunlight, picked up the phone and said, "Hello."

Iris' voice came to me. She said, "Good morning," but she sounded like thrushes and bluebirds and skylarks. I sat up straight and said "Hello" right back at her.

She said, "I called up to find out how you're feeling, Jimmy."

"Okay. A little the worse for wear, but . . . hey! Something!"

"What?"

"You went hysterical on me last night after our boy friends left. You called me darling."

"Was that hysteria?"

"I'm asking."

There was the briefest of hesitations. Then she said, "I don't think it was."

I said, "Wow!" I said it in a loud voice. I repeated it. I yelled, "You meant it?"

"Yes . . . Yes, dear, I meant it."

I was standing up now, holding the telephone and making like crazy. Spring was in the air. Love was in bloom. The mating call was sounding o'er the land. I said, "Don't do me that way. Not over the telephone. If I were where you are—"

"There'd be a scandal."

"I love you. I love you over the telephone. I love you by telegraph and radio. I love you in all the ways there are. I'm glad somebody slapped me around. I wish it had been ten guys. I wish . . ."

She said, "Don't, darling . . . please. You make me feel like crying. You make me feel like . . . Well, anyway, that's how it is. You make me feel."

I said, "We're having an engagement dinner tonight. I've got to look at you when you say it. I've got to look at you forever. I—"

There was a sound from her end of the telephone. She *was* crying, and that didn't make sense. But if that was what she felt like doing—whatever she felt like doing—it was fine with me. She said, "How are you feeling?"

I said I was feeling fine. I said I never felt better in my life. I said a lot of foolish things that didn't sound foolish at all. So we talked some more and the talk was intimate and personal and we agreed to be together that evening and when we finally cut off I started making like a one-man ballet. That kept on until I stubbed my toe against a chair.

I was humming in the elevator going down. I bought a morning paper and gave the boy a half dollar. I slipped a dollar to the doorman for calling me a taxi. I felt happy and extravagant. On the way to the office I made up a lovely story about the black eye and the swollen face. I tried it out on Gloria who was working efficiently at the switchboard and looking subdued. I told her I had gotten into a fight with two drunks at a bar. I went into my office and the word spread. Hal White and Penny Atkins and a half dozen others dropped in to kid me. It helped them and it helped me. It was good to have something to joke about in that studio after the tragic things that had been happening.

I had lunch with Dan Crowley. I didn't tell him anything about the miracle. Iris hadn't said I could, and I wouldn't have the heart anyway; I liked the guy.

I told him about the session at my place the previous night. He seemed interested and a little grim. He made me describe the two men over and over again. He said, "It must have been bad, Jimmy. I'm glad it wasn't worse, but I don't like its happening at all."

DO YOU KNOW ABBREVIATIONS?—No. 8

Test yourself on the following list of abbreviations and see how you rate. You probably have run into most of them innumerable times in newspapers, magazines and books. If you guess 15 of them correctly, you may consider yourself fair; 18 or above qualifies you as above the average; and anything over 20 is superior.

1. **C.S.A.**
2. **memo.**
3. **equiv.**
4. **p.m.**
5. **co-op.**
6. **bach.**
7. **FRC**
8. **at. wt.**
9. **chs.**
10. **B.S.**
11. **avg.**
12. **Me.**
13. **sci.**
14. **del.**
15. **D.A.R.**
16. **Inc.**
17. **consol.**
18. **nt. wt.**
19. **patd.**
20. **doc.**
21. **C.Z.**
22. **B.B.C.**
23. **chg.**
24. **bapt.**
25. **bicarb.**

(Answers on page 59)

—Charles Prout

I said, "Aw, skip it. You know what it means to me to help."

We talked about a lot of things. Crowley agreed with me that my two rough visitors must have been sent by Hernandez. He said, "We're within reach of something, Jimmy, and we don't quite know what it is."

I told him then about my plan to go over to Jersey and have another chat with Curly Ellis. He thought that wouldn't be a bad idea. He agreed that two groups were at work, but he couldn't figure whether they were working together or not. It didn't look that way, but you never could tell.

After I left Dan, I went home and called Curly. He said he'd be glad to see me. He suggested that I come early, because his table didn't usually get a play until late in the evening. He told me how to do it.

Apparently the spot in which he worked wasn't any joint. If they knew you, they'd send a limousine to pick you up and carry you to Jersey. That was perfect, because the minute Iris joined me I grabbed for her hand.

I told her where we were going and explained how we rated a limousine. Then she asked about my injuries, which I had forgotten, and I started discussing us.

It was a lovely discussion. This was a new Iris. If I'd been overboard before, I was drowning now. She said she was as happy as I was, which was an exaggeration—but made me feel good. When we got over on the Jersey side and hit out on a moderately deserted stretch of highway, I put my arm around her. She didn't object. I kissed her, and she didn't object to that, either. I was way up yonder in the clouds. I was sorry when the ride ended.

We turned in at the private driveway of what must have been a considerable estate in the old days. A courteous guard with the coldest eyes and squarest jaw I had ever seen inquired who we were and what we wanted. I said we were friends of Curly Ellis. He stepped into a little booth that looked like the rain shelter of a Buckingham Palace guard and telephoned. He came back and said we were welcome.

We didn't see Curly when we walked in. We stepped into an old-fashioned hallway, brilliantly illuminated by a crystal chandelier. A lovely creature with lovely legs took my hat and topcoat. Iris went into a room which might—originally—have been the front parlor: the one that was used only on Sundays and for formal company. A headwaiter greeted us as if we were royalty and invited us to dinner. We didn't know until after we had eaten a superb meal that it was all on the house.

Just as we were finishing our liqueurs someone who looked important came up and suggested that perhaps we'd like to see the clubrooms. We followed him.

The entire second floor was devoted to what is politely called "games of chance." Roulette, blackjack, birdcage, dice, chuck-a-luck, faro. Many of the guests were in evening dress. Everybody looked respectable.

The upstairs was vast, and there weren't enough guests to crowd it. We peeped into a couple of rooms, and then, in the third, we found Curly Ellis. His bald head was gleaming under a bright light. He was sitting on a high stool behind a little table which had a green baize cover and a box of fancy chips. He had on dinner clothes and looked quite dignified.

THERE was no play at his table. There was very little play anywhere—yet. His eyes were on us as we walked across to him. As we sat down across the table from him, he said, "Let me guess. A door bumped into you."

I said, "Yes. Several times."

Curly allowed himself a small grin. Then he said, "I been expecting you."

I introduced him to Iris. He acknowledged the introduction briefly. I said we wanted to talk to him, and he said, "That's out. Just you, Drake."

I started to protest, but Iris cut me off. She was figuring that I'd better string along with Curly. He said, "That's a ladies' table over yonder, Miss Randall. Chips are fifty cents. Maybe you'd like to play while me and Mr. Drake are talking."

Iris smiled at us and walked away. Curly called another dealer. "I'll be tied up a little while," he said. "Look out for my table, will you?"

We went into a cozy little room. It was done in black walnut, and the chairs were big and comfortable and upholstered in brown leather.

I said, "Things have been happening."

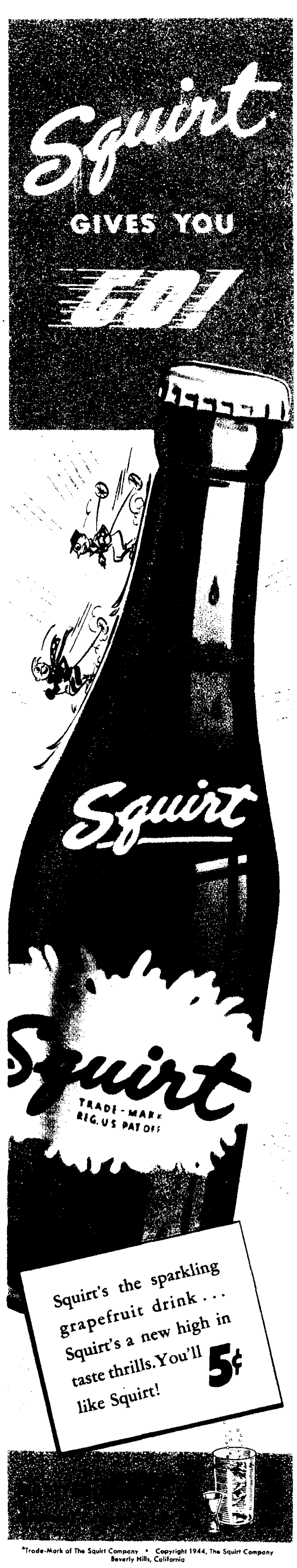
"I know. Your boss, for instance. How long you gonna let Lawton get away with it?"

"It all depends. I'll admit that everywhere I turn, I find Lawton. Even in places you don't know about. But there's nothing to tie him in definitely. I'm here because you said you could furnish that."

"You got to get one thing straight, Drake," Curly said. "I've got a personal stake in this. There's something I want. The rest you can have."

"Do you mind explaining that?"

"Up to a point, I'll explain. I know positively that there are a couple of documents which will peg Lawton as the bad boy in this picture. I'm not sure where Lawton has these things. Even if I knew, it wouldn't do me any good. He can't be pushed. But some-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Tom Hinkle's boys do him proud in the Army

just as they did on their Studebaker jobs

IT'S a long way from the Fiji Islands to the Studebaker factories where Wright Cyclone engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress are built.

It's still farther to the American air bases in India from which vital war cargo is flown into China across the towering Himalayan "hump."

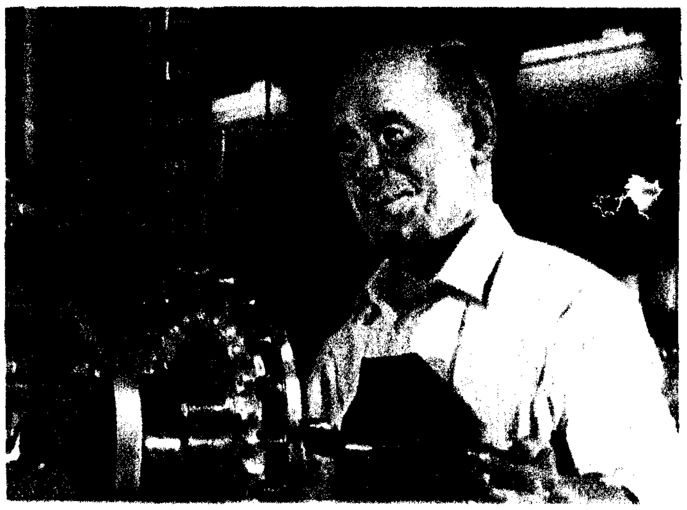
But there's a link that spans those distant spots where Tom Hinkle's boys are now stationed and their father in South Bend. That link is a comradeship in craftsmanship which had its beginning when all three were working close together in the Studebaker plants.

Like large numbers of other Studebaker automobile craftsmen, Tom Hinkle is now building aircraft engines while his sons serve their country in combat areas overseas. Instead of manufacturing Studebaker Champion, Commander and President cars as a family team, they're working together for victory although many miles apart.

For over 92 years, the tradition of fine craftsmanship has been fostered in many families like the Hinkle family in Studebaker's home community. The painstaking efforts of many such father-and-son teams have been considerably responsible for the surviving soundness that puts so much solid wartime value into Studebaker motor cars and motor trucks.

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Wright Cyclone engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress—big multiple-drive military trucks—and other vital war matériel



Lieutenant, corporal and craftsman—the Hinkles still "work together"—Tom Hinkle now builds Flying Fortress engines at Studebaker where his record as a motor car craftsman goes back nearly 23 years. At last reports, one son, George, is an Army Air Forces lieutenant in India, Bill Hinkle, Tom's other son, is a Coast Artillery corporal in the Fiji Islands.

BUY MORE AND MORE WAR BONDS

one who rates as a friend might trick him."

"How?"

"If Lawton thought he was about to get into a jam with the cops, he'd make a move. If he was suspected of murder, he'd be afraid that they might delve into his bank box. The papers I'm talking about are probably in that box."

"And you want to trick him into taking them out?"

"That's it."

I said, "Have you any ideas?"

"Of how you should move?" He shook his bald head. "No. I figure you're a bright lad. You can work something out."

"And then . . . ?"

"If Lawton appears to fall for it, you let me know. I tail him. I take the documents from him."

I said, "I want in. Or I don't play."

Curly shrugged. "That's unimportant. Working together or separately, it's all the same to me."

An idea was beginning to hatch. At first blush, it looked good. I told him maybe I had a hunch. He asked what it was.

"I'll handle that end of it," I said. "If it gives symptoms of working, I'll get in touch with you. What's your home phone number?"

He scribbled it on a piece of paper and handed it to me. "I'll be waiting," he said. "Except when I'm grabbing a bite to eat I'll be here or at that number." He studied me thoughtfully. "Don't try to pull a fast one, Drake. Don't make your pitch without dealing me in. If you did you'd only gum things up. The documents I'm talking about wouldn't mean a thing to you unless I was there to explain.

"And one other thing: Don't invite the cops in on this."

"Why?"

"Same reason I gave before. They'd mess things up. We handle it alone or else."

I said we'd handle it alone. I wanted information. After I knew things, I could use my judgment. But looking for something when I didn't even know what that something was seemed a little too thick for me.

ON THE way back I told Iris a little of what had happened. A little but not much. I was afraid she might object to my sticking my neck out. I told her merely that Curly still believed Howard Lawton was the person we were after, and that he wanted me to make more of an effort to gain Lawton's confidence. My story sounded pretty sleazy and I changed the subject before she could begin to analyze it.

I commenced talking about us, and we were very happy. We were still happy when the limousine dropped us in front of her apartment house.

We went upstairs and closed the door behind us. We turned on just enough lights to make it respectable. Then I pulled her down alongside me on the couch. It was amazing how she fitted into my arms.

I kissed her. She didn't seem to mind. So I kissed her again. This was a break I'd never expected to get. I was making the most of it.

I was still making the most of it when she looked at the mantel clock and said it was half past one.

I took the hint. But before I left I kissed her good night. That gave me something to dream about after I got home. . . .

Tuesday night I got myself engaged to Iris Randall. Wednesday night I took Gloria Sherman out to dinner. We didn't do much talking until the meal had been finished and the dishes carted away. I knew that ever since I had invited her that same afternoon, she had been worried. To that extent, I was sorry for her. She was in love with Williams. He was a cheap, dangerous punk with the killer instinct predominant, but to her he was something important.

She wasn't making any more play for me. That had ended with my reintroduction to Claude. Now she watched me apprehensively, waiting for me to say something. I took my time about it because I didn't want to gum things up. I had concocted an idea, and its success depended on Gloria. Unless I could sell her a bill of goods, I'd be out of luck.

I said, "I kept my word. Claude had plenty of chance to make a getaway."

She looked at me and kept on waiting.

"There's one thing I think you should understand, Gloria. Sooner or later they'll pick him up. When they do, he hasn't got a chance; there's nothing anybody can do to help him. But he isn't the only person involved. You're in a bad spot yourself, you know."

She looked startled, as though the idea was brand-new. Perhaps it was. She had been thinking only about the safety of her boy friend. Women are peculiar that way, particularly the Gloria Shermans.

I hammered away at my point: "Knowing that Claude had committed a murder, you helped to hide him from the police. You became an accessory, and that isn't so good. You did your best to take care of him as long as he was around; now, if you're smart, you'll start taking care of yourself."

She showed symptoms of interest. She still wasn't talkative, but she wasn't backing away, either.

"If you were tried as an accessory, I'd be the principal witness against you. If that happened, I'd tell the truth. I don't want you to get any false ideas about that."

She said, "I'm listening."

"The thought came to me that I carry a good deal of weight with the police. Or I believe I do. I can't promise anything. But I think that if you played ball with me, I might be able to sell them the idea of forgetting to have you indicted as an accessory."

She shook her head. "No sale, Jimmy. I'm not crossing Claude."

"I never asked you to. I'm merely showing you how you can do yourself some good. How would it help him for you to be serving a term in the penitentiary?"

SHE winced. She said carefully, "I'm interested in anything that would help me and not hurt Claude."

"It's confidential."

"I know how to keep my lip buttoned. You should know that."

I said, "I'm interested in Howard Lawton. He's mixed up in this nine different ways. You can help me get the dope on him."

"How?"

"Lawton believes you are still in contact with Claude, doesn't he? I don't know whether you are or not, and I don't care. But if Lawton believes you're still in touch, he would also believe that any message you brought from Claude was legitimate."

She said, "I don't know what you're driving at."

"I want Lawton scared. I want him scared pink. It's got to be done in such a way that he won't suspect a frame-up. I want you to have a confidential talk with him. It won't be the first time, so it won't seem unnatural. I want you to tell him that the cops grabbed Claude and turned the heat on. Then tell him that Claude made a second getaway.

"Let Lawton understand that Claude talked, and that in talking he tied Lawton up with the cigars, and—as an accessory—with the murder of Al Brenner. You have come to Lawton to warn him."

She said, "What does this get you, Jimmy?"

"I don't know. And I'm not telling what I hope or expect. I'm playing on the level though; I'm not holding anything back—except my reasons. You can say yes or no. It's up to you."

She remained quiet and thoughtful for a long time. Then she said, half to herself and half to me, "I couldn't lose, could I?"

"No."

"And I hate Lawton's guts for having got Claude into this."

"That's reasonable."

She looked straight at me. "I'll take a chance on you, Jimmy. I'll do it."

THE following afternoon Gloria got word to me that she had a date with Lawton for that night. She said she'd telephone me after it was over. I told her I'd be at my apartment all evening, waiting.

The call came in a little after ten o'clock. Earlier than I had expected. She told me she was phoning from a drugstore. She said, "It worked. He believed me. He wanted to know just how he had been implicated, and I said Claude told the cops that he had been hired by Lawton to do the burglary. He was scared sick. I'm sure he thinks he's being investigated and will be picked up soon."

I said, "I hope you're right, Gloria."

"Don't worry about that end of it, Jimmy. I know him. I can tell when he's frightened." There was a brief pause. "What about me?"

"I'll keep my word."

I heard her sigh. Then she said "Good night" and hung up. I sat where I was, thinking. Then I telephoned Curly Ellis at his Jersey joint. I was a long time getting him. When he came to the phone, I identified myself and told him we had Lawton on the run, giving it to him in a way that wouldn't have made any sense to anyone who might have been listening in.

Curly said, "Nice work. How did you do it?"

"Through somebody else. There's always the chance that I've been crossed up, but I think what I'm handing you is straight. What gives now?"

He didn't answer right away. Then he said, "If he wants to move, he couldn't until tomorrow morning when the banks open. If I was him . . ." Curly sounded thoughtful, "I'd have a lousy night. Then I'd be at the bank first thing in the morning."

"So would I."

"Then we will be, too. We can pick him up when he leaves his house and follow him. It ought to be easy."

I agreed that it should be. Curly said he'd meet me across the street from my apartment house at 8:30. He said, "It'll be me and you alone?"

"Yes. Just us."

"Okay. Be seeing you."

And he was gone. I went over to an easy chair and dropped into it. I felt an odd sense of elation. I had a hunch this was going to work. I believed that within a dozen hours I'd know a lot of things I didn't know now.

CURLY was waiting for me when I got downstairs at 8:20. His outfit was on the conservative side, even to the necktie. He started in the general direction of Lawton's apartment. Each of us took it for granted that the other knew where Lawton lived. We were both right.

We stood way down the block with our backs against the plate-glass window of a big armchair restaurant. We didn't do much talking. Time dragged. Traffic roared up and down the avenue, people rushed for subways and busses. We waited slightly longer than forever.

At eight minutes before ten o'clock Lawton appeared. He started walking. I said, "Right direction." I told Curly I happened to know that Lawton had his personal account in a branch of a big bank. The branch was just a few blocks away. Knowing where Lawton was headed, we didn't have to take chances.

His timing was perfect. He reached the bank on the instant they rolled back their big bronze doors. We posted ourselves near the subway kiosk across the street. Curly hailed a taxi. He told the driver to pull his flag down and wait at the curb. The driver asked no questions. He pulled the flag down and his meter started clicking. He was earning dough and not using gas. That was plenty all right by him.

I said, "You pegged things right, Curly."

"It had to be that way."

"What comes next?"

"We watch where he goes. Then we decide."

We didn't have long to wait. Howard Lawton left the bank. He walked to the curb and waited for a cruising taxi. He looked like a nice, average businessman. He had on a dark gray felt hat and a gray topcoat. His left hand rested outside the pocket of the coat as though it liked to feel what was inside.

He flagged a cab. He hopped in, and we did the same with ours. The driver stepped on his starter and nodded at Curly's brief order to trail Lawton's cab, but not too closely, and to stop at least a half block away from wherever the other stopped.

We moved a little faster than the traffic. Our driver had to ease through a couple of changing lights. But he got through, which was all that mattered.

Lawton's cab stopped in front of a tall, narrow apartment building. He got out and paid his driver. He went inside.

I stared. I said, "Well, I'll be damned!"

Curly glanced at me. He said, "What hit you?"

I pointed. "The building Lawton just went into," I said. "That is the house where Mary Bishop lived. Wally Carrington was murdered there."

Curly Ellis stared at the building. His face was expressionless; his eyes even more so. He said, "Let's go," and started across the street. I went with him. Halfway through traffic, he said, "Let me do the talking. I know how to argue my way around."

WE PASSED the doorman. He was trying to flag a taxi for somebody and he didn't even look at us. We crossed the lobby and stepped into the elevator. The lad who ran it was young and slim. He had a pink, girlish complexion and a pair of hard eyes. He said, "Floor?" and Curly said, "That all depends. Slow down a minute."

The cage stopped where it was, halfway between two floors. The boy stared insolently at Curly and said, "What goes on?"

Ellis had a five-dollar bill in his hand. He said, "We want you to remember something and then to forget that you remembered it."

The boy looked at the five-dollar bill. He was interested. He said, "I can do a lot of tricks for five bucks."

"Just a few minutes ago you carried a man

MICHAEL BERRY

COLLIER'S "George is lucky—he speaks French!" MICHAEL BERRY

Treet gives new goodness to quick and easy meals

Here's another new Treet recipe to add to your collection of favorites

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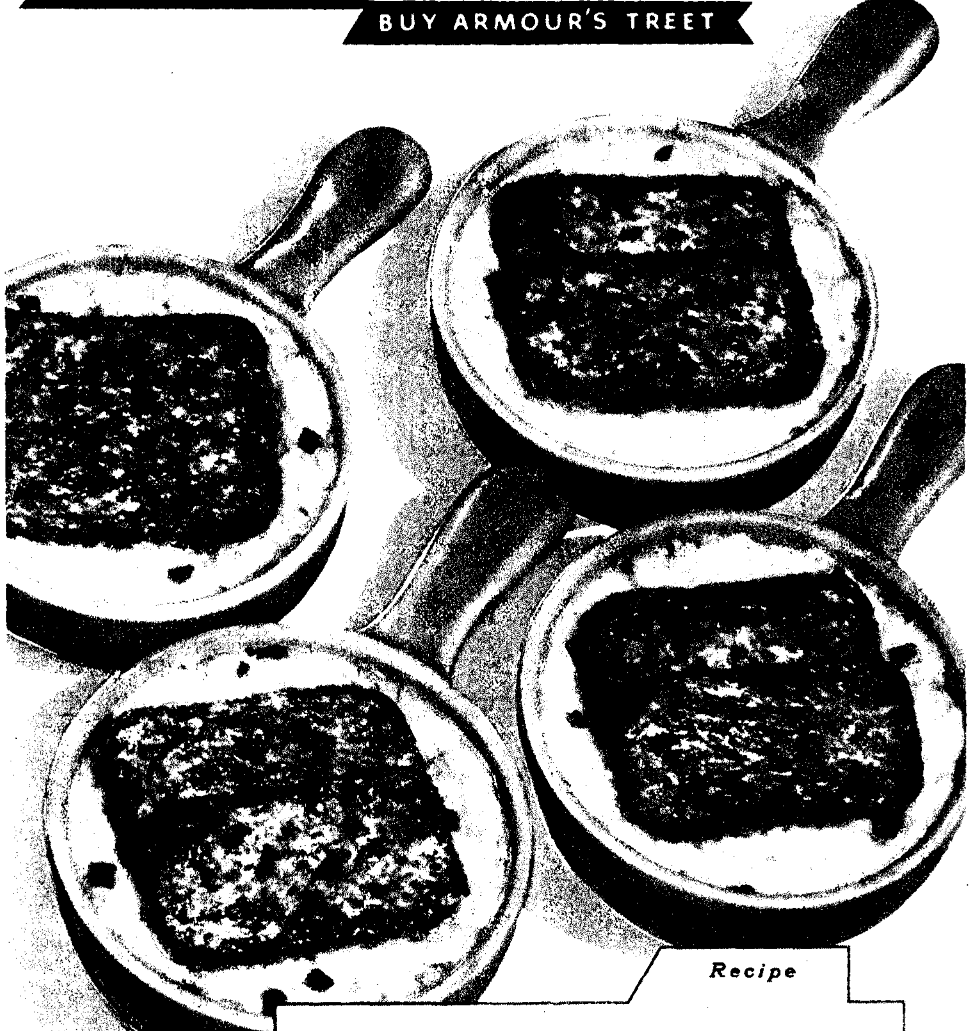

Recipe

Hot or cold . . . baked, fried, diced or sliced . . . Treet is the meat for folks who love good food. Be sure to try this new recipe for Treet Corn Casseroles. It's one of the easiest meals you can fix . . .. and so *tasty!*

Treet Corn Casseroles

1 can Armour's Treet
¼ cup Mayflower Margarine or drippings
½ cup chopped onions 5 tbsps. flour
2 cups milk 1¾ tsps. salt ⅛ tsp. pepper
2½ cups cooked whole kernel corn (No. 2 can)
⅓ cup chopped green pepper
⅓ cup dry bread crumbs

Melt fat and lightly brown onions. Blend in flour. Add milk gradually and stir until thick. Add seasonings, corn and green pepper. Fill 4 individual casseroles or 1 large casserole half full with corn mixture. Sprinkle with crumbs and finish filling with corn. Cut loaf of Treet into 8 slices and place 2 on top of each corn casserole. Bake 30 minutes in 350° F. oven. 4 servings.

Treet is mighty good cold, too!

For a quick, cool meal, slice chilled Treet and serve with potato salad on tomato slices. Treet is tender, juicy pork shoulder meat . . . zestfully seasoned, then vacuum cooked in its own juices. It's an excellent source of vital Vitamin B1. Enjoy it often! Keep an extra can of ready-to-serve Treet always on hand.

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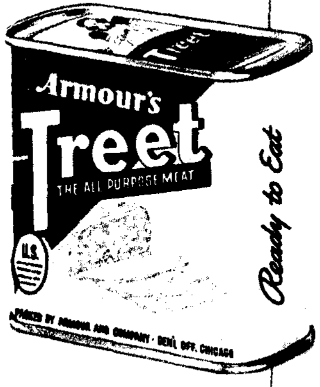

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upstairs. He was six feet tall and on the good-looking side. About forty years old. He had on a gray topcoat and a gray felt hat. Where did he get off?"

"Fourteenth floor," the lad said. He reached out a delicate hand and snapped the bill out of Curly's fingers. He said, "What else?"

"Just this: You don't remember my friend and me, do you?"

"Never saw you in my life."

"That's the way it should be. Take us back down to the lobby."

We went down slowly. The boy was thinking. Finally, when he couldn't stand it any more, he said, "Dicks?"

"Sort of. But we haven't been here."

"Right."

We passed through the lobby again. We stopped in the street near the entrance to a delicatessen. Curly said, "Lawton ain't dumb. Getting off at the fourteenth was a smart move. Carrington was killed in 18-A. That's where Lawton was headed. So he got off at fourteen and walked the rest of the way. His coming to this house ain't just coincidence, you know."

I agreed that it wasn't. I said, "What do we do now?"

"We visit Mr. Lawton," Curly said calmly. "I can get a key to the apartment. You wait here and keep watch. If he leaves, tail him. That should be easy, because his next move would probably be to the studio. If he hasn't gone by the time I get back, we might have some fun."

I refrained from asking questions that I knew Curly wouldn't answer. But for a long time after he had gone I stood near the doorway of the delicatessen, whiffing the early-morning fragance and wondering.

Two things bothered me. First: How Curly knew that Wally had been murdered in apartment 18-A. That had not appeared in any newspaper. Second: Where was he going for a key to the apartment?

CURLY was back in less than half an hour. Finding me there told him Lawton hadn't left. He wasn't in the habit of wasting words and he didn't waste any now. But before we started in, he said, "Party's liable to get rough. Maybe you better wait down here."

"I'll be along."

"It's my show."

I shrugged and nodded. We got into the elevator. The pink-checked operator looked at us blankly. Curly said, "Fourteen, please," and we shot upward.

We got off at the fourteenth floor. We stood near the elevator until we heard the cage go down. Then Curly opened the door to the fire steps. We walked up four floors. We went to a door with the letter A on it. Curly slipped the key into the lock and let us in.

He closed the door almost soundlessly. He led the way down the long, wide foyer to the vast living room. Everything looked as it had the afternoon of Wally's death except that dust was all over everything. Curly walked into the living room. I don't believe Lawton had heard us because he looked surprised.

WHAT happened then didn't take very long. Curly moved close to Lawton. He was smiling pleasantly. When he got within range he brought his fist up from the floor. It smacked against Lawton's jaw. It was a beautiful punch. Lawton didn't make a sound. He started to sag and Curly caught him before he hit the floor. He carried him to the couch, ripped some silk cords off the window drapes and did a neat job of trussing Mr. Lawton up. He took out a handkerchief and shoved it between Lawton's teeth. He tied the ends of it behind Lawton's head. Then he went through the victim's pockets swiftly and expertly.

He looked disappointed. He turned around and saw Lawton's overcoat on a chair. He looked in the left pocket and pulled out two things: One looked like an ordinary envelope—sealed. The other was backed with light blue paper and had an impressively legal appearance. He ripped open the envelope and glanced at the contents. He inspected the second document. He seemed more than happy.

He glanced at me and said, "Lawton evidently had trouble finding a good hiding place. He was still figuring it out. Lucky break for us."

I said, "Those the things you wanted?"

"Yeah."

I said, "I'd like to see them. Now."

Curly's eyes were bleak. He said, "Stay on your own side of the fence, Drake. It's safer over there."

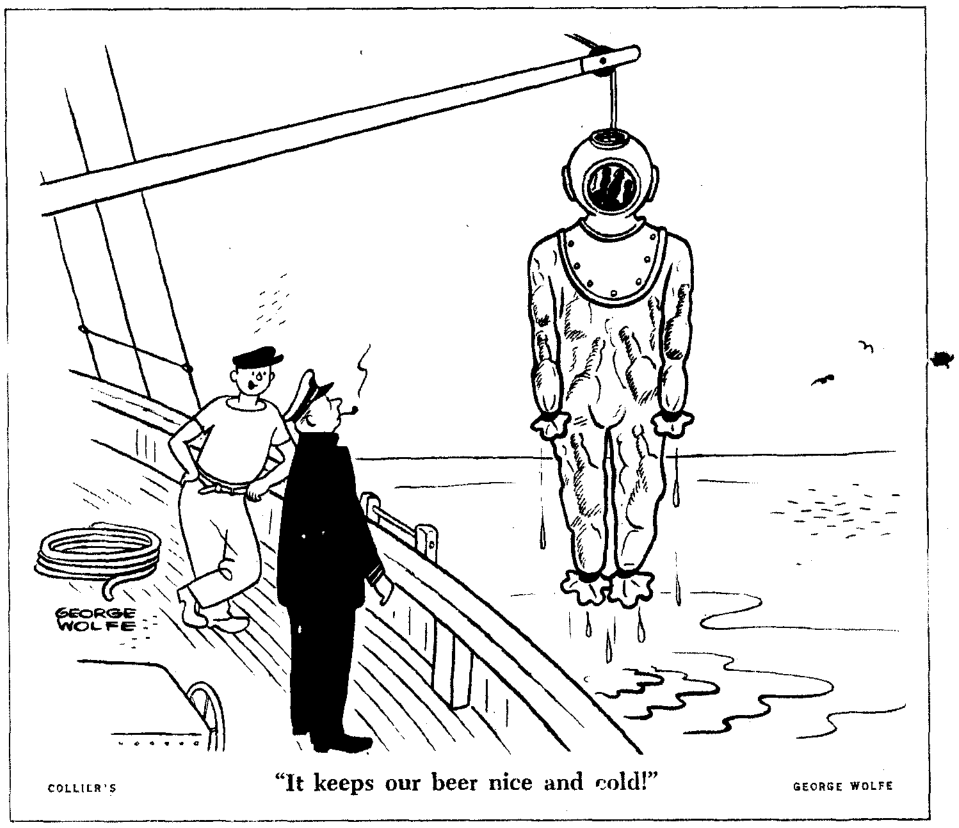
Smart lad, Curly. He had used me to keep tabs on Lawton, and now he wasn't going to tell me what it was all about. His refusal wasn't entirely unexpected, but I wasn't having any.

I knew what I was going to do. I'd had my first lesson just a few minutes ago, and I repeated Curly's technique. I maneuvered myself within range and let fly. But I didn't have Curly's luck. As the military men say, the element of surprise was lacking.

Curly picked the punch off on his forearm. His counter was neat. I plunged in and got my arms around his middle. He didn't say a word. His hands moved toward my face and I knew his thumbs were hunting for my eyes.

It was a lovely barroom brawl. Not pretty. Not picturesque. Just dirty.

I had bitten off quite a hunk of man. He was giving all he had, which was plenty. He



COLLIER'S "It keeps our beer nice and cold!" GEORGE WOLFE brought his knee up suddenly. It hurt. It made me feel sickish. I butted him in the face. He started to bleed but that didn't mean a thing.

We knocked over a chair and I wondered whether the floors were soundproof, and whether the people who lived in 17-A had gone out. If they heard a racket and reported it, that was quite all right with me; reinforcements would have been most welcome.

What lost for Curly in the end was age. I was 29. He was twelve or thirteen years older than I was. His breathing became labored, his grip less powerful. I tore loose finally and slugged him with all I had. By the time he hit the floor, I was on top of him. I hit him again, when he was down, and my conscience didn't bother me a bit. He passed out, and that was fine with me, too. I repeated his performance. I bound him with drapery cords and decorated his face with a handkerchief gag. I went into his coat pocket and took out the documents he had borrowed from Brother Lawton.

I flopped into a chair. My breathing sounded like a switch engine. I opened the document with the blue backing.

It was very interesting, but it didn't make much sense. Then I opened the one that was in the envelope.

That was much more interesting and made plenty of sense. It made so much sense that for quite a few seconds I couldn't understand it.

I looked around the room. This was a hell of a setup. Two husky gents with handkerchiefs in their mouths and silken drapery cords holding them helpless. It was a situation that was bigger than I was. I wanted help, and I knew where to ask for it.

I picked up the telephone. I got the dial tone and felt relieved. I had been afraid that the thing had been disconnected. I called the F.B.I. and got Dan Crowley without too much trouble. I told him where I was and who I was with. I said he'd look awful good to me if he could pay me a quick visit. He said he'd be glad to. He didn't sound excited. Just polite. Always polite.

I said, "Look, this sounds brutal, but there's a lot of talking to be done. Do you think you could get hold of Sonia Carrington and bring her with you? It'd help. Wally was killed in this apartment. I've got two men here who know a lot about it. Sonia can fill up the vacant spaces."

He promised to get her and be right over. I settled down to a period of waiting and thinking. As a matter of fact, there was a lot to think about.

Both Lawton and Curly Ellis were beginning to come back from wherever they had been. Their eyes opened. They did a little twisting and turning, but it didn't help. They looked thoroughly unhappy. They regarded each other with obvious dislike. Then they looked at me, and I got the idea that they disliked me even more.

I heard the front door open. It was a sweet, reassuring sound. The speed of it amazed me. This was fast, even for F.B.I.

TWO people walked into the room. One of them wasn't Dan Crowley. The other wasn't Sonia Carrington.

The first person in was the short, powerful gent who had slapped me around in my own apartment not too long ago.

Behind him was the tall, elegant figure of Señor Pedro Hernandez.

Hernandez was smiling. He was also holding a gun.

He looked at Lawton and then at Curly Ellis. His smile became almost beatific.

"Is fine," he said to me in a calmly conversational tone. "Is wonderful. Now everything will be settled at one time." He looked at me the way a hungry cat looks at a luscious mouse, and I didn't enjoy it.

I wasn't too elated over the presence of the other man, either. He was the one who had slapped me silly the other night when I couldn't fight back and he looked as though he'd enjoy going to work on me again.

My one consoling thought was that Dan Crowley was on the way. But I was afraid that he'd be a long time arriving. Much too long. He had to get hold of Sonia first. The best I could hope to do was to stall for time. So I started throwing questions at Hernandez. I said, "You're a smart boy, Pedro. How did you know I was here?"

That appeared to amuse him. He said, "Where you go all the time since the other night, we find out."

"You've had me watched, eh?"

"But certainly."

"You must have a key to this place."

"I have always a key. Ever since Miss Mary Bishop and I were friends."

I WAS sparring for time. I didn't care how pointless my questions were so long as Pedro bothered to answer them. I said, "How long since you heard from Mary Bishop?"

"Is a long time. Not since Señor Carrington was killed."

"And you don't know where she is?"

"No. Why should I?"

"No reason. Except that I thought she was pretty much in love with you."

But even that didn't seem to catch his interest, so I went off on another tack. Anything to keep the lads amused.

I nodded toward the prostrate figure of Curly Ellis. I said, "Have you met my friend?"

ANSWERS TO ABBREVIATIONS QUIZ ON PAGE 55

1. Confederate States of America. 2. Memorandum. 3. Equivalent. 4. Post meridian. 5. Co-operative. 6. Bachelor. 7. Federal Radio Commission. 8. Atomic weight. 9. Chapters. 10. Bachelor of Science. 11. Average. 12. Maine. 13. Science. 14. Delegate. 15. Daughters of the American Revolution. 16. Incorporated. 17. Consolidated. 18. Net weight. 19. Patented. 20. Document. 21. Canal Zone (Panama). 22. British Broadcasting Corporation. 23. Charge. 24. Baptized. 25. Sodium bicarbonate.

(All abbreviations have been checked with Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.)

Hernandez stared at the lean face beneath the bald head. He said, "I never see him before. He is a policeman, no?"

"No."

"Then what does he do here?"

"He just came along for the ride."

"You are very funny, Señor Drake. But you notice I do not laugh."

I said, "This other gentleman: Howard Lawton. Surely you know him?"

Hernandez stared at Lawton. The latter squirmed. I said, "Your pal shoved me around a bit the other night. You were interested in a box of cigars. Lawton has them."

"So-o-o . . . ?"

"Of course. He knew you were using Miss Randall to bring them in. He knew she'd give them to you the day after she arrived. So he hired an ex-convict named Claude Williams to hijack them, for him."

This one did interest Hernandez. He said to Lawton, "You have the cigars?"

Lawton's head moved violently from side to side.

I said, "He's lying, Hernandez."

"Of course he is lying." He bent over and ripped the gag out of Lawton's mouth. He wasn't very gentle about it. He said, "You have what was in those cigars?"

Lawton said, "I haven't got them, Pedro. Honestly, I haven't. I don't know where the emeralds are, but I didn't get them."

Scared as I was, something clicked. I began to see daylight. Lawton hadn't been in Hernandez' confidence. Not all the way. Hernandez apparently had told Lawton that he wanted to smuggle some emeralds into the country, and that they were cleverly concealed in cigars. So when Lawton hired Claude Williams, it had been with the idea of hijacking something that he could convert into cash.

I had to pretend that I believed what I was hearing. I didn't dare hint that I knew there had been no gems wrapped up in the El Corsario Invincibles.

The thing checked, however. I had wondered how a man as important as Hernandez could have dared to trust a comparative stranger. This gave me a different slant. He had told Lawton a lie. He had enlisted Lawton's aid as a remote accomplice in a smuggling job, and Lawton had double-crossed him.

Hernandez still had cigars on the brain. That was one thing in my favor. He couldn't decide whether or not Lawton had them. He was wasting a lot of time trying to find out.

The stolid gent who had battered me around thought so, too. He said, "I don't believe you're going to get very far this way, Hernandez. I think we'd better be pulling out of here."

"Okay. And we will fix things so that they will not do much talking after we have gone."

Lawton started to protest. He didn't get very far because they gagged him again, not too kindly. Hernandez said, "My gun has a silencer."

I felt sickish. There wasn't much I could do about it. I'd probably make a play of some sort, but it wouldn't get me anywhere. Hernandez wasn't kidding.

A lot of melancholy thoughts were buzzing around in my brain when I heard a key grate in the front door. The door opened and closed again.

A woman's voice called, "Jimmy!" Then I got scared good and plenty. The voice belonged to Iris.

Iris and Crowley. Whether Sonia was with them, I had no way of knowing. But this I did know: that they would be walking straight into two desperate men, at least one of whom had a gun.

Hernandez said something in Spanish. They both moved toward the foyer.

It wasn't much of a break. Just a momentary distraction. An instant when their attention wasn't focused on me.

I acted instinctively. I had no feeling of being brave. I did it because anything seemed better than to let Iris step into this mess.

I dived at Hernandez' legs. Except for the brief diversion at the door, I wouldn't have had a chance. As it was, he whirled and fired. His gun didn't make any more noise than an air rifle. I got him just below the knees and we both went down. I reached out for the hand that had the gun. We threshed around on the floor.

I HEARD other noises. I heard a woman scream. Then there was a shot. It sounded like a sixteen-inch gun. It shook the walls of the room. Somebody landed on top of Hernandez. Somebody who was big and strong and had pink cheeks. It was Crowley. I didn't have time nor breath enough to say, "Much obliged."

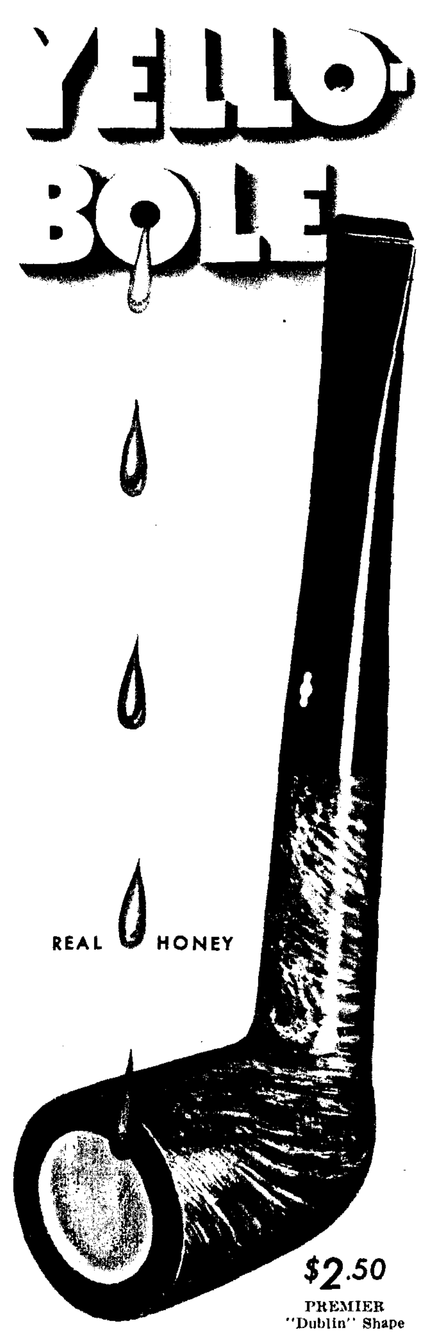
I scrambled up to my feet. Hernandez was sitting on the floor looking foolish, with handcuffs on.

Crowley was standing over him. Hernandez' stocky pal was sprawled out, and I didn't have to look twice to know that he was dead. It seemed that Crowley in action wasn't as gentle as he was socially.

The living room was a grotesque sight. Lawton and Curly Ellis bound and gagged. The chunky lad dead. Hernandez sitting on the floor. Crowley placidly tucking his gun back into his shoulder holster. Iris and Sonia clinging to each other and looking terrified. Me, considerably the worse for wear. I sat down suddenly, because I realized that my knees wouldn't support me much longer. Now that things had finished happening, I was all in.

Iris came across the room and sat down on the arm of my chair. She said a few affectionate things which sounded wonderful. Crowley saw and heard. I hoped it didn't hit him too hard.

I told Iris I wasn't hurt. What I meant was that I hadn't been seriously injured. I had a new flock of bruises and my nerves had been



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shot to hell. I said to Crowley, "Nice work, Dan."

He smiled. He was still as calm as a glass of water. He said, "You're the one that did the job, Jimmy. It's been quite a party."

Then Dan wanted to know what had happened. I started at the beginning and told him what I remembered. I even told him my theory about the Lawton-Hernandez tie-up. I was apologetic for even having a theory, and was pleased as punch when he agreed that I was probably right.

He introduced himself to Hernandez. Pedro didn't seem pleased with the idea of having fallen into the hands of the F.B.I.

Crowley remarked that he'd better call Max Gold. There were arrests to be made on charges that weren't Federal. They would want Howard Lawton, for instance, as an accessory to the murder of Al Brenner.

I said, "And while you're about it, Dan—you might as well do a thorough job."

He looked at me, waiting for me to go on.

I said, "I know who murdered Margie Brett and Wally Carrington."

Even Dan Crowley was surprised. He said, "Who was it?"

I said, "They were both killed by Mary Bishop."

I let that sink in. Crowley said, "Now if we could get hold of her . . ."

I said, "That's easy enough, Dan. She's right here. Mary Bishop and Sonia Carrington are the same person."

I DIDN'T like what was happening in that room. I didn't like the way Curly Ellis and Howard Lawton were looking at me or the fear in Iris' eyes or the body on the floor or the tragic figure that was Sonia Carrington.

Sonia hadn't moved. She looked as though she had just stepped out of a smart shop. Her black dress was touched with white at the throat and cuffs, the broad belt which circled the slim waist was of suède. She was wearing white doeskin gloves and carried a black suède bag with an expensive clasp.

There was a sudden commotion in the hall. The front door opened. A lot of men barged in. Max Gold was in front, and right behind him was the faithful Ernie. There were others, too. Cops. That was okay with me. They were all welcome.

Max gave the place a quick professional scrutiny. He said to Dan Crowley, "Looks like I missed quite a party."

Dan smiled and nodded. He said, "How did you get here so quickly?"

"Cinch. Somebody telephoned in that Mary Bishop had come back. They routed the report to me, as per orders. About that time we got another call. Noises from this apartment. Sounded like shooting." He looked down at the body on the floor. "They sure called that one right."

Crowley said, "They called both of them right, Max. Mary Bishop did come back. There she is."

He pointed to Sonia Carrington. Gold blinked. He said, "You wouldn't kid a guy, would you, Dan?"

"No. Anyhow, Drake says that's how it is, and my money says he probably knows. He was just going to explain."

Max looked me up and down. He said, "Feller, you sure do get around. What's this about Mary Bishop and Mrs. Carrington?"

Crowley motioned to me to wait a minute. He walked over to a window with Max and started talking. I couldn't hear, but I had an idea he was filling in the vacant spaces: telling Gold some of the things that hadn't been mentioned before. The lieutenant's head kept bobbing up and down. Finally he said, "Thanks," and stepped into the foyer. He came back with a blanket which he pitched over the body on the floor. Then he swung on me. He said, "Tell it to the police, Jimmy. They're interested."

Ernie Robinson brought chairs for Iris and Sonia, and stationed himself near the telephone table. Gold took the gags out of the mouths of Lawton and Curly Ellis. He pulled them into sitting postures. Hernandez got up by himself and took a chair. It looked like a convention. All it lacked was a brass band and a few banners.

I said, "Suppose I'm wrong? I don't think I am, but I'm not a detective."

"We can check easy enough." That was Max Gold speaking. "We got a million fingerprints from this apartment the day Wally Carrington was killed. We can check those against Mrs. Carrington's. If they don't fit, we can start over, but I think they'll match." He called a name. A tired-looking doorman ambled in. Tired, but not bored. Gold pointed to Sonia: "You ever see this lady before?"

"Y-y-yes, sir."

"Who is she?"

"Mary Bishop."

"You sure?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Fine. Now scram. And keep your yap closed."

I HAD been watching Sonia during the brief interview with the doorman. She hadn't moved. Her slender body was rigid, her mouth tight. Only her eyes betrayed her.

Max Gold was riding high. He was a competent, vibrant cop in the middle of something good. I said, "Ellis and Lawton could give you a double-check on this story if they would."

"Why should I waste time? How about Hernandez? Is he in on it, too?"

"I don't believe so. I think he's as much surprised as we are. Unless I'm all wet, this is the first time he's ever known that Mary Bishop wasn't simply just Mary Bishop."

Max said, "You got a lot of talking to do, Drake. You might as well get going. How'd you grab all this dope?"

"Luck," I said. "Bull luck."

Dan Crowley said, "Don't believe him, Max. He strung along with Curly Ellis, who was trying to get something away from Lawton. If that's what gave him the answer, it wasn't luck. It was playing the breaks."

Max said, "Give, brother, give. I'm sick of waiting on this."

I fished into my pocket and brought out the two documents which had come to me from Lawton via Curly Ellis. I opened the one with the blue back.

"This is a deed from Sonia Carrington to Howard Lawton," I said. "It conveys to him, for one dollar and other valuable consideration, the Carrington estate in Connecticut, which was a wedding present to her from Wally. The conveyance is dated six months ago, which isn't important. What does seem to be important is that it carries no notation to show that it has ever been recorded."

Max said, "He's right on the ball, ain't he, Crowley?" Then, to me, "What does it mean, Jimmy?"

"By itself, not very much. Coupled with other things, I'd say that Lawton had Sonia Carrington in a position where she had to jump through hoops. He didn't record this deed because he didn't want the transfer to be generally known. She could have crossed him up by selling to an innocent third person, but he obviously wasn't afraid of that. I'd say he wasn't afraid of Sonia."

I STOPPED to fire up a cigarette. I said, "I told you in the first place this was all luck. I'm not half as smart as I sound. Here's the other thing that Curly Ellis got from Lawton and that I borrowed from Curly." I took the second document out of its envelope and held it toward Max Gold. "You want to look it over?"

"You tell us, Jimmy. You're doing fine so far."

I said, "This is a confession. It's the damnedest confession I ever read. It doesn't leave much to the imagination."

"Confession?" Dan Crowley's voice was gentle. "Whose confession, Jimmy?"

"Sonia Carrington's . . . only she wasn't Carrington then. In it she confesses that she killed Arthur Robbins in Atlanta. That was the murder for which Howard Lawton was tried. If you had read this, you wouldn't have much guessing to do. All you would need to make the picture clear as crystal is a bit of logic."

Nobody said anything, so I figured I'd better go ahead.

"When Curly Ellis first came to me with his story, I passed it along to you, Dan. I don't know whether or not you told Lieutenant Gold."

"I told him."

"And I checked on the Atlanta case," grunted Max. "Only there wasn't no woman mixed up in it. Just Lawton and his partner."

I nodded. "That's right. This confession takes care of what didn't come out at the trial. Sonia was working as secretary for the firm of Robbins and Lawton. She was engaged to Lawton. The engagement hadn't been publicly announced, but that's how it was. He probably looked like a young man with a brilliant future. She didn't know that he was systematically wrecking the firm. That came out later—I got it from the newspaper clippings Ellis showed me when he came to my apartment. It was easy enough for Lawton to do it, the business being a partnership and not a corporation. But the most interesting thing—and, frankly, it's a guess and not a certainty—is that all that time Sonia's real heartthrob wasn't Lawton, but Curly Ellis."

MAX said, "What gives you that idea, Jimmy?"

"I figure that's how it had to be. We know Curly was living in Atlanta at that time. And until I began piecing things together, I never understood his interest. It wasn't simply that he hated Lawton: That wasn't enough inducement for him to stick his neck out. Usually, a man takes unnecessary chances only when there's a woman involved.

"I figured he must be trying to protect someone. It certainly wasn't himself. Any way you looked at it, the thing added up to Sonia. Curly knew everything Sonia knew, so she must have told him. The only logical conclusion was that they were pretty close. And had been for a long time.

"The clincher came this morning. We followed Lawton to this building. We wanted to surprise him. Curly said he could get a key. That puzzled me until after I had read these papers. Then it struck me that Curly had been gone just about long enough to ride to Sonia's apartment and back again. I believe it was her key that he used." I looked at Curly and said, "Wasn't it?"

He said, "I ain't talking, smart guy."

Sonia leaned forward. Her voice was flat and tired. She said, "You've got that part of it right, Jimmy. I was in love with Curly then, and I'm in love with him now."

"You were having an affair with him in Atlanta?"

"Why not? The point I'm making is that Curly isn't mixed up in this. He was trying to help. No matter what happens to me, I don't want him to be hurt."

She stopped talking. There was a lot of silence. Then Max said, "Keep pitching, sonny. What's next?"

I said, "All I've got is a theory."

"You've come up with a lot of good theories so far. Suppose you spill this one."

"My guess is that Sonia got plenty scared after she killed Robbins. She must have been panicky when she went to Lawton. She undoubtedly told him a lot. Whether he knew about Curly Ellis—or whether he figured it out—I wouldn't be knowing. Anyway, I believe that Robbins had found out what was going on between Sonia and Curly and threatened to tell Lawton. Of course, the confession reads another way. Sonia says that Robbins threatened her with physical violence."

"Cover up," stated Max. "They always slip in a little lie to make it look better."

"Anyway, she killed Robbins with Lawton's gun. She says she only meant to frighten him. The gun went off."

"It's funny," said Max softly. "Them guns that go off accidentally is always aimed straight."

"After shooting Mr. Robbins, Sonia walked out. Obviously no one saw her. She was not suspected—then or later. She got in touch with Lawton.

"Lawton had a nice choice. As was obvious from those clippings, he had been stealing from his partner; he stood to benefit at least to the tune of the hundred thousand dollars which the firm carried on Robbins' life and in which Lawton was named as beneficiary. He had an alibi, but he couldn't be sure that a jury wouldn't see it differently. So he made a deal with Sonia. He'd stand trial. If he was acquitted, everything was lovely. But he refused to take any chances. In the event of a conviction, he wanted to have something to show the court. That something was Sonia's confession. He made her put it all down. If she had refused, he could have told the police what he knew and Sonia would have been in hot water. She had to play it his way."

Gold looked at Lawton. He said, "It's smarties like you that always wind up behind the eight ball."

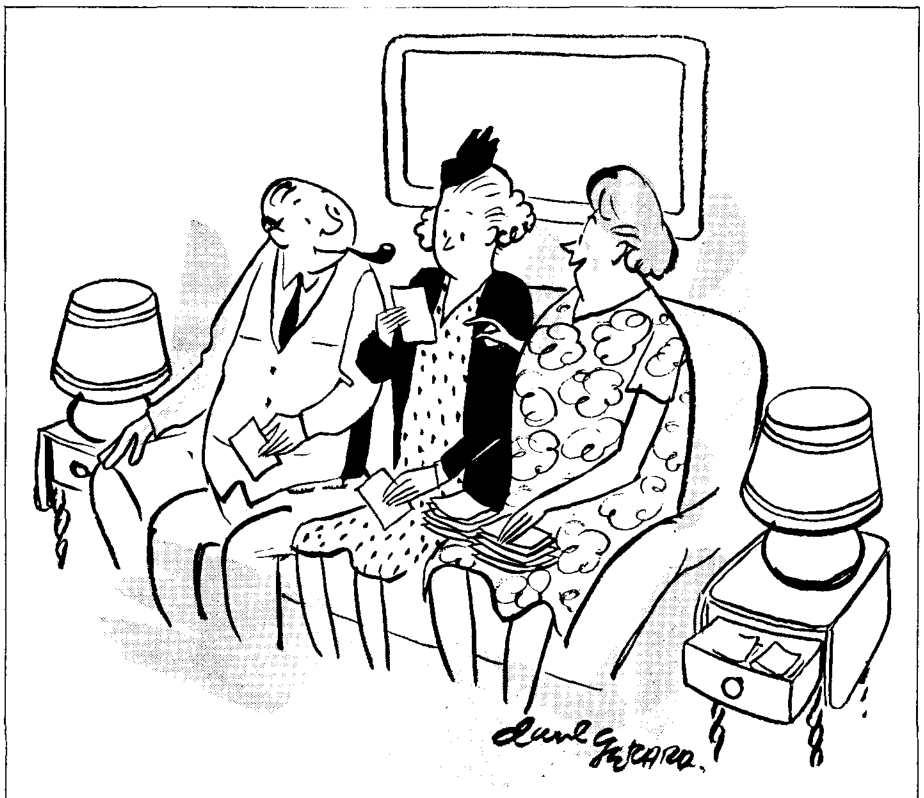
Lawton didn't say anything.

"I imagine," I said, "that after Lawton had been acquitted, Sonia expected him to return the confession. But he didn't. That must have worried her."

Gold's black eyes were snapping. "Imagine a mugg like Lawton having a good-looking dame on a spot like that."

He shoved a cigar in his mouth and started chewing on it. He said, "How and when did Sonia become Mary Bishop?"

"I don't know. But somewhere, somehow, Lawton met Hernandez. Hernandez was apparently nothing more or less than a wealthy

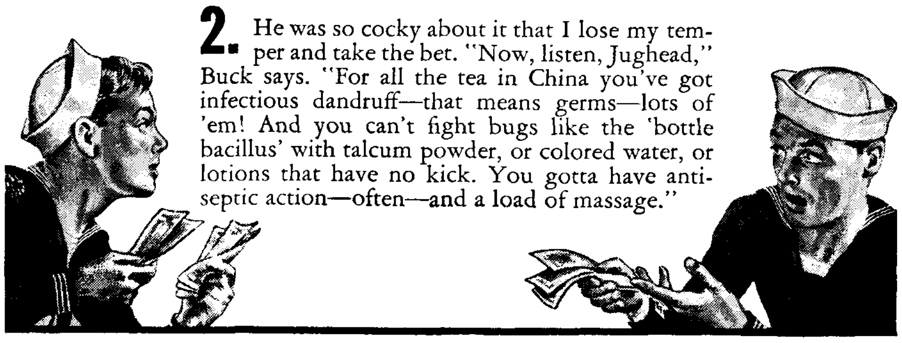


"When we get film we try to make each picture count. That's one of our back yard, our four children and their families, a neighbor boy home on furlough, my sister and her husband, and a corner of our bed of gladioli"

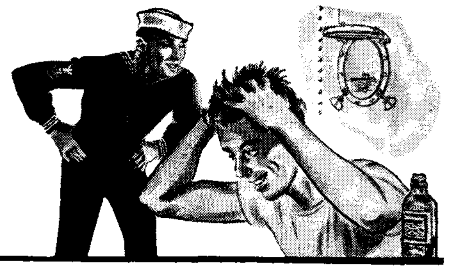
COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

OH, YEAH! A MONTH'S PAY SAYS IT WILL!

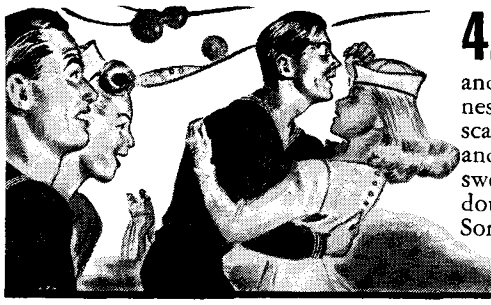
1. A bet was the up-shot of an argument me and Buck were having about what to do with them flakes and scales on my jumper. "Listen, wise guy," Buck says waving the coconuts in my face. "You've tried everything else and look at you! Are you crummy! I'm laying my month's pay that if you'll take my advice you will get real help—and pronto!"



2. He was so cocky about it that I lose my temper and take the bet. "Now, listen, Jughead," Buck says. "For all the tea in China you've got infectious dandruff—that means germs—lots of 'em! And you can't fight bugs like the 'bottle bacillus' with talcum powder, or colored water, or lotions that have no kick. You gotta have antiseptic action—often—and a load of massage."



3. "You're starting now," he says, after we got our Listerine Antiseptic from ship's stores, "and you're keeping it up every day, and no fooling!" Believe you me, he saw that I carried it out! And was it swell! Right away I begin to see signs of improvement.



4. Believe me, I was glad to lose that bet—because what Listerine Antiseptic and massage did for me was nobody's business! It really got after those flakes and scales, eased up that itching. The old scalp and hair felt like a million, and looked swell. Buck, being a good guy, took the dough and we made liberty together. Some fun!

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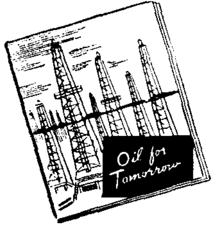

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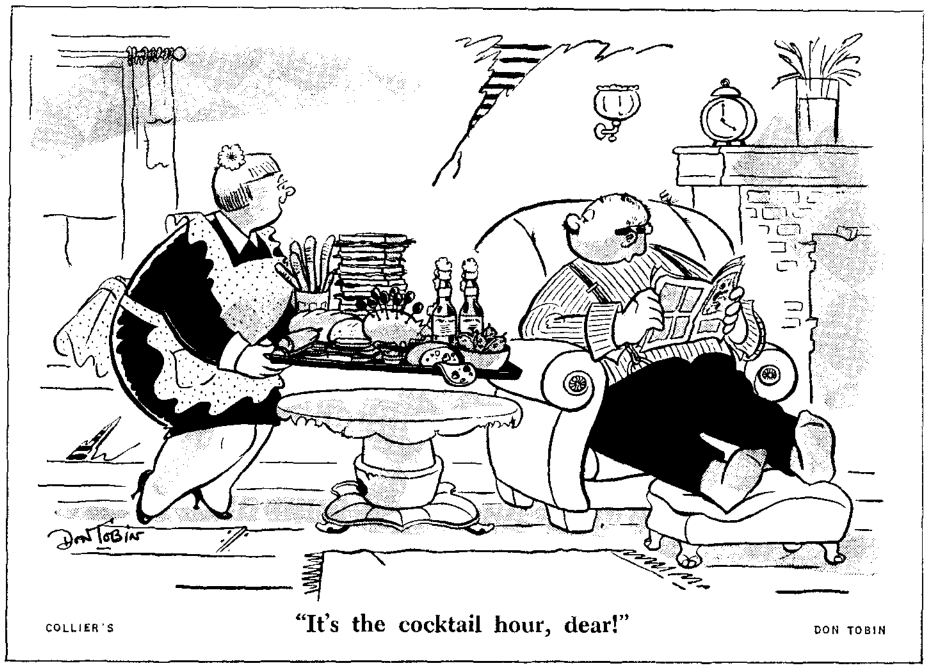

COLLIER'S "It's the cocktail hour, dear!" DON TOBIN

playboy from Bolivia. I think that's as much as Lawton ever knew."

"What makes you think that?"

"Because Lawton never knew what the cigars really stood for. He believed that Hernandez was trying to smuggle in a flock of emeralds."

"You guessing again?"

"No. A little while ago Lawton and Hernandez talked about emeralds. That checks in with my belief that Hernandez would have told Lawton something simple rather than the truth.

"What he didn't reckon with was the fact that Lawton was the kind of person who would rather have the whole thing than a reasonable split.

"Lawton had met Claude Williams and knew that Claude was an ex-convict. He knew that whatever was done had to be done the first night Iris was in town, because the chances were that she'd deliver the cigars to Hernandez the next day. Everybody in the office knew I had a date with Iris that night because I was advertising it. They were all kidding me. I loved it. On that basis, Lawton could reasonably have supposed that if he sent Claude to Iris' apartment at the time he did, there wouldn't be anybody home. He didn't know that Iris and I had planned to get home early and spend a long cozy evening. As it was, we only got there a few minutes before Williams would have been gone."

"Not gaudy," commented Max, "but neat. What I don't get is your angle on Sonia killing Margie Brett. Admitting she did, how'd you figure it?"

I said, "It couldn't be any other way."

"Oh yeah? So I still don't get it."

"It looked like Lawton," I said frankly. "Except that he didn't know Williams had the wrong cigars, and also that even after reading this confession, I couldn't see why he'd take such a chance. From the beginning he didn't shape up as the kind of a lad who would kill a girl and then run down to the garage and slug George Lee just to make it look like an outsider did it."

"Who slugged him, then?"

"An outsider."

"You wouldn't happen to know his name, would you?"

"No. But I think it was somebody who worked for Hernandez."

Gold looked at Dan Crowley. He said, "Cute, ain't it? The more you hear, the less you know."

I said, "Let's go back a little. We know the tie-up between Sonia and Lawton. We understand the hold he had on her. I never believed it was just coincidence that sent Lawton to our studio looking for a job. He got that job through Sonia. She knew he had been tried for murder and she never said a word. She deeded him her place in Connecticut. Is it too much to presume that when Lawton decided to work on Hernandez, he turned the job over to Sonia? A man doesn't have to be smart to know that South Americans are susceptible to women. How friendly they were as a trio, I haven't the faintest idea. But they must have been pretty friendly because otherwise Lawton wouldn't have known anything about the cigars, regardless of what they contained. Mary Bishop shapes up as Lawton's inside track to Hernandez."

"We got all that clear," said Gold. "But I still don't savvy why Sonia should kill Margie Brett."

"Margie was the telephone operator at the studio. She had something on her mind the day of the barn dance. Something that was causing her plenty of worry. Is it carrying things too far to presume she overheard a telephone conversation between Sonia and Lawton?"

"Why should they telephone instead of just talking?"

I shrugged. "Sonia seldom visited the studio. And when she did, she wouldn't want to seem to be intimate with Lawton. Don't forget that she was in a hurry right then, though normally she would have called him at his apartment. Hernandez hadn't got his cigars. He still wanted them, and fast. Lawton and Sonia might have talked about that. Nobody knows for sure except Margie, and her secret died with her."

"You got an angle, Jimmy. Stretch it a little."

"If there was such a conversation, the fact that Sonia was stepping out with Hernandez under another name might have been mentioned. Whatever was said, I think Margie got wise. She wanted to talk it over with somebody. Iris was her choice."

"I'm still fumbling."

I SAID, "Ever since Hernandez' friends gave me a pasting, I've known that Margie was killed by a woman."

"What gave you that idea?"

"Those two men quizzed Iris first. They were positive that she had killed Margie. I knew she hadn't. But if they were so sure, it must have been because the murder was witnessed by someone Hernandez sent for the cigars. That someone saw *a woman* kill Margie."

Gold said softly, "Well, I'll be damned. I begin to get it. Margie Brett is worried. She's got hold of a lot of dope and doesn't know what to do with it. Sonia hears Margie talking with Miss Randall—she told me that herself. She knows, or suspects, that her telephone conversation has been overheard. She knows they're gonna meet in your office. She sees Margie leave the gallery for your office and she also sees that Miss Randall won't get free for a little while on account she's caught in the middle of a bunch of customers. So she has enough time."

Gold was standing up, rocking back and forth on his heels, hands clasped behind his back. "Sonia follows Margie into your office. She's got to work fast. She either already knows Margie's gotten wise, or she finds out, then. That ain't so good. It wouldn't sit well with her husband. Not about her taking another name and having fun with our good-looking Bolivian friend.

"Meanwhile, the guy Hernandez has sent to look for the cigars walks into the garage and saps George Lee. He comes upstairs

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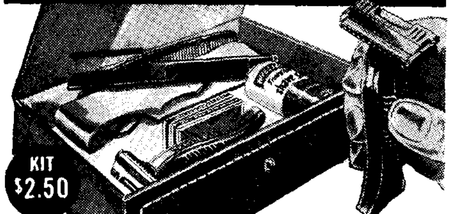

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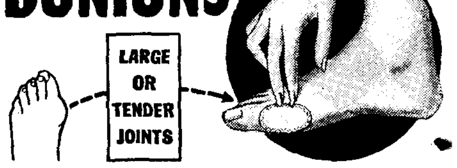
BUNIONS



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and opens the door of your office just in time to see a woman pop Margie. He ain't walking into a mess like that, so he stays where he is. He doesn't hear any excitement. So he waits a little while, and then makes his pitch. He slips in. He sees a dame standing in the middle of the room holding a gun. But he doesn't know it ain't the same dame. This time it's Miss Randall. He knocks her silly, looks for the cigars, doesn't find them, and when he goes back to his boss, he states positively that Miss Randall done the shooting." Max held up his right hand with his thumb and forefinger making a circle. "Like that!" he said. "Pretty as a pin."

He looked at me and I looked right back at him. I said, "Let's have more of it. You're doing a swell job."

Gold was pleased. He said, "That ties in Carrington, too. I understand he'd been worried for several days before he was rubbed out."

"Everybody in the studio noticed it."

"He wanted to meet Hernandez. That meant he had an idea. There were a dozen ways he could have found out where the billing and cooing was going on. He maybe hired a couple private eyes, one to keep tabs on Hernandez and the other to watch his wife. He hears that she's on her way here. He follows. She's in a hell of a jam. Everything's tumbling down. Maybe even the Atlanta murder will rise up and smack her. She's already killed two people. The third ain't too hard to do. Murders happen that way. Us boys on homicide know it, too. So she kills her husband. She walks out. That's the way it must have been, but hell! we can't convict on that. What we need is evidence."

I said, "I think I can supply that, Max."

"Brother, you give me evidence that Sonia killed her husband and I'll love you forever. There's nothing worse than a cop who knows the truth but can't make it stand up in court." He took a step closer to me. "Make it good, sonny. I'm begging you: make it good."

I said, "Just before Wally left the office the afternoon he was killed, Penny Atkins, his secretary, handed him a jade cigarette case. It belonged to Sonia. Penny had just brought it from the jeweler where it had been sent to be repaired. It's a case you can't miss. It's exquisite, and not like any other in the world.

"Wally had a thousand things on his mind. He dropped that jade cigarette case into his pocket. He said he'd give it to Sonia. But he didn't give it to her at home because he didn't go there. He came straight here.

"The night of his death, I went to Sonia's apartment with Iris. Usual condolence visit. Sonia was holding up nicely. She was grief-stricken, but still the hostess. She passed us some cigarettes. They were in the same jade case that Wally had taken with him that afternoon. He had it with him when he met Sonia at this apartment. They must have had a violent scene. My hunch is that the cigarette case fell out of his pocket. Certainly, she wasn't going to leave it to be found there. It could easily be traced to her, and she didn't want to be questioned too closely. So she did the natural thing. She picked it up and took it with her when she left.

"It didn't register with me that night. Actually, I never thought of it until I realized that Hernandez' friends were convinced that Margie Brett had been killed by a woman. Then it clicked."

I stopped talking. Max said, "If you ever get tired of looking at beautiful models, come around and see me. Maybe the department could fit you in somewhere."

He walked over to Sonia. "Tough luck, sister," he said, and his voice was gentle. "You want to say anything?"

She looked up at him with tired eyes. She said, "It wouldn't be much use, would it?"

"You're the one to figure that. All I'm here for is to ask."

Curly said, from across the room, "Don't say anything more, Sonia. Now or later."

She looked at him. I felt sorry for both of them. I felt sorry because I believed they were in love with each other and they weren't going to get anywhere with it.

THE apartment was full of technical boys from headquarters. They had work to do and were impatient to start doing it. Gold turned Ellis, Lawton and Hernandez over to a detail headed by Ernie Robinson. He shooed Crowley and Iris and myself out of the room. He grinned at me and gave me a hard poke in the chest. He said, "I got a sweet piece of news for you: Claude Williams was picked up in Rochester last night. He never had a chance to get away."

Max walked out. The kitchen was quiet and peaceful. Dan Crowley said, "I don't need to tell you that you've done a nice piece of work, Jimmy."

I didn't say anything. I just stood there hoping I didn't look quite as foolish as I felt.

Crowley went on in his gentle, whispery voice: "I've been seeing things, too."

"What sort of things?"

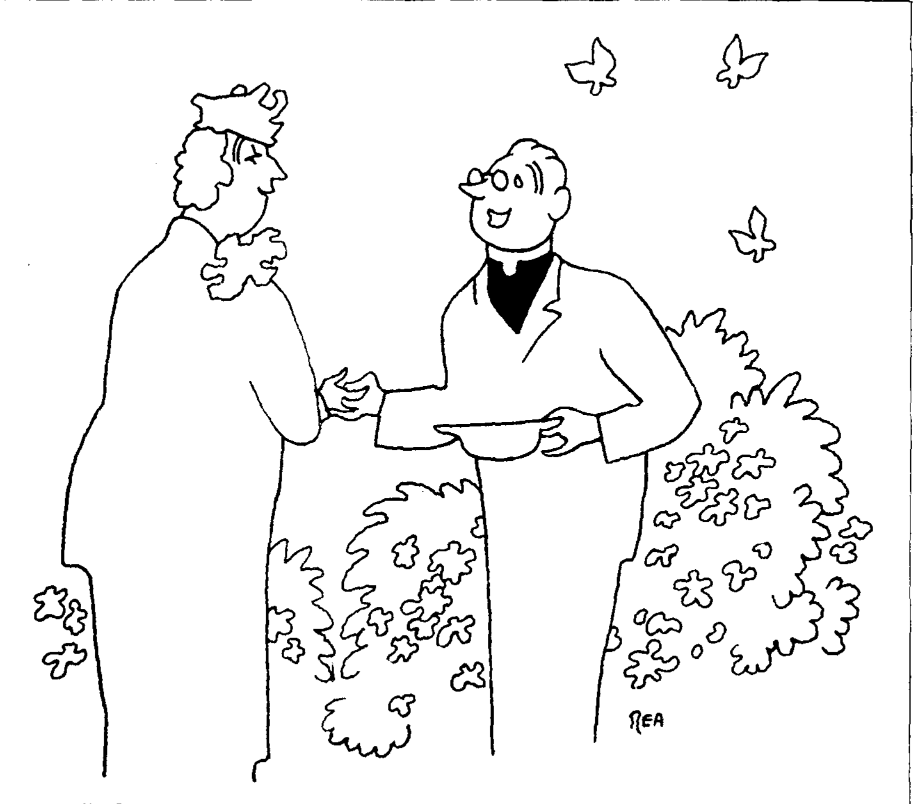
"You and Iris. I know how it is."

He held out a big hand and grabbed mine. He said, "Good luck, feller. From now on it'll be smooth sailing for the pair of you."

He left us alone. Iris started to cry. I felt like doing the same thing.

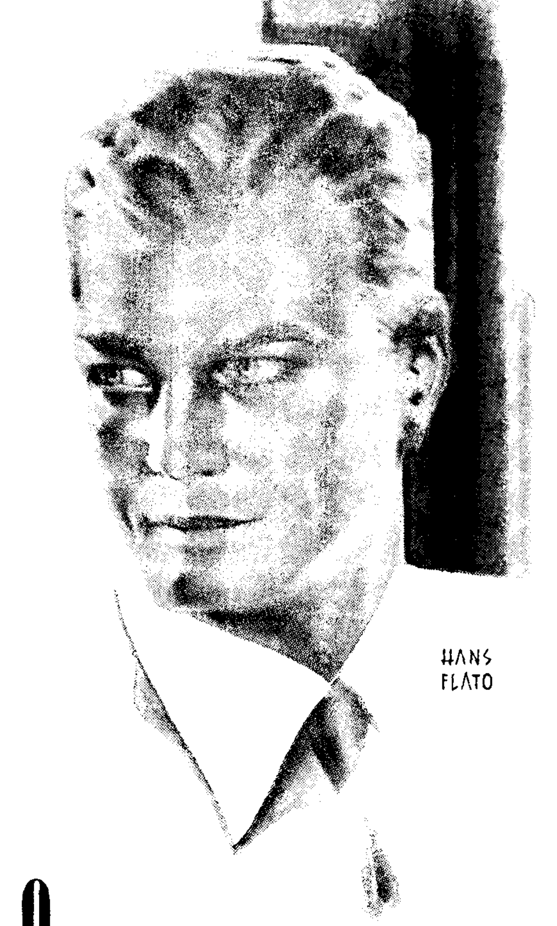
She came close and put her arms around me. She commenced talking but didn't say much. You can't talk when you're being kissed.

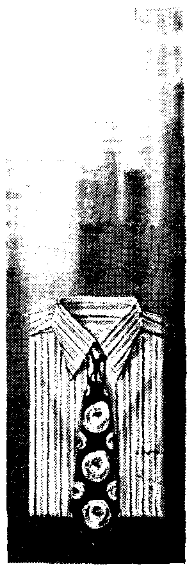
THE END



"A heavenly day, Mrs. Spencer. But there I go—talking shop again!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA





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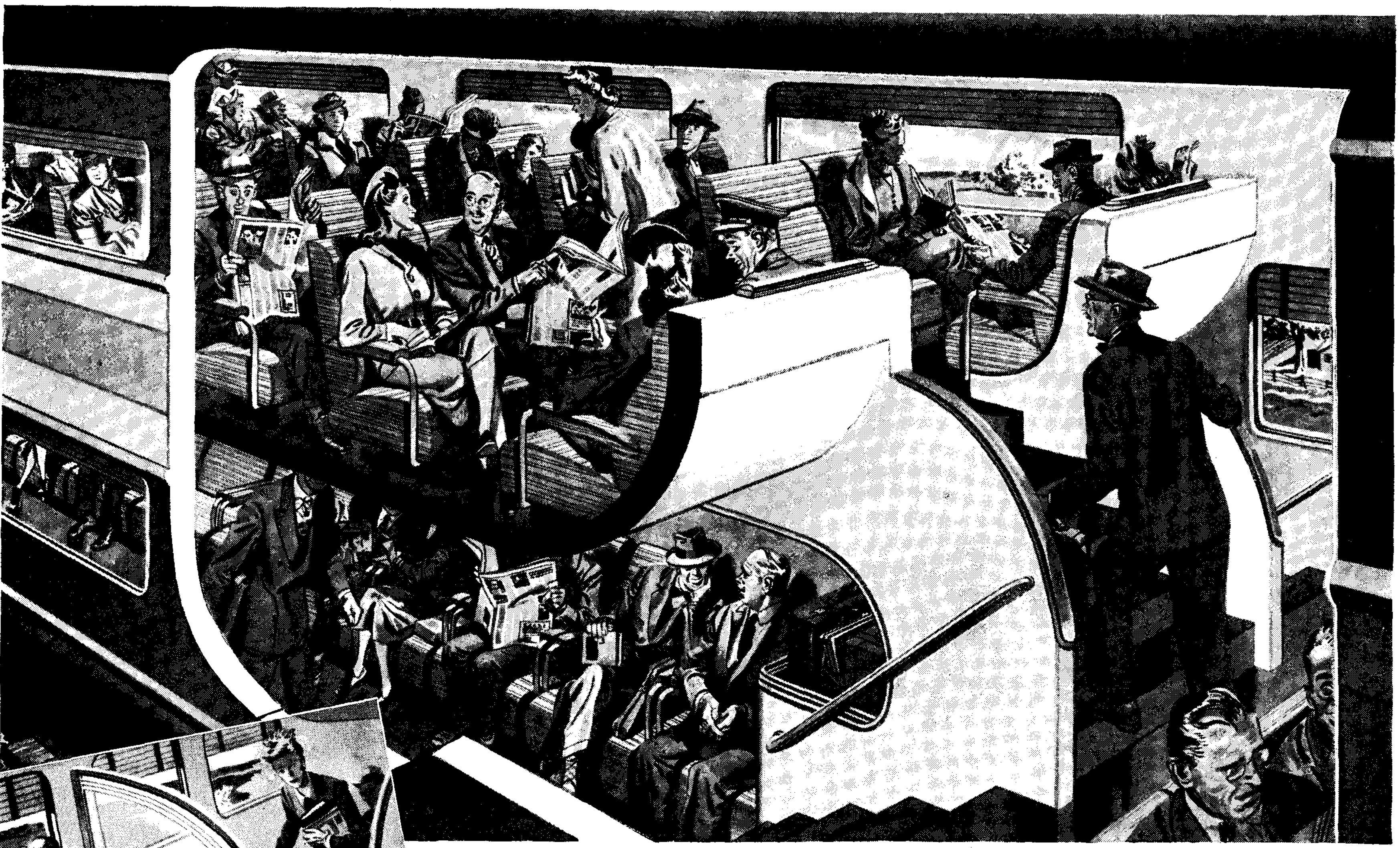

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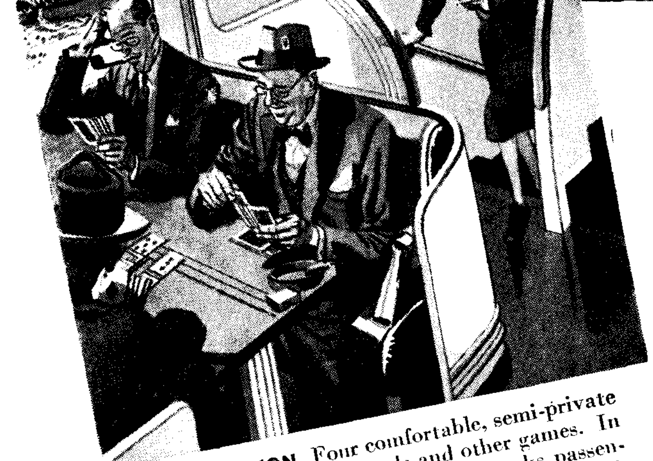

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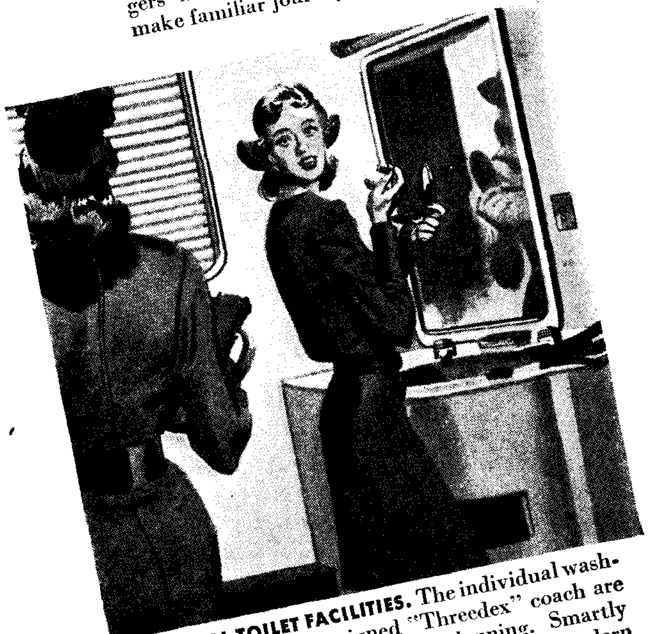

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As yet this most modern postwar car is only on paper and you can't ride on a blueprint, to be sure. But it illustrates the advanced thinking Pullman-Standard is devoting to the railroads' postwar equipment. It is planning many more new types of cars to give passengers more for their money when materials are available.

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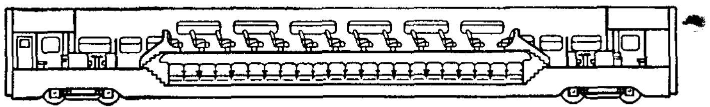

Diagram Showing Seating Arrangements

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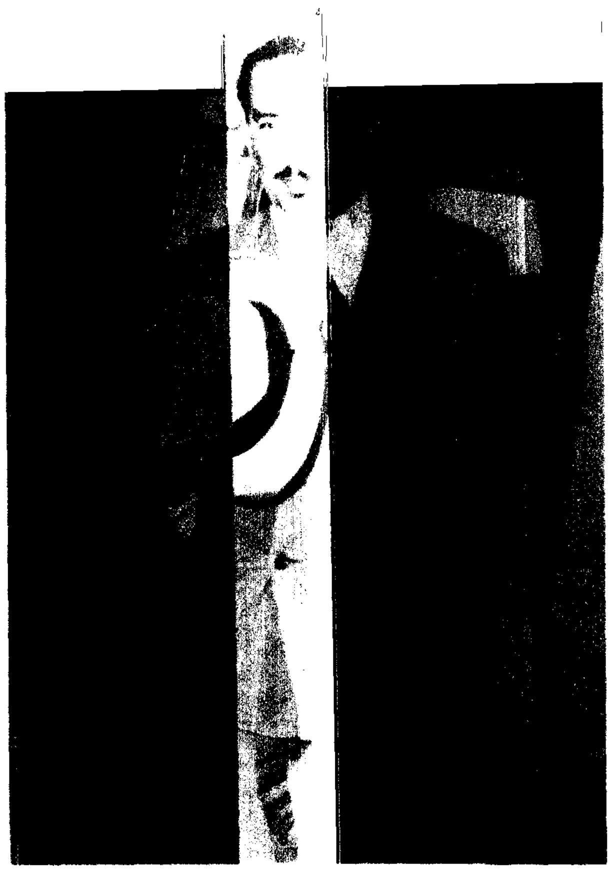
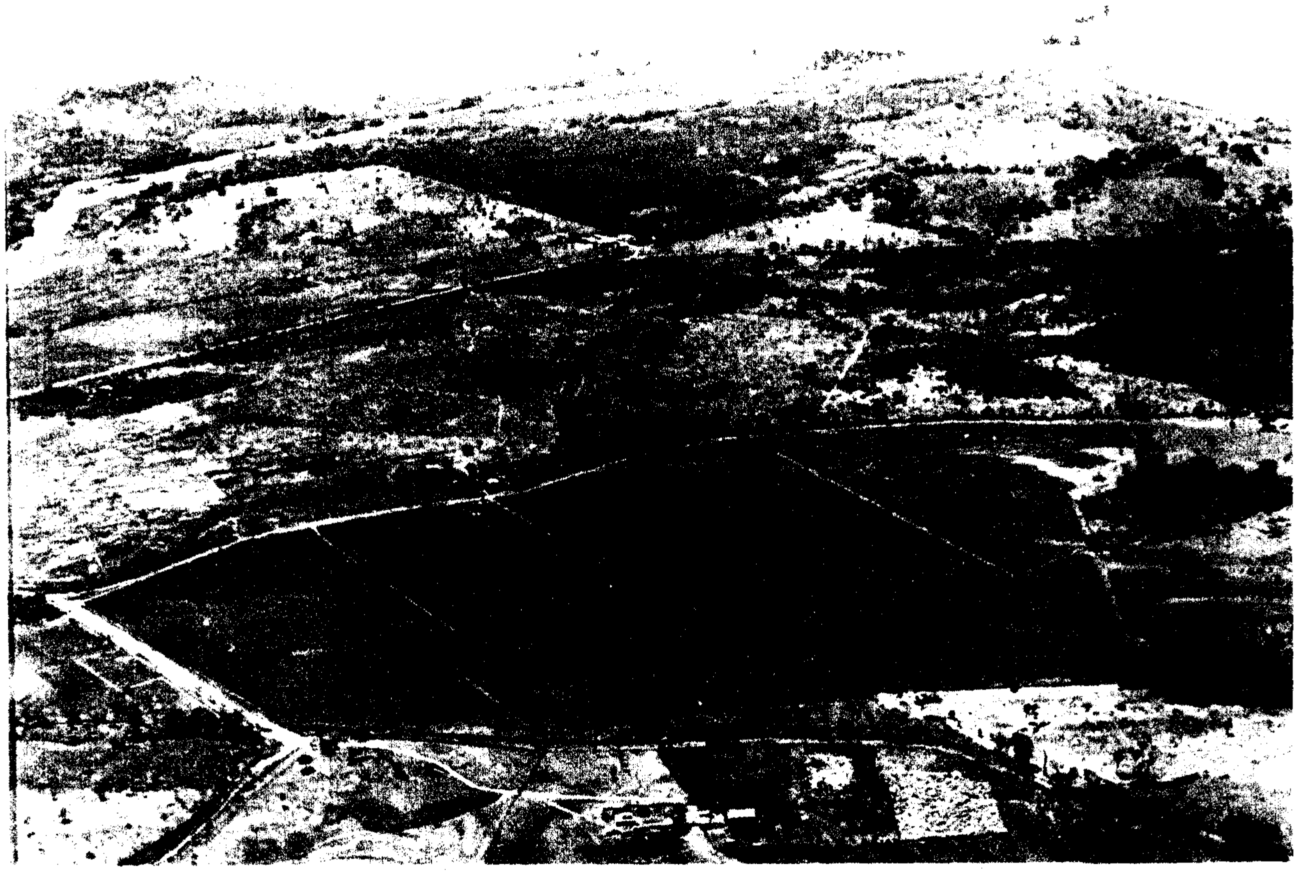


INTERNATIONAL

Teodoro Picado, young, a[illegible]e president of Costa Rica, champions liberal, pro[illegible]nited Nations policies



INTERNATIONAL

This 600-acre Japanese airfield, under the guise of a cotton plantation, was discovered near the Costa Rican port of Puntarenas. From here it is about two hours' flying time—by bomber—to the Panama Canal

COSTA RICA—FIRST IN WAR

By Edward Tomlinson

Axis agents got short shrift in Costa Rica, because the citizens of that little republic take their democratic institutions seriously

FIRST country to declare war on Japan after Pearl Harbor was not the United States. Before President Roosevelt arrived on Capitol Hill at noon December 8th to deliver his war speech, tiny Costa Rica had already announced hostilities with Hirohito. The Costa Rican congress went into session at seven o'clock in the morning and voted its declaration without waiting to see what anybody else was going to do.

The war lords of Nippon did not tremble. Costa Rica has no army or navy. It has more schoolteachers than soldiers or policemen. Its total population is only 640,000.

But Japanese secret agents in the little republic received the news with surprise. For them, Costa Rica had served as a listening post, an outlying base for operations against Panama. Because it was the closest country on the north to the Canal, Nipponese colonists had been planted there, as well as in surrounding areas, to assist, at the proper time, in destroying the strategic waterway.

For years, Japanese navy and army officers had masqueraded as shopkeepers, traveling salesmen, and especially barbers, in San José and in every other city and town up and down Central America. The Nazis, too, had been active. German travel agents had maintained elaborate offices. They had reported to Tokyo and Berlin the movements of every ship and military contingent in that part of the world.

Japanese colonists in Costa Rica had bought up or leased important farm lands, usually the flatlands near the west coast. Such farms might have been readily transformed into temporary airfields for bombing the Canal. The Costa Rican declaration of war made it possible to round up saboteurs before they had time to carry out any plot.

"What is more," says Doctor Luis Anderson, Costa Rica's distinguished diplomat, known as the Elihu Root of Central America, "we have not only signed but have helped to sponsor all of the inter-American machinery of co-operation. We have supported the policies of Cordell Hull, and all his measures. We were among the first to adhere to the Declaration of Lima, pledging ourselves to come to the aid of any other American countries if attacked by a non-American nation. Besides," he added, "we, like you, are democrats, and mortal enemies of the totalitarians."

KURT SEVERIN—BLACK STAR

León Cortes, right, an ex-president and isolationist leader, listens unobserved to a political speech. From his expression, he is not being complimented

Every other country between Mexico and Panama is ruled by a dictator, or a self-elected and often self-perpetuated president. Under some of these despots, the average citizen is about as free as a pelican in a hurricane. Costa Ricans use the word democracy without apology. For fifty years they have practiced the personal freedom and self-rule that most of their neighbors have thrown overboard.

Only a short time ago, they went to the presidential polls and settled one of the bitterest contests in their history. Nationalism, tinged with Nazism and Fascism, was among the issues. In Costa Rica, as in Argentina, Bolivia and some other Latin-American countries, Hitler's agents had recruited a number of friends. Only in Costa Rica, his adherents have not yet resorted to modern hijacking methods, of forcing acceptance of their doctrines.

Teodoro Picado, then the president of the National Congress, championed the liberal, pro-United States and pro-United Nations policies of the outgoing administration. León Cortes, a former president, led the isolationists—the extreme nationalist opposition. The two candidates and their henchmen battled in the newspapers, over the radio, in mass meetings, and among street-corner mobs. No shouting fanatic at a revival meeting had anything on the orators of either party. In a Costa Rican political campaign, it is

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considered a sign of moral decadence if you fail to denounce your opponent in all the colorful and subtle terms for which the Spanish language is famous. What is more, if the candidate can take it standing up, he may go down under an avalanche of ballots, but his opponents will give him their hearty applause.

I attended a political opposition rally in a tiny plaza on the edge of San José. A rabble-rousing orator was accusing the government of practically everything from misappropriation of funds to mayhem. Presently a whisper ran through the audience. The spectators turned and began cheering someone. The president of the republic, out for a stroll, had stopped to listen. As he lifted his hat in acknowledgment of the tribute, they shouted, *"Viva el presidente,"* and then went on listening to the speaker as he verbally tore the administration limb from limb.

In Costa Rica, it is not necessary for party leaders and ward heelers to coax, offer prizes or graft, to get people to the polls. Nor will bad weather, bad roads or bad times excuse anyone from staying away. Voting is compulsory. You either vote or pay a fine, or worse.

The first time you fail to vote, the fine is 5 *colones*, a little less than one dollar in U. S. money. That may not seem severe, but to a laborer on a coffee farm in Costa Rica, who gets less for a day's work, it is considerable. A repetition of the offense brings a fine of 50 *colones*, or near nine dollars. In addition, the offender is barred from holding any public office for two years. Failure to vote a third time? Better not try it. It's cheaper to knock off work and go to the polls.

In the recent election, Señor Cortes and his reactionaries lost by a margin of 3 to 1. They accused the winners of stuffing ballot boxes and counting votes of dead people. A week later, passion had been put back into cold storage, and some members of the opposition were extolling President-elect Picado. Most of all, they were pointing with pride to Costa Rica as "an island of democracy in a sea of dictatorship."

As one proud native expressed it to me: "While you in the United States speculate on whether the Democrats or Republicans will capture the November elections, we are happy to say that Costa Rica went both democratic and republican."

Costa Rica lives up to few of the popular notions about tropical America. Costa Ricans were never impressed by swashbuckling generals and dictators. They have not only resisted and spurned strong-armed rulers, but they have taken their democratic institutions seriously. In the matter of education, for instance: Attendance at school, like attendance at the ballot box, is free but obligatory. While Johnnie and Susie in this country find it difficult to get to their classes by 8:30 or 9 in the morning, Pedro and Maria must be at their desks by 6 and 7. The young Costa Rican does not start life with a *mañana* complex.

From the Rio Grande to Patagonia, wherever the Spaniards settled, they followed the customs of the Old World and established city civilizations. But Costa Ricans take to the rural districts by preference. Today a larger proportion of Costa Ricans own and live on their own land than in any other country of the Americas except, perhaps, in the Republic of Haiti. Normally, the mild coffee of Costa Rica, its chief export, commands the highest price in world markets. Nearly all of it is grown on tiny farms of one, two, and three acres. Democratic processes are likely to be deeper rooted where nearly every citizen owns and tills land.

In Costa Rica, the tropics are definitely frustrated. Climate is not a matter of north and south, but up and down. Natives live in the plateau country, three, four, and five thousand feet above sea level, where you huddle under a blanket every night.

Unmixed Spanish Stock

Here is the only nation in the hemisphere where Spanish Americans are in the majority. In most of the southern countries, pure Spanish stock is a rare commodity. Half the 13,000,000 inhabitants of Argentina and more than half the Uruguayans have Italian blood. Brazil is Portuguese. The George Washington of Chile was a gentleman by the name of O'Higgins. Its John Paul Jones started out as a Scottish lord named Cochrane. From Mexico to the edge of the Pampa country, the Indian race is dominant, except in Costa Rica and parts of Colombia.

But 80 per cent of all Costa Ricans are pure Spanish. The country was settled not by adventurers bent on robbery but by Gallegos—hard-working farmers from Galicia—some shopkeepers from Aragon, and a few artisans from the Bay of Biscay.

"And I'd suggest," a young Yankee lieutenant, just back from a vacation in San José, reminded me the other day, "that another fact should be taken into consideration: I don't know what it has to do with the war or with democracy and such, but our boys stationed in the Canal Zone and at the numerous military bases in Central America look upon a few days' leave as an opportunity to take a flying trip to Costa Rica.

"The Sunday-morning church parade," he went on, "is worth going a long way to see. No tropic, hybrid pulchritude here. In this weekly promenade, traditional of the old Spanish *paseo*, when all the city turns out to see and be seen, you will see slim figures, shapely ankles, and eyes that would have given old Flo Ziegfeld himself a kick."

At any rate, in spite of dictators everywhere and not a few little Hitlers around, Costa Rica goes strenuously along its democratic and republican way.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 51

for breakage during solo flights, because the ships weren't insured, but this practice became so unpopular it was dropped. With the advent of production-type airplanes, some of the operators began insuring their equipment against the many hazards. Even this wasn't the answer; insurance rates were high, and profits were limited.

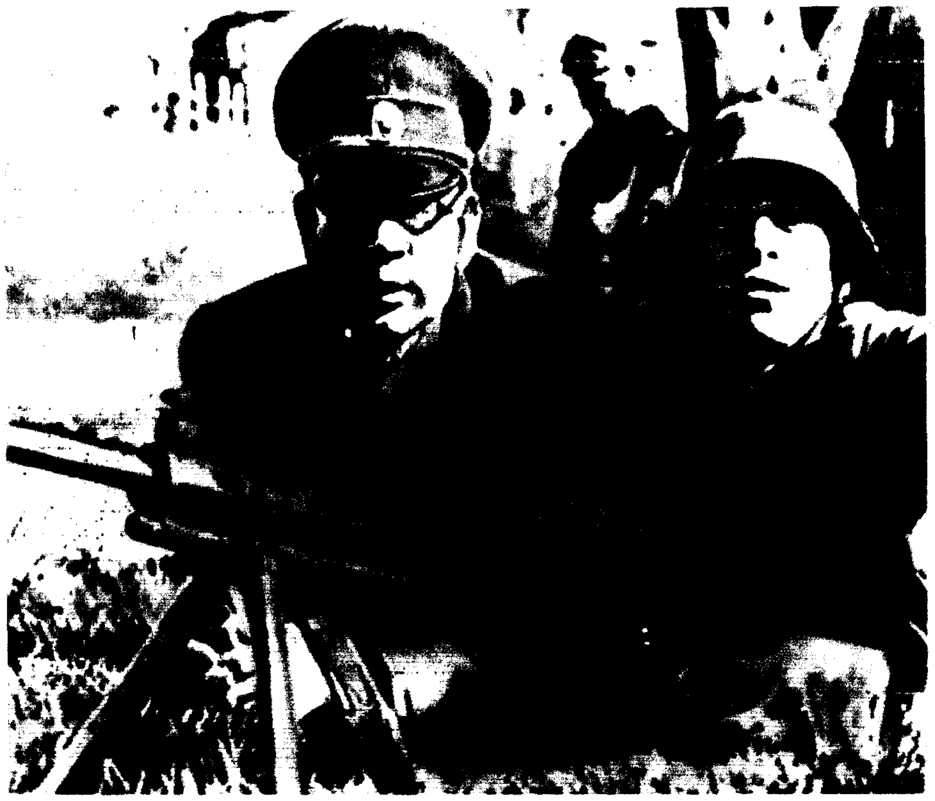
The owner, when renting out his airplanes, was faced with losing money when his airplanes were away from the home field for days at a time. There was no way of keeping account of the flying time, and some people would fly them hours on end and report upon return only a small amount of time flown.

This made it impossible for the owner to keep accurate account of engine time between overhauls, and so added to the hazards. At the same time, too many of these cross-country trips ended in forced landings and accidents. The pilots paid high rentals and they got every penny's worth from the planes. Such operations were usually conducted on a hit-or-miss basis and not as will be required of any organization which specializes in this service in the future.

At least 100 bases will be needed to establish an adequate Fly-It-Yourself system for the United States, but even 1,000 bases would afford an average of only 20 service stations per state. The number of airplanes based at each agency would depend upon the population and the demand. If the minimum number of airplanes based at each agency was 10, there would be an immediate need for at least 10,000 airplanes—a good peacetime order for any factory. This might involve an investment of $20,000,000 to $50,000,000 for airplanes alone. With a similar investment in housing, maintenance and offices, an adequate nation-wide Fly-It-Yourself system might represent a $100,000,000 organization.

One way of filling the skies with airplanes will be to offer a service which will permit the pilot to fly when he wants to, without the necessity of owning an airplane. The Fly-It-Yourself system is the best solution—and you can take the word of Grandpa and the livery-stable boss for that. . . .

R. B.



RADIOED FROM BERNE, SWITZERLAND

General Vlassov, above, left, poses beside one of his "Cossacks" in a German uniform for the benefit of the Swiss press. Vlassov, a renegade Russian quisling, is the tool the Nazis use to terrorize the French civilians. His hordes outdo even the S.S. in brutality and pillage

We Blind the Wehrmacht

Continued from page 21

where the path leading to the plateau passes through a ravine about two hundred meters long.

Warned the previous day of the approaching enemy forces, the Partisans assembled tons of rocks, stones and tree trunks on the cliffs overlooking the ravine. When the troops marched into the ravine, a shower of death poured down upon them. Only three returned to tell the grim tale of their experiences and to face the ire of their "boss of Annecy." Not a single shot was fired by the Partisans during the entire ambush

Perhaps the worst scourge for the people of Savoy is the detachment of Cossacks under the command of the Russian quisling Vlassov. They have been stationed throughout Savoy by the German High Command because they are mounted and therefore are more easily maneuverable on the destroyed roads than motorized infantry and tanks. In order to make these hired Russian troops fight better, the Germans told them a new treaty of friendship had been signed between Russia and Germany.

They are the Russians who roam the countryside at night. They are well paid, some getting as much as one hundred francs a day, plus food and board. They also are allowed to pillage all villages when carrying out their sweeps against us. Sometimes they even pillage the villages where they are quartered.

Because of the seriousness which the invasion front has been assuming since the fall of Cherbourg, the German High Command has been transferring large contingents of Wehrmacht forces to Normandy from southern and central France. These troops have been quickly replaced by the so-called Cossacks, most of whom are prisoners taken during the first German onslaughts in Russia in 1941. For years these Russians have been in German concentration camps in Kollitz and Radom in Poland. When Vlassov appeared in the picture, he visited these camps and, with promises of a "free hand" in France if they joined up with the Germans, enlisted large numbers of ruthless riffraff, many of whom had never seen a Cossack uniform.

Up to the present, there have been no confirmed reports of serious incidents between these Cossacks and the Wehrmacht, but they eye each other with open distrust and never operate together. High German officers now are doing their utmost to turn the bitter hatred which Savoy Frenchmen nourish for them into antagonism for these brutal Cossacks, who retaliate fiercely at every opportunity.

During the day and night, these mounted Cossacks roam through the entire Savoy and Jura mountain region, plundering small industrial cities. The latest sacking of which I heard occurred in the rich little town of Montbeliard. One night Vlassov's Cossacks left their barracks in Besançon and raided the small town of Saint-Claude. They arrived on the heels of a German "punitive expedition."

The Germans arrived around eight in the evening in the latest-type troop transports—huge six-wheeled trucks with double armor plate, machine guns on each side and the rear, and with a light antiaircraft gun on the roof. The Germans limited themselves to the mayor's office and demanded that all Partisans and Allied sympathizers in Saint-Claude be immediately handed over. When they failed to receive satisfaction from the mayor, who was a stanch patriot, they rounded up seventy-five men between twenty-five and forty and drove off with them.

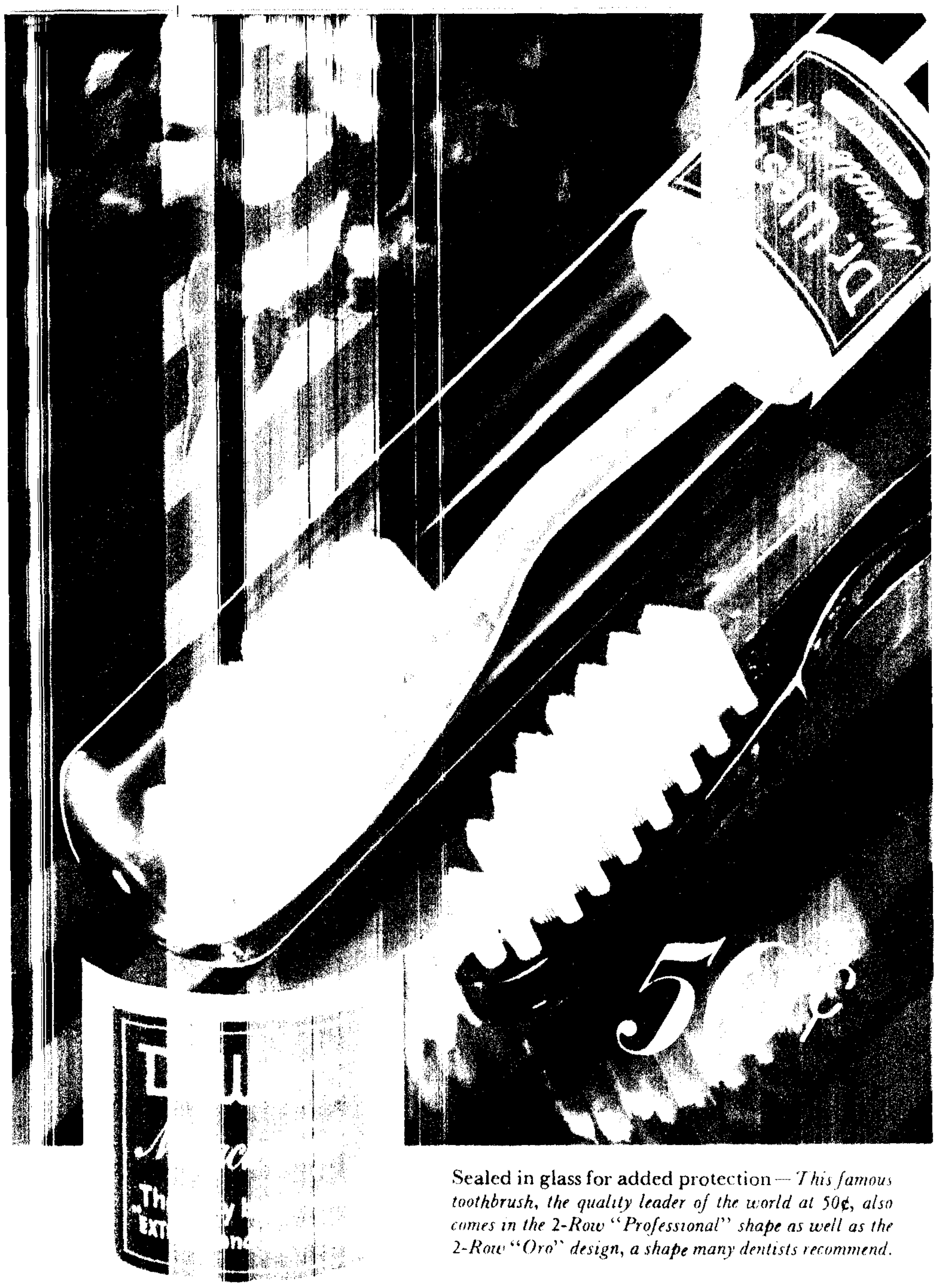
Victims of the Barbarians

The peaceful citizens, who had quietly descended into their cellars when the Germans arrived, were returning to their bedrooms when detachments of the Cossacks thundered into the village. They immediately started ransacking the entire town. Windows were smashed, doors broken in, and plundering continued for several hours. Then they made for the wine cellars and swilled down the wine which the Germans had carelessly overlooked.

Houses were burned down, women raped, and the following day some cases of violence against children were also reported to the Germans. A few men who attempted to intervene were pinned to doors with bayonets. Despite the fact that German units were camped a few miles away, not a single one appeared to lend a hand to the French.

All such cases are reported to German occupation troops, who always answer that they have no power over the Cossacks who are under Vlassov's direct command.

The Cossacks wear ordinary German uniforms, sometimes with German helmets and sometimes with their traditional shakos. They are heavily armed with revolvers, auto-



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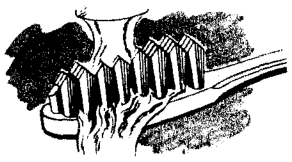

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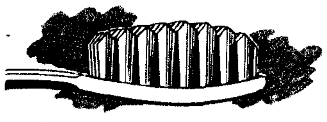

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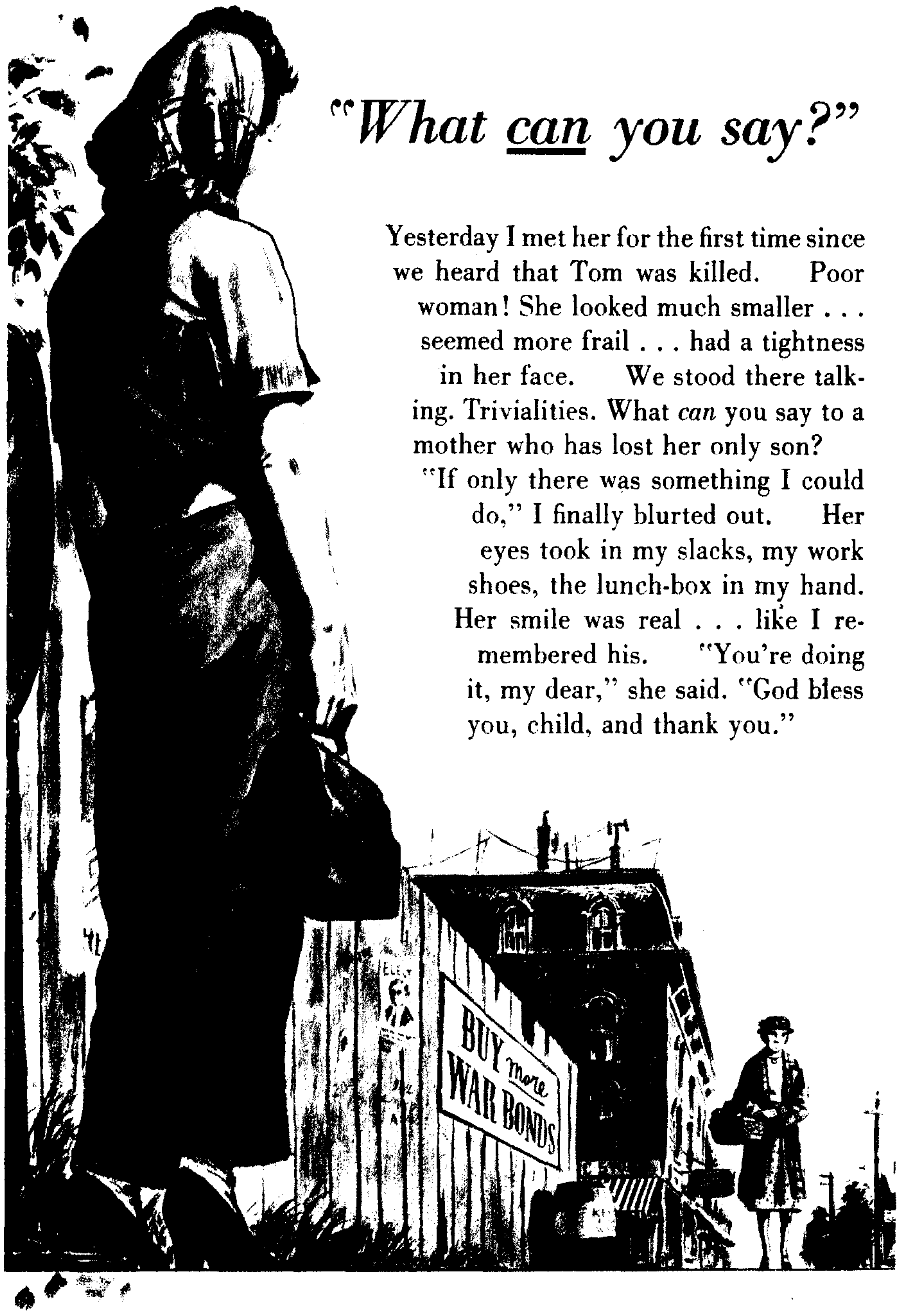

"What *can* you say?"

Yesterday I met her for the first time since we heard that Tom was killed. Poor woman! She looked much smaller . . . seemed more frail . . . had a tightness in her face. We stood there talking. Trivialities. What *can* you say to a mother who has lost her only son?

"If only there was something I could do," I finally blurted out. Her eyes took in my slacks, my work shoes, the lunch-box in my hand. Her smile was real . . . like I remembered his. "You're doing it, my dear," she said. "God bless you, child, and thank you."

THE more you do to help speed our victory the more lives you'll help save. Women are needed in war plants . . . necessary civilian work . . . the armed forces. Most communities are desperately short of workers. Skilled . . . or untrained . . . you're needed . . . *urgently needed.*

There are hundreds of different jobs to be filled . . . hundreds of jobs in which you will find the satisfaction of speeding victory. Make up your mind to join the millions of women at war . . . *today!*

See the Help Wanted ads in local newspapers. Visit the nearest U. S. Employment Office. Or apply at Army or Navy Recruiting stations.

The more women at war —the sooner we'll win

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matic rifles and a large number of hand grenades. Some even carry dynamite to destroy houses. I understand the Germans have also started using these Cossacks in Holland and Denmark.

These Cossacks, however, like all other satellite troops, continuously cause the Germans uneasiness, since there are many men among them who are only waiting for the opportunity to desert. At present we have three of them fighting for us.

Aside from the Cossacks, the number of non-German troops is increasing daily throughout Savoy. At least eight different nationalities have been identified by us in recent months. It isn't clear whether these are combatant troops intended to be used solely against us or whether the Germans intend to use them for occupation duties, or even to ship them north to confront invasion forces.

The confidence of the French populace is daily increasing, both because of our presence and especially because of the satisfactory reports that are spreading through the south about the success of the Anglo-American invasion forces in Normandy. Signs of this are apparent all over German-infested Savoy.

In one town, the name of which I cannot mention for obvious reasons, a baker recently displayed a notice in his window reading: "Do you people still remember Lebrun? It was during his term as President of the Republic that we had the best cakes. We don't know who is being held in the lap of the gods to be our future President, but we assure you the cakes will soon be excellent."

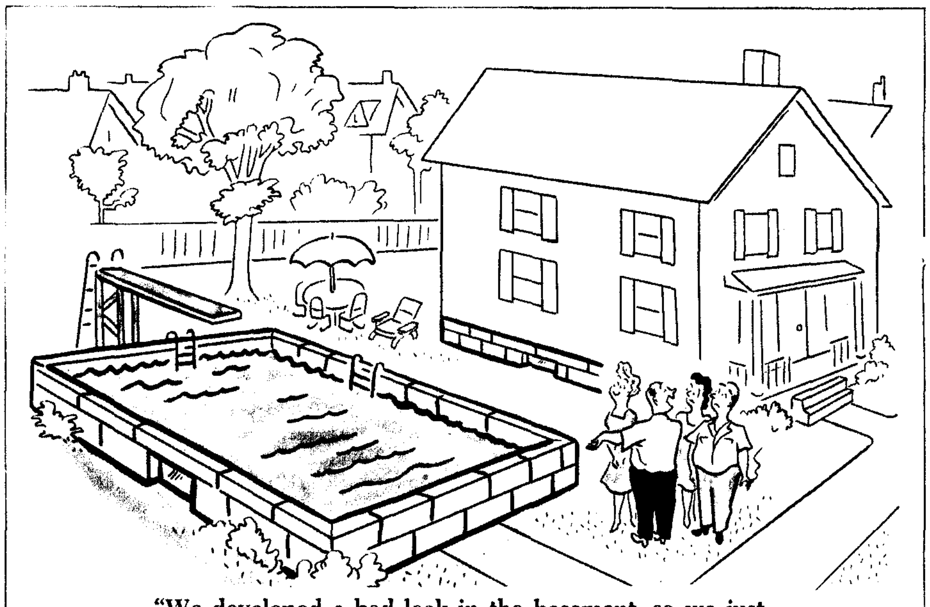
A similar sign a year ago would have caused the immediate smashing of the bakery and the execution of the baker. But nothing happened to him, and the sign remained in the window for three days before the German colonel "requested" him to remove it. Apparently the Germans have weightier things to worry about these days.

It is remarkable how the Germans obviously have no idea who are the real resistance leaders. This must be due to the fact that they have a general feeling of uneasiness toward all Frenchmen, perhaps with the sole exception of the Vichyites. Thus they find themselves in the strange position of being on the friendliest terms with some people who are the actual leaders of local resistance, and of dealing with them daily on official business.

Of course every now and then the Gestapo succeeds in breaking up so-called "combatant groups," but they hardly ever manage to put their hands on the brains behind our sabotage and political resistance.

I would like to thank our American and English allies for every single round of ammunition that has been parachuted to us and that has been a vital necessity. But we would gladly go without cigarettes in order to get—of all things—shoes! Many of us lived in knee-deep mud and snow last winter with nothing but "espadrilles"—handmade sandals with cord soles. Looking back these warm summer days, I really can't understand how we made it. But perhaps, after all, we won't need them any more, as we heartily believe we will spend the coming Christmas with our folks in a free France.

THE END



"We developed a bad leak in the basement, so we just moved the house over to the new foundation, and—"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

Wizard With a Wrench

Continued from page 24

learned to storm in from the front, overwhelming the Mitchell's single small stinger covering that position, or to sit out of range of it and reach in with their own long-armed 20-millimeter cannons. At the same time, replacement ships and parts, slow to arrive at best, stopped coming altogether, so that a single loss reduced the total American air force by a big percentage. Jack led the ground crews in salvaging ships fit only for the scrap pile by ordinary standards, but this wasn't enough.

"What we've got to have," he said, "is more firepower."

This was elemental, and nobody argued. The question was how to get it. They were camped in the field like the old-time barnstormer, and installing machine guns in an airplane has more to it than changing a spark plug.

Jack managed to find a few .50-caliber machine guns and, with a hammer and screw driver, so to speak, he put one of these in the nose in place of the .30, and fixed another on the floor of the bombardier's compartment, rigged with a cable back to the pilot, so that the gun could be loaded and fired by him in case anything happened to the bombardier.

This arrangement beat some respect into the Zeros, but the Japs soon answered with more firepower of their own. Jack countered by proposing to turn part of the Mitchells into arsenals, leave the bombardier on the ground and fill his space in the nose with four .50s, and put a pair of .50s in blisters on either side of the navigator's compartment, making a total of eight guns to send stuff out the front way. The B-25s would still carry bombs, but these would be handled by the pilot.

This proposal brought a suspicion that Fox had grown battle-happy. The Mitchell wasn't built to carry that many guns. They would throw her off balance, and even if you could fly her, she would have about as much maneuverability as a man on a tight wire.

Two men championed Jack, who is no great talker: Lieutenant Colonel Paul "Pappy" Gunn, Philippines hero, and Captain T. R. Tompkins, who was handy with a wrench himself and not above using it, and these two officers talked it up with headquarters in Brisbane. They insisted that, things being what they were, the idea was worth trying.

It was November, 1942. The boys were trying to get closer to the enemy by sneaking their base up to Port Moresby, but were having trouble making it stick. The Japs would find them after a few days, turn on the heat, and drive them back to Charter's Towers. More guns might change things.

Headquarters finally said to go ahead. Better to lose a ship to desperate experiment in the cause of survival than to the Japs without trying. Jack first singled out Margaret, and in twelve days, with Captain Tompkins and the enlisted men giving a hand, he had her snout looking like an overworked pincushion. The cluster of four .50s bristling from her nose, and the packet of two on either side of the fuselage could be fired in unison or in sets of four, and, between them, they could chew a Zero to pieces in a couple of seconds.

Again the job was done by hand and dead reckoning. Like the mythical bird which flies backward so it can see where it came from, Jack drew up the plans *afterward*, which is not the way of the well-run factory or trade school. The drawings were merely for the information of his employers back at the North American plant in Inglewood, California.

Now came the adventure of trying the ship. The pilots hung back. Maybe that battery of guns, cutting loose together, would kick her to pieces like a berserk mule—or stop her in mid-air with their recoil. And there was the matter of balance. So Jack—who had done a hitch in the Air Corps some years ago and is one of the few licensed pilots among field men—took her up, and Pappy Gunn went with him. They flew her out over the ocean and let fly at the waves, first with four and then with all eight guns, and there was nothing to it.

But the pilots were still shy. Not until Jack lured them aloft one by one for a demonstration were they convinced that Margaret's only hazard was for the enemy.

Having converted the pilots to Margaret, Jack fixed up more ships with the new firepower. Now and then, when he could find one, he stuck a 20-millimeter cannon in among the machine guns in the nose, and still the ship didn't mind. He had twelve ready, minus two lost a few days before, when on that day in early March, 1943, Reconnaissance reported a couple of Japanese armadas from Rabaul, of eleven ships each, crawling down the two sides of New Britain to reinforce their battered and blockaded bastions at Lae and Salamaua in New Guinea. The ships were estimated to be carrying 20,000 troops, and if these got ashore, many months' work would go for nothing.

Led Out to Battle

The sea and sky fused in a blinding downpour of rain, and the Mitchells sat tight until the second day, when the weather cleared somewhat. Then Major Ed Larner of San Francisco, who had believed in the gunned-up ships all along, led the ten out to battle. He took them in just over the waves, wide open, and as they bore down on the target, covered their approach with eighty machine guns in full cry. The steel slugs punched dotted lines in the vessels' sides, and then they were torn apart by the bombs with five-second fuses skipped against them, as the sizzling Mitchells hurdled the masts and thundered away.

This cyclone stopped the enemy cold and left him milling around in the water like a punch-drunk fighter. He never recovered, and, as history records the Battle of the Bismarck Sea, not a Jap escaped.

The converted Mitchell was now a star with South Pacific airmen, and when the story of its exploits in the Bismarck battle reached the Air Forces High Command back home, Jack was ordered to give his treatment to all other Mitchells in the area. The factory reread his reports and set to work on a new model which embodied his improvisations in the field, and this is the Mitchell now coming off North American's assembly lines.

Jack still looked for places to put guns. Cogitating the Wolf one day after he had gunned her up to the new standard, his eye fell on the big landing light bugging out of each wing. He was almost ashamed of himself for the oversight. He tore out the lights and installed a pair of .30-caliber machine guns in each place, making twelve machine guns and one 20-millimeter cannon squirting forward for this ship. He tested the wing guns with a thousand rounds from each, flew the plane around to make sure everything was all right, and delivered her to the boys at the front.

When the Wolf had flown some thirty hours and completed two missions against the enemy, the commanding officer received a frantic order from Wright Field at Dayton to get hold of Jack Fox and ground that plane immediately. The experts had figured out that the ship wasn't airworthy.

Since the plane was in New Guinea at the time, and official assumption mistakenly placed her in Australia, there was the problem of getting her down to where she was supposed to be. Jack volunteered to fly her out.

The officer who had executed the grounding order demurred. "Are you sure you want to risk it?" he asked. "There's the Coral Sea to cross, you know."

"I sure am," said Jack.

A dozen men looking for quick passage to Australia on a holiday were game to risk it, too; and all had a nice trip.

A 75-mm. Piece in Her Nose

Back in New Guinea again, news reached Jack of an idea in airplane gunpower which he wouldn't have dared speak of himself after his late setback. In Australia, a Mitchell had shown up from home, packing a 75-millimeter field-artillery piece in her nose. This innovation was, no doubt, inspired by the success of the extra machine guns, and awaited Jack's attention.

He hurried back south and brought the ship to Port Moresby. Only one thing restrained his enthusiasm: There were no papers with the ship, saying whether the gun had ever been fired in flight and, if so, how the plane behaved. He smeared a lot of grease in the right places and, with Pappy Gunn, flew the plane out to a cluster of rocky islands just off the coast to see for himself.

"Our nervousness left us with the first shot," he recalls. "It was like hitting a slight bump in the road, that's all."

However, in this and subsequent tests, including some shots against a Jap freighter foundered on a reef, certain things wanted to break or come loose under the recoil wallop. Jack strengthened these weaknesses and did some changing that made the gun safer and capable of being fired faster. Then, with Pappy at the controls and Jack riding herd on the 75, the cannon ship, named Lil Fox in Jack's honor, was taken along on some raids.

On her fourth mission, with her big threat still untried on a live target, her chance came. The purpose of this trip was to see about some Jap barges reported off Cape Gloucester, and as the formation passed near the Gloucester airfield, Pappy peeled her off and took after a huge transport plane which had just landed and was taxiing up to the hangars.

From a mile and a half away, at treetop level, Lil Fox coughed tremendously, licking her nose with a long tongue of flame. The shot was a high-explosive shell, loaded by Jack and fired by Pappy with a switch on the wheel. It caught the target in an engine and spun it around in a half circle. A covey of Japs swarmed out and high-tailed for cover. A second shot from the Mitchell sent pieces of plane and Japs flying through the air like leaves in a puff of wind.

The flying cannon howled in over the field—so low that panic-stricken Jap batteries, firing from opposite sides, raked one another—and zoomed back to her place in formation. The "barges" at the destination turned out to be a couple of enemy destroyers. They are there to this day—at the bottom of the sea, one of them gashed by 75-millimeter cannon shell amidships and in the bow, its after-turret fractured, bridge smashed and a stack cut in two.

Soon after that, Jack went home, having spent twenty months in the Pacific. There wasn't much more he could do there. The Japs wished he had left sooner.

THE END

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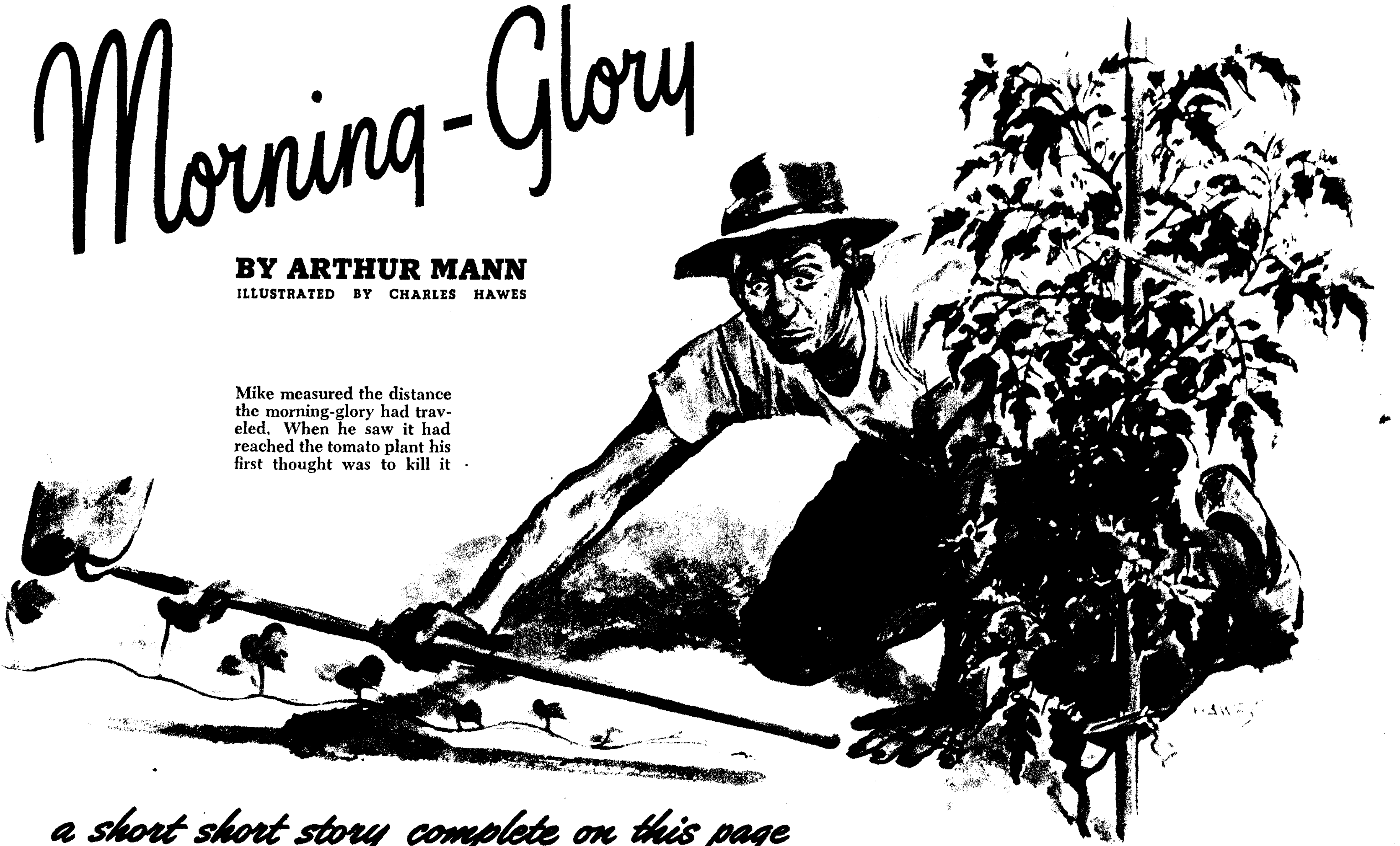
Morning-Glory

BY ARTHUR MANN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES



Mike measured the distance the morning-glory had traveled. When he saw it had reached the tomato plant his first thought was to kill it

a short short story complete on this page

MORNING-GLORIES are things of beauty to most people, because they see only the bell-shaped flower of sky-blue or pure white. It would be different if people had to fight them, as Mike Furnam did, chopping the white maggot-shaped roots in a frantic effort to keep them from choking Mr. Bradford's tomatoes, or twining into the beans and peas to make one end of the Victory Garden a mess.

They were weeds, every last bit of morning-glory root that poked up a shoot of green, and Mike slashed at them with accelerating rage. He was hot and sweaty and dirty; his bloodshot eyes smarted, and his mouth was cotton-dry but he had promised Mr. Bradford not to drink on the job. Ordinary promises didn't mean much to Mike, but this one was worth while. Mr. Bradford was the only one who would hire him. The others . . .

Mike halted his mechanical weeding and stared in amazement at the green tendril of a rampant morning-glory. It must have escaped his vision for surely it couldn't have grown since he'd weeded there earlier. Mike lifted the hoe and then withheld attack.

The thing was crawling toward a row marker, a wooden stake about thirty inches high. Now, that was a sensible morning-glory, for it wasn't out to choke the life and goodness from some unsuspecting plant. All it asked was a chance to reach the stake and then twist up it toward the sky.

"Go on, climb your fool head off!" Mike muttered aloud. "But one move for the tomatoes, an' you're a dead pigeon!"

Refreshment that hadn't set so well left Mike on the bleary side the next morning, and he reached work after Mr. Bradford had left. He didn't get around to noticing the morning-glory until near noon, and then he stared at it in wide-awake amazement. It seemed almost to the stake. If it kept growing, it would be at the stake by morning.

"Oh, yeah?" Mike chuckled. "Well, it won't be that easy. Not in this garden. You'll work . . . the same as I have to."

Before quitting, he pulled up the stake and drove it into a spot about three feet from the end of the vine.

But Mike's eyes bulged at his next sight of the morning-glory. It gave him the creeps, because the thing had made a direct right turn, and had grown almost a foot in the direction of the shifted stake. It had more determination than Mike had ever seen in a plant. It was frightening, but it was fascinating, for where did the power come from? Suppose he shifted the stake again. . . .

Mike reached work earlier than usual next morning, hoping that the vine would be clutching at the base of the marker, but it was scarcely halfway there, and his patience thinned.

A second day, and then a third dragged by before he could snatch up the stake with an oath. "Now, we'll see!" he exclaimed aloud.

He measured off the same distance, and at right angles. Then he drove the stick into the ground, confident that a lowly, despised morning-glory would never make it. It had traveled six feet already; it would surely get discouraged and quit cold.

Mike was disappointed next day at seeing virtually no change, and yet he was pleased, for thus far his judgment was vindicated. His spirits remained high during the day and he whistled in the garden for the first time since coming to work. It was a reason to celebrate, and he hadn't tasted a drop in—well, several nights, it seemed. But now he didn't want any, because he preferred to think about this beaten weed. In the morning he would snatch it up and tear it into shreds. He would grind it into the earth to rot and enrich the soil.

In the morning, however, Mike stood in complete awe; the morning-glory had made another right turn and was obviously heading toward the stake. Four inches of vine paralleled the first growth. With a catch in his throat, Mike rushed over with the hoe. He held it above the bright green stem, and his reddened face grimaced peculiarly. He had the power to render all that growth futile. There would be no climbing, no flower.

"But there'd be a root," he muttered thickly, and removed the menacing hoe. He sniffed. "And if I chopped the damned root into a hunderd little pieces, there'd probably be a hunderd more vines all doin' this."

Maybe, he reflected, the vine had some right to reach the stake and climb. Certainly everybody had a right to growth and freedom. Besides, the crab grass was high in the beans at the other end of the garden. You can't waste all your time on cockeyed morning-glories that don't know when they're licked.

A few days later, the vine was halfway to the stake, having grown almost three sides of a square. And now Mike wanted to finish the job. Only, it would have to demonstrate a miracle of growth before convincing him. There would be one more demand: It would have to grow back where it started and climb up the stake—if it had any strength left—from a position at its root. That would be twelve feet of growth. Then he would take his battered fedora off to the morning-glory.

Before the end of the week, Mike stood ready just as the reaching tendril was about to clutch the stake. He moved the stake over to the root, being careful not to plunge it close enough for damage.

THREE days later, it was Mike who acknowledged defeat, for the determined vine had made an unexpected decision and wasn't going for the stake at all. It had traveled to its left, heading for the first of Mr. Bradford's precious Ponderosa tomato plants. Mike's first thought was to kill it and stop all this nonsense, but he had a sudden thirst to know the reason for abandoning the stake. Then he got down on his hands and knees and measured the distances. The tomato plant was six inches closer than the stake.

It wasn't loyal to Mr. Bradford, of course, to let a weedy vine get at a beautiful tomato plant, but Mike Furnam was ready to slug anybody who touched the morning-glory now. And thus it was that Mike saw the morning-glory finally achieve its goal. It gripped at the big Ponderosa plant and twisted—counterclockwise up the stalk.

Mike watched it with increasing reverence and thought with shame of the number of times he had wanted to destroy it. He felt a new-found pride when the vine poked its head through the leaves of the tomato plant with what seemed to be an air of triumph. And then within a few days the inevitable happened. There was a bud.

Sun and warmth coaxed, and it came out blue, the prettiest blue that Mike had ever noticed. It spread like a bell toward the sun in the morning, and he hung around after work to watch it fold at sundown as though someone had pulled a string.

Mike caught Mr. Bradford as he was leaving for work about eight-thirty the next morning, and declared that things were pretty well under control in the garden.

"I . . . I think I'll move on, Mr. Bradford," Mike stammered.

"That's too bad," Mr. Bradford said. "Have you got another job? Say, Mike, you've shaved! And by heaven, if you weren't so sunburned, I'd say you'd had a bath."

Mike grinned. "A little of both," he confessed. "I been thinkin' a bit, Mr. Bradford, what with the war an' everything. I got a wife somewheres in South Jersey. Maybe she'd remember me . . ."

"Women don't forget much, Mike," Bradford said.

"That's what I'm afraid of," Mike sighed. "But . . . I thought I'd sort of see her before I joined the Army. I'm not forty, y'know. Anyway, at the end of the week—"

"Don't wait till the end of the week, Mike," Bradford said, reaching into his pocket. "Here's your full time and a little besides. Let me know how you make out."

Mike clutched the bills. He looked up at Mr. Bradford and grinned.

"Thanks," he murmured. "Oh, by the way . . . I put a morning-glory over near the trellis. It's a pretty blue—"

"Morning-glory? Why, Mike, I thought you said they were weeds."

"Well, they are, sort of," Mike said, "but sometimes when they get a chance to grow, they brighten up things. This one by the trellis will, Mr. Bradford, if you water it, an' . . . sort of let it find itself."

"I'll take care of it, Mike. Now, get along. Goodby."

Bradford watched Mike walk down the street with an agile step and smiled. Then he got out the watering can to keep his promise.

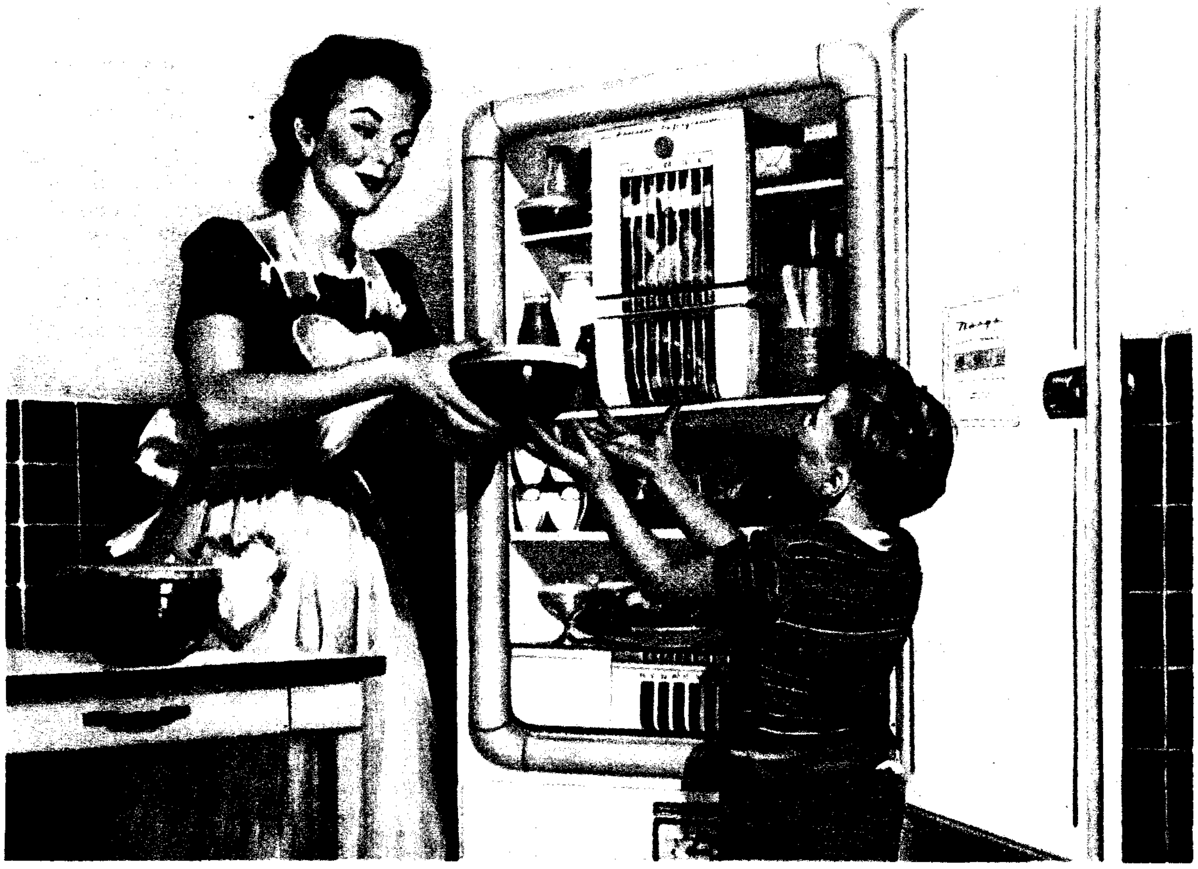
Working for today

No one group of individuals—military or civilian—is working for victory more wholeheartedly than the WAVES. Now more than 50,000 strong, and accomplishing 246 different types of duty, this splendid branch of our armed forces is still in need of 1,000 volunteers a week! Married or unmarried women between 20 and 36 are urged to investigate . . . there's no greater act of patriotism than releasing a man for combat by taking his place—in the uniform of a WAVE!

NORGE

HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES

Planning for tomorrow

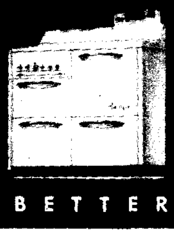


Like the WAVES, Norge is wholeheartedly occupied in winning the war. The Norge factories are turning out more than forty vitally important war items. . . . Meanwhile, Norge appliances are doing their part by conserving and preserving foods, lightening household tasks, saving time and adding generally to the efficiency of war-busy families. And Norge is planning for tomorrow—planning new household helps which, because of the new skills and techniques developed as the result of war assignments, of a certainty will be better designed, better engineered, better built. The postwar Norge refrigerators and the Norge washers, ranges and home heaters will be real *products of experience*—better products for a better world.

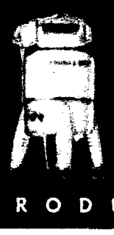
NORGE, A BORG-WARNER INDUSTRY

Norge is the trade-mark of Norge Division, Borg-Warner Corporation, Detroit 26, Michigan. In Canada—Addison Industries, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

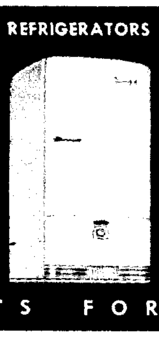
GAS RANGES



WASHERS

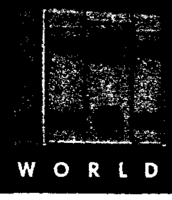


REFRIGERATORS



ELECTRIC RANGES

HOME HEATERS
COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATION



BETTER PRODUCTS FOR A BETTER WORLD

"...for outstanding production of war material."

When it's over — see Norge before you buy...meanwhile BUY MORE WAR BONDS

NATIONAL APPLIANCE CONSERVATION PROGRAM
"BETTER CARE—LESS REPAIR"

FLEAS JUST AREN'T IN MY BUDGET

No bed and board here for fugitives from a flea circus! Fleas ruin a dog's coat, his temper, may give him worms, too, if he eats 'em.

I give fleas the old ONE-TWO—and quick! No. 1 punch is a weekly dusting with Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Powder to kill fleas, eggs, new arrivals. No. 2 sock is a bath with SKIP-FLEA Soap that kills fleas, soothes old bites, leaves me clean.

Get SKIP-FLEA at drug and pet stores to give your dog sure relief from fleas. Sergeant's Dog Book is *free*, too, at stores or with this coupon.

FREE Sergeant's, Dept. 2-H, Richmond 20, Va.
Please mail the NEW, 40-page, illustrated Sergeant's Dog Book to:

Print
Name________________________
Address______________________
City State

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES

LAW...

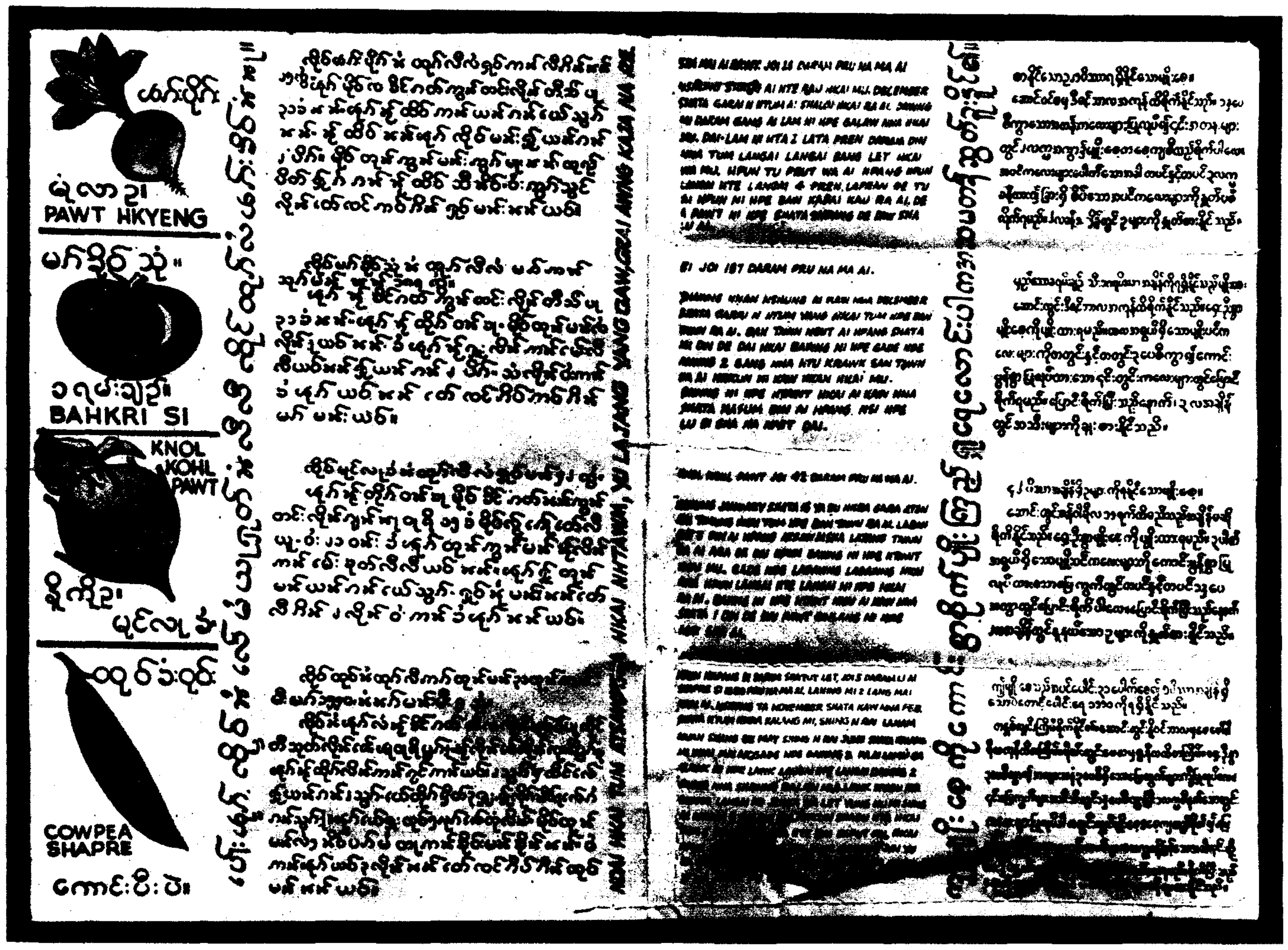
STUDY AT HOME Legally trained men win higher positions and bigger success in business and public life. Greater opportunities now than ever before. **More Ability: More Prestige: More Money** We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL.B. We furnish all text material, including 14-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 48-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books FREE. Send for them NOW.
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 840-L, Chicago
A Correspondence Institution

Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

in every battle ... doing vital jobs ... unfailingly
that's why there are just a few left for essential jobs at home
BRIGHT STAR
No 10 M
FLASHLIGHT BATTERY
BRIGHT STAR BATTERY CO. CHICAGO, CLIFTON, N.J., SAN FRANCISCO
BRIGHT STAR BATTERY CO. CLIFTON NEW JERSEY



Packets of seeds, including planting instructions are dropped by the Army to natives in Jap-held territory

Talking Them Out of It

Continued from page 23

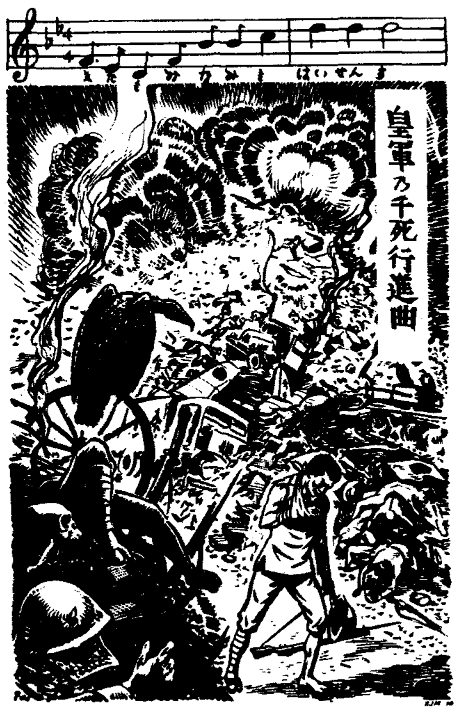
either. There were no two uniforms alike and they had almost nothing to work with—not even paper and pencils. One of their first acts almost ruined them with the natives of Tunisia because they yanked off all the German pictures in the local movie palaces and had nothing to take their place. The exhibitors dug up what they could find and the audiences held their noses and shrieked.

"Rin Tin Tin and Sessue Hayakawa," reported Ernie Pyle in Here Is Your War.

The picture situation is entirely cleared up now, with the latest Hollywood films being rushed overseas by plane and often being shown prior to release in New York.

One of the great battles of the PWB is to grab enemy radio stations before they are destroyed or to fix them up and get them working if they have been smashed. Morris Pierce was responsible for putting Radio Tunis back on the air. The Germans apparently hoped to return to Tunis one day because they dismantled the station instead of blasting it to bits before they retreated.

The Jap soldiers' fondness for poetry is capitalized on in this Death March, written by PWB's Japanese language experts


はいせん
皇軍乃千死行進曲

"Curious, very curious," said Captain William Ellis, PWB engineer, when they finally reached the station. "It's here and yet it isn't here. Where is it?"

He and Pierce started nosing around, questioning the natives. Some of the old employees showed up and asked for work. Parts began to reappear. Tubes were found intact, carefully hidden in haystacks, cellars and attics for miles around. Working with everything from pieces of string to crowbars, Pierce got the station back on the air.

At Palermo an advance PWB detachment under Captain Robert Woolsey arrived with the first wave of troops and made its way stealthily through the streets to the transmitter before the town itself had fallen. The station was quickly taken and the employees were searched. Only the Fascist station manager objected to the search, and he was quite right. All he had were the plans for sabotaging the station in case the Americans took the town.

Within three hours, Radio Palermo was on the air with the truth about the invasion.

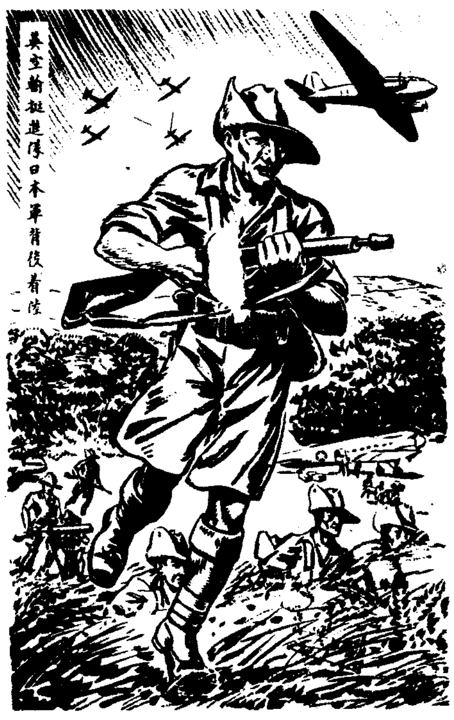
It was Captain Woolsey also who met up with a group of twenty paratroopers outside Bari, during the invasion of Italy. They made their way into the town, ignoring the fact that it was surrounded by Germans, made a noise like a full army on the march—and took over Radio Bari!

Several weeks before the invasion of Sicily, PWB units with special portable equipment—photographic, printing, radio and radiophoto—rehearsed their operations at a training camp much as actual combat troops do. When the landing was made, PWB headed for the larger towns. Palermo was most important, and soon PWB was established there in a hotel-sized villa which had beautiful painted cupids on the walls but not a stick of furniture in the house. That was office and billet. Pre-invasion bombing had badly damaged the city's two newspapers, but in two days, PWB had one plant running with a new paper called Sicilia Liberata. The first edition of 2,000 copies edited by James M. Minifee, former New York Herald Tribune correspondent, was run off while the building was still smoldering from fires caused by bombs.

In Catania, PWB was not so lucky. Shellfire and bombs had wrecked the printing plants beyond repair. A mobile unit, with a Davidson press mounted on a large Army truck, took over and shortly got out a one-page paper.

Most of this activity was aimed at the ci-

After an airborne landing by the British behind Jap lines in Burma the enemy was told of its hopeless position by this leaflet


英空輸挺進隊日本軍背後着陸

vilian population, but it is tied closely with combat action. First comes the long-range propaganda barrage by leaflets and radio from a base sector. When contact with the enemy is made, front-line mobile transmitters swing into action, and leaflets are fired at specific targets by field guns and mortars. In Italy, where the fighting lines are more static, mobile radio units speak to the Germans at close range, while other units, equipped with loud-speaker systems, make it possible to shout messages across the lines.

"Some of you fellows have fought in Russia, haven't you?" says the PWB man, speaking German in a conversational tone to the enemy across the way. "Well, you probably went through Lutsk or Kherson—or even Cernauti, on your way in. The Russians are in those towns now. If you don't believe it, send one of your men over under safe conduct and we'll send him back with the latest New York papers."

Sometimes the strongest barrage is directed at troops the Germans have forced into their army—the Poles, Czechs, Lithuanians, Estonians. The PWB brings its mobile printing units right up behind the lines. The trucks have a small press, linotype machine, newsprint and a staff of fast and experienced workers who share the life of the soldiers at the front.

Sonia Tomara reports in the New York Herald Tribune that the effect of the leaflet warfare can be judged by one case: Our commanders knew that certain German units had been withdrawn before the British Eighth Army and replaced by a new one. They were anxious to identify it. After the shooting of PWB leaflets, four deserters came over to our lines holding passes. The unit was easily identified.

General Eisenhower utilized PWB radio facilities, just after the fall of Mussolini, in a dramatic warning to the people of Italy not to send Allied prisoners to Germany. In return, he promised Italian prisoners would be returned to their homes.

Radio is a new weapon in this war, but leaflets were used so effectively in the first World War that General Ludendorff wrote, "The army was drenched with enemy propaganda publications. Their great danger to us was clearly recognized. The Supreme Command offered rewards for such as were handed over to us, but we could not prevent them from poisoning the hearts of our soldiers."

PWB adapted the British 25-pounder smoke shell to carry and discharge 800 to 1,500 leaflets per shell over a 150-yard area at 13,000 yards range. The shell is set to burst 300-400 feet up and to windward of the target. Shells are generally fired at night, so that enemy soldiers can pick them up before the officers can do anything about it. Even when the soldiers turn them in, they have had time to read the message at a quick glance. The seed has been planted.

General von Hindenburg, in his memoirs, noted the effect of Allied propaganda in the last war and particularly feared the pamphlets that were sent home by German soldiers to breed defeatism there. Today it is not necessary for the field-gray soldier to send the leaflet home. PWB does it for him with long-range radio and the long-range pilot. The German home front gets a steady barrage, and PWB knows that when the war is over, it will be found that the cracks in morale were widened by the steady pounding of truth at a time when it did the most good.

The morale of the German army has continued good even in the face of recent defeats, but it is a morale based on lies and false victories concocted by Doctor Goebbels. Prisoners questioned in Tunisia were quite philosophical about what they considered their temporary detention; they had been told and still believed that Hitler had an army in Morocco that would outflank and overwhelm the Allies. After hearing for years that the U-boat had swept the Allies from the seas, they were amazed at the amount of equipment and men in North Africa. They were later to find that Boston, New York and Washington were not in ruins from German bombs, as Goebbels had asserted.

In short, Hitler's propaganda is proving a boomerang. Nothing succeeds like the truth, and we are hammering it into them from all sides by leaflets, radio and other means that cannot be divulged. It reaches the men at the front; it reaches the home.

The Overseas Division of the OWI in New York beams broadcasts to Europe and the Near East in twenty-six languages. Another division in San Francisco handles the Orient and the South Pacific. The PWB in Europe has the help of the British and of other departments of our own government. It is in charge of Colonel C. B. Hazeltine, for thirty-three years a hard-hitting cavalry officer. Anybody who thinks that a cavalryman is a strange choice for a propaganda job should realize that a man for that job has to know the Army—and Colonel Hazeltine knows it to the limit.

PWB has won the wholehearted support of the Army and of American correspondents, who, but for the unit, would have been cut off from their papers during the African invasion. A Signal Corps lieutenant attached to PWB and a couple of OWI men with a technical flair saved the day by patching together a short-wave transmitter with parts salvaged and "borrowed" from all over Algiers. The bedroom of the lieutenant was the first studio, and it was over this makeshift equipment that the first network broadcasts to America were made.

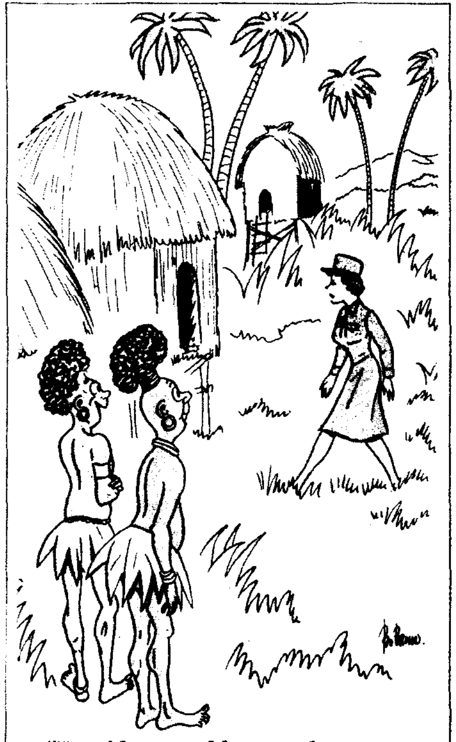
Paper Boys to the Enemy

The R.A.F. did the first long-range leaflet flying, dropping them in small packets through the flare chutes. Low altitude leaflet flying was done by the Americans, who practically put them in the hands of the enemy—pushing back the cockpit canopy and tossing them out. Robert Sherwood, the famous playwright, worked out the operation with General Eisenhower. C. D. Jackson, long-time general manager of Life, was civilian director in the Mediterranean Theater. Things are humming now and the cracks in German morale are becoming plain for all to see.

"Genau wie 1918," say the hundreds of thousands of leaflets dumped over Italian territory occupied by the Germans. "Exactly as in 1918."

Meaning: "It won't be long now."

THE END



"How'd you like to be marooned on Manhattan with her?"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN

Canada's Cross

Continued from page 13

Montrealer. An artillery major in the Canadian army, a veteran of the last war and of four years of this one, spoke of "those French" as members of "a race I can't abide." I didn't pay much attention. I thought he was talking about the Vichyites and Pétain. He was obviously English.

My second clue came from the starchy little old lady with the white hair under a stiff wimple who came in to clean the room and make the bed at the Château Laurier. She looked English. I said so.

"I'm not flattered," she said spiritedly, pausing in her work. "I'm Canadian, and there's nothing wrong with being Canadian and there's nothing wrong with Canada, excepting its politicians and those French!"

"What French?" I inquired. I hadn't yet been to Parliament.

"Why, our French, of course," she said, with her hands on hips and thin lips set straight. "Always appeasing them, we are, always catering to them. They won't fight and they won't work but for the money that's in it, and we're, well, always truckling to them. Take the new liquor law, for instance:

"Over in Quebec Province, the French may have all the liquor they can hold, but we in Ontario Province are lucky, now, to be able to buy a bit over a pint a month. It was in the papers today. I don't drink myself, but it's disgraceful, that's what it is . . ."

Her facts weren't quite accurate, but her anger was well founded. Quebec Province is almost totally French, while Ontario is nearly uniformly populated by Canadians of British stock. The new liquor restriction to which the chambermaid referred continued a ration of eighty ounces a month for each adult in French Quebec but cut it to thirteen in British Ontario.

The Quebec regulations are supposed to apply to all citizens, of either British or French origin, but try to buy a bottle at the grilled wicket of a licensed store in Quebec if you don't *parlez-vous.* The answer, in such cases, is always, *"Pas du veeskeey*—sold out."

Divergences in Conscription

The little lady's voice continued, with increased venom, now: "And look at this conscription business. You can't conscript a Frenchy for overseas duty. Our Canadian lads, now, it's different with them. They died at Dieppe—3,000 of them, I hear—and they died in Sicily and Italy; and Heaven only knows how many more will be killed in France. But not the French! Oh, no. They stay at home and raise big families, hoping one day to outnumber us and rule all Canada."

By "us," she meant Canadians of British stock. The British element's fear of being one day outnumbered by the French is real and not entirely baseless. French families of five and six children are the rule, of twelve are common, and they make the headlines now only when they produce twenty children or more. The only evidence I found, however, of an organized French effort to increase their birth rate was an obscure item in one of the French Ottawa papers, announcing the communal fifth wedding anniversary of 106 couples married under the auspices of the Workers' Catholic League in a joint ceremony in 1939.

The item stated that 204 children had been born to the 106 couples, who thus produced nearly two children each in less than five years. On the same page, significantly side by side, I found another news story, with a bigger headline and a couple of sticks' worth more space. This one quoted Major the Reverend Walter T. Staven, Protestant assistant chief of the Canadian Army Chaplain Services, as saying:

"God will give this country to the race that populates it. It is too great a country for God to give it to a race too weak to fill it. We have not been doing too well in the

If Your Child
CAN'T GAIN
WEIGHT

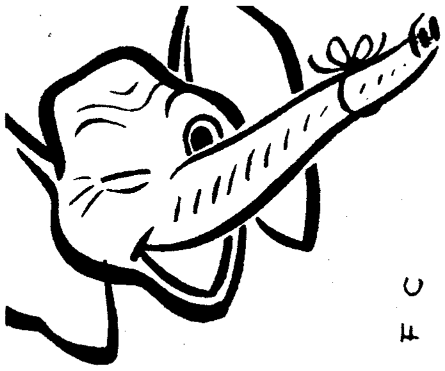
try giving him Ovaltine

SCIENCE has proved there are certain food elements everyone needs for health. If there aren't enough of them in a child's food, serious things happen, such as *poor appetite*—faulty nerves, bad teeth—perhaps worse! Stunted growth, soft bones, defective eyesight.

Ovaltine supplies food elements frequently deficient in ordinary diets. Three glasses daily, made with milk as directed, provide a child's full minimum requirement of appetite Vitamin B_1, Vitamins A, D and G, and Minerals Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron—also supply niacin, pantothenic acid, pyridoxine. In addition it provides the *basic* food substances—complete proteins to build muscle, nerve and body cells—high-energy foods for vitality and endurance. It thus acts as an insurance against food deficiencies that retard appetite and normal growth.

So—if your child eats poorly, hates vegetables, or is thin and nervous, turn to Ovaltine.

OVALTINE

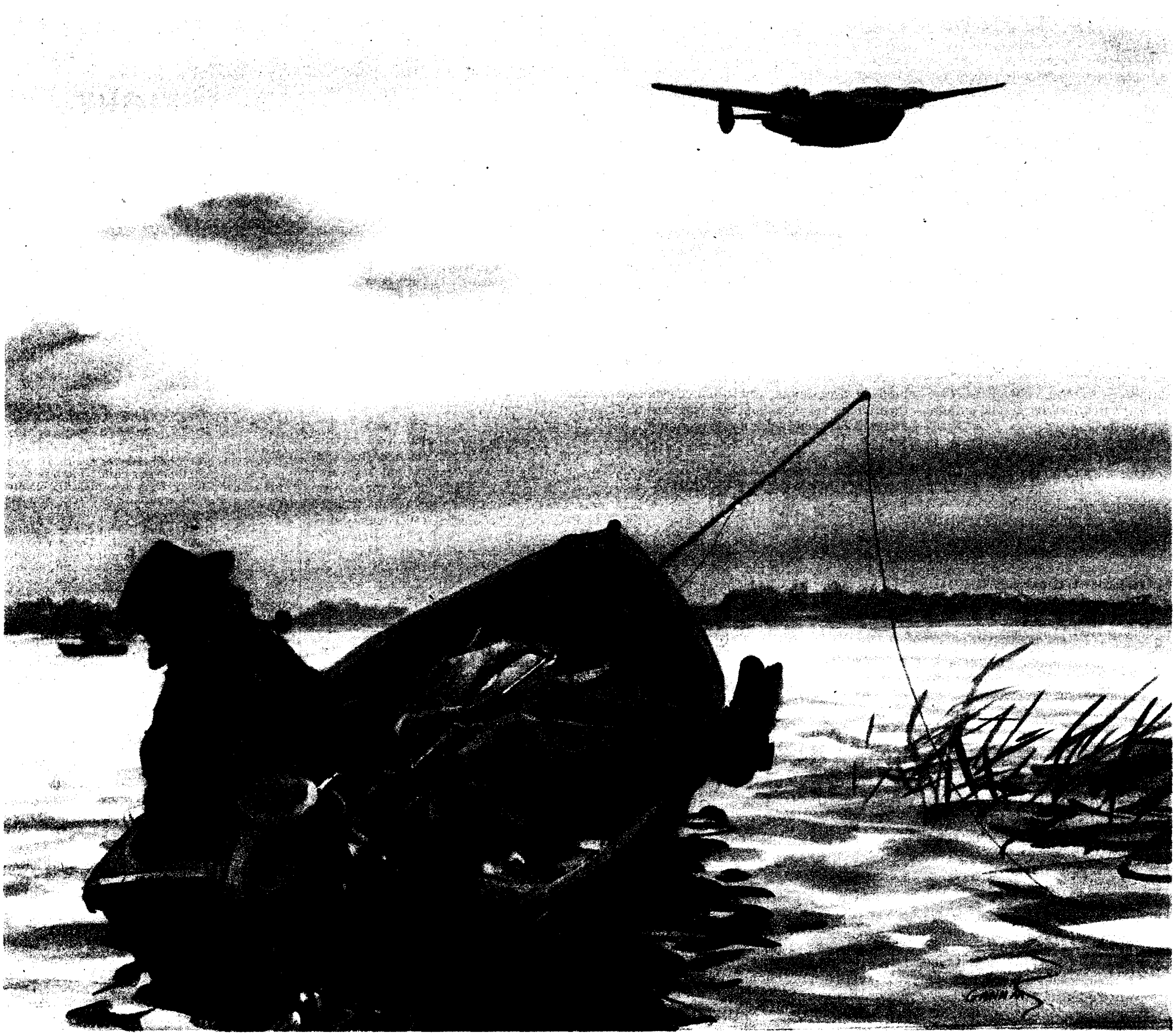


memory
LIKE AN ELEPHANT

Yes, people remember
seeing unsightly dandruff...
it's so unpleasant!
So why take a chance?
Banish loose dandruff,
stimulate your scalp and
bring your hair under
well-groomed control, by
massaging daily with

JERIS
for Loose Dandruff

at all drug stores and barber shops



Change my way of Life? *I Wonder...*

"SURE, the airplane's making the world a smaller place to live in. But when they say it's changing my *personal* way of life, I wonder how much . . .

"But . . . come to think of it . . . I wouldn't be getting this much needed weekend of rest if I hadn't come home from my last trip by air. If I hadn't flown, I wouldn't have had the time to spare from our plant's war production problems, no matter how tired I was.

"Change my way of life? I guess it's already happened! Looking back on it, for years I've been able to get around more, sell more, learn more, see more . . . yes, and, like today . . . *live* more—thanks to the Airlines.

"And that big ship up there gives me another idea. When this war is over, there's a dealer in Rio I'd like to call on and one in Cairo and one in Oslo. *That* certainly will do something to my way of life all right . . . and it will do something to my firm's way of doing business, too!

"Considering what the Airlines will be geared up to do after the war is over, I guess none of us has seen *anything* yet!"

When Victory is won, America will take to the skies as never before. It is then that the Airlines of the nation, enriched by a vast experience and new techniques developed in war, will make more secure than ever America's leadership in world air transportation.

* * *

When you travel by Air *make reservations early; please cancel early if plans change.* When you use Air Express *speed delivery by dispatching shipments as soon as they're ready.* Air Transport Association, 1515 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington 5, D. C.

You're somebody when you're a Wac—Join Now!

THE AIRLINES OF THE UNITED STATES

LEADING THE WORLD IN AIR TRANSPORT

matter of the birth rate. This is serious and affects the future of this country. It takes an average of at least four children to each family to reproduce and continue the race, and we are a very long way from that."

The chaplain spoke for English-speaking Canadians. Their families average two children and often less. One Canadian civil servant, well acquainted with the statistics involved, told me that unless there is a heavy postwar immigration of Britons, there's a "real danger," as he put it, "of our being outnumbered by the Canadian French in twenty years or so."

What really causes the hair to rise on British necks, however, is the French attitude toward conscription and the war. The news item containing the announcement of the birth of 204 children to 106 couples, nearly all of whom live in Quebec Province and are Catholics and can be presumed to be French, brought out this pertinent fact: Of the 106 able-bodied men involved, only four were in the armed services.

The French Canadian record in the war isn't as bad as those figures indicate, but in British Canadian eyes it has been nearly so. The French Canadians voted 70 per cent against compulsory military service in a national plebiscite, when war came. The Liberal government of William Lyon Mackenzie King, intent on obtaining a maximum war effort but almost equally as determined to stay in power, ruled out conscription.

The government passed, instead, a Mobilization of National Resources Act, and, under it, called men for the army, navy and air force. These conscripts, however, can't serve outside of Canada or adjacent territories. Canada's overseas army, Royal Canadian Air Force, and high-seas navy are manned by volunteers. Ninety-five out of every hundred Canadians in those forces are of British and every other racial stock except French. Only five out of every hundred are French.

Greeting for the Premier

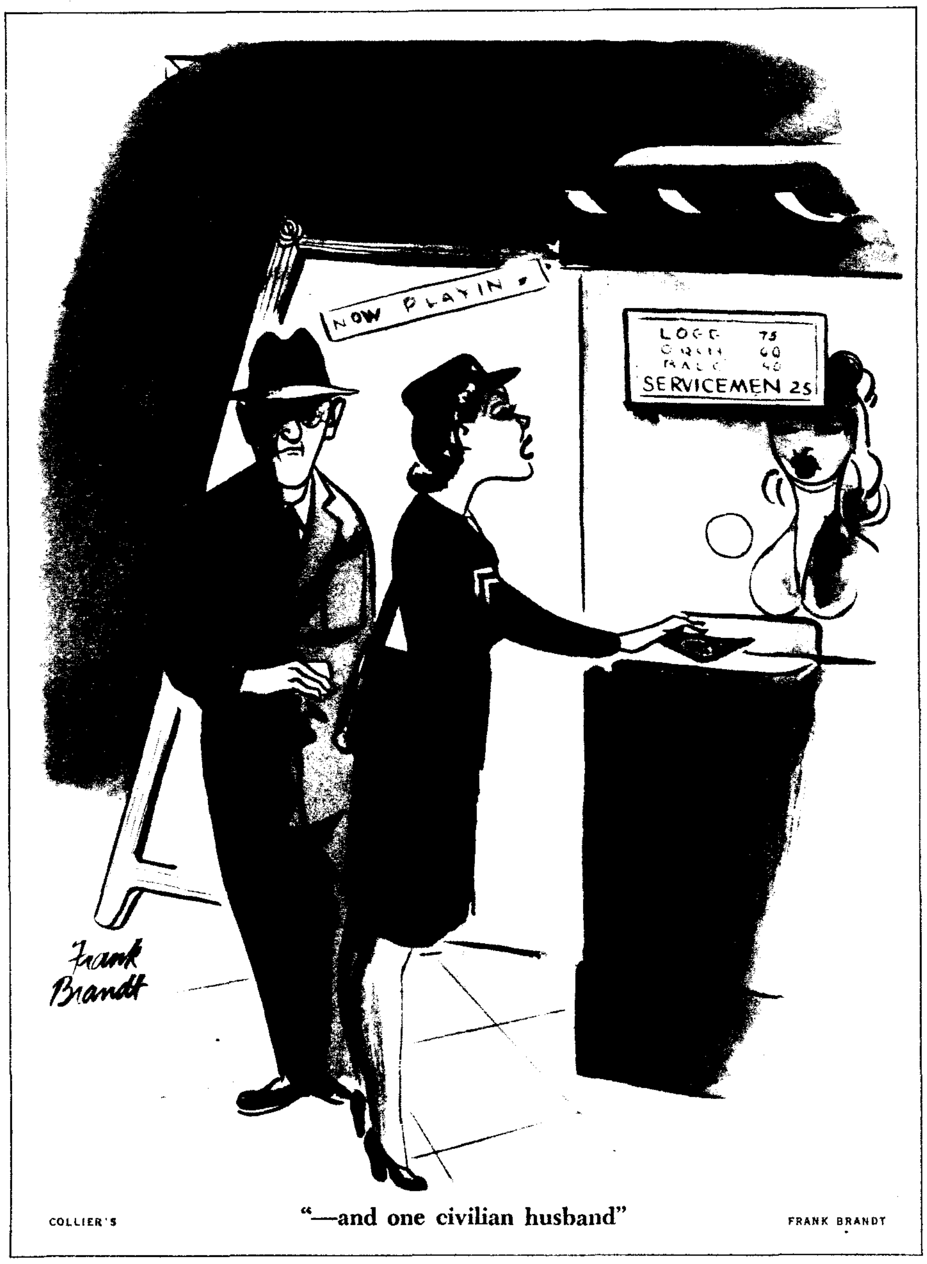
When Prime Minister King visited the Canadian army which had waited about two years in England before it saw action at Dieppe, the troops booed him. Some say this was because the men were bored with waiting, but others believed that what happened was the English-speaking Canadians' way of expressing their disapproval of King's appeasement of the French in the matter of conscription.

Despite their rancors, French and British Canadians are Canadians before they are either French or British. The French element is so intensely patriotic that it wants Canada to have its own flag. Canada is the only dominion in the Commonwealth without a national flag. It still flies officially only the Union Jack. The shellbacks among the English-speaking citizens see in this desire only an expression of French Canadian nationalism, but the more liberal interpret the wish as an indication of French Canadian patriotism.

I talked with dozens of Canadian editors, businessmen, bankers, writers and politicians, in Ottawa and Montreal, and with scores of ordinary citizens elsewhere. Their patriotism was one of their most remarkable traits. It manifested itself in an acute affection for Canada's roaring torrents and great forests, stream-veined mountains and broad prairies. It was plain in the way they asserted their Canadian citizenship.

The bulky, dark-haired waiter with the bulbous nose and the pock-marked face who laid a steak nearly as large as the plate before me in the grillroom at the Château looked as though he had arrived yesterday from Marseille. I asked him if he were French. He looked up from his work and said, curtly: *"Moi, je suis Canadien."* I thought of the prim little old lady and the major in the smoking room. They had been firm about being Canadians, too.

This pride of citizenship helps to explain Canada's achievements in this war, in spite of its divergences over conscription and all issues related to the war. The country raised 750,000 for the armed services, and, since there are about twelve Americans for every Canadian, this would be the equivalent of a volunteer American Army of 9,000,000. Canada, whose chief occupations and sources of income before the war were agriculture, mining, lumbering and fur farming, has become the world's third biggest exporting nation, has acquired the third largest navy among the United Nations, and is the world's third biggest producer of armaments and munitions.



COLLIER'S "—and one civilian husband" FRANK BRANDT

They couldn't have accomplished all this—and without one cent's worth of Lend-Lease aid from the United States—if the French Canadians were the kind of slackers most British Canadians say they are. It's true the *Canadiens* stayed away from the recruiting stations in regiments and joined the army only for home duty. There are about 60,000 of the latter kicking around Canada now, and they're known as King's Commandos. But those who didn't go into the army went into the factories, stepped up food production, cut more timber—4,000,000,000 board feet—than ever before in the country's history.

The British Canadians are probably right when they say that they've borne a greater share of the direct burden of the war—the actual fighting and the taxpaying and the dying—than the others. The facts bear this out, but there's a French side to the story. Their case was briefed for me by the same Mr. St. Laurent who took up the shock of Anglo-French animosity in the session of Parliament which I attended.

Mr. St. Laurent, an ex-lawyer and a strictly nonpolitical character, who is attorney general as well as justice minister, looks like a white-haired professor of philosophy, such a one as might like to lecture but hate to mark papers. He has level blue eyes, and a direct gaze and the look of a man who doesn't quite expect you to believe him. He sat in his big, airy, wainscoted office in the Parliament Buildings. There was a fine view of the broad lawn that sweeps from the House of Commons to Rideau Street framed in the window behind him. The Union Jack uncurled lazily from a tall, white flagstaff against the high blue sky.

Mr. St. Laurent (which the Canadians pronounce Sa-la-ron with the accent on the first syllable in the strangely jived French they use) looked fixedly out the window for a moment, turned and said, "I'm not one of those who worry too much about our great problem here. Time will heal the antagonisms. These were born in the conquest not so long ago of one people by another. A century or two might seem a long time, to us, but they're just so many pauses, so many commas in history. It took twelve hundred years for France to become a nation.

"I doubt if it will take us quite that long. Things happen more quickly now, but there's no short cut to Canadian political unity. Already all Canadians feel themselves to be Canadians, no matter what their origins. Some progress, you see, has already been made. You ask me for a solution. I say there is none, save whatever solution gradual evolution will bring."

A Sectarian Question

He had more to say, but I promised not to quote him on the rest. It was obvious from all he said that Canada suffers from a hang-over from the Middle Ages. The religious split between Canadians and *Canadiens* is the old one between the Catholic Church and the reformists who broke away to found a lot of Protestant faiths. The French Canadians feel themselves to be of the true faith and regard the British as religious renegades.

Politically and economically, the *Canadiens* look down on the Canadians of British descent as the same "shopkeepers" whom Napoleon despised. In a way, the British are, even now, the shopkeepers of Canada. They own and control all the banks and, through a system of interlocking directorates, control the financial structures of the big corporations. There are only ten banks in all Canada, and all are in British Canadian hands. The English-speaking Canadians, too, dominate transportation and manufacturing and own the big mines and the lumber trade. They own, in short, all Canada. The *Canadiens* are the figurative and actual hewers of wood and drawers of water.

They aren't so badly off as the *Canadien* extremists claim. The isolationist, René Chalcult, who swept the Quebec provincial elections for a Nationalist seat in the legislature, says the *Canadiens'* position of inferiority is so bad that "one day they'll revolt." He is one of the more violent ones who demand that Canada quit the war right now and leave it to the British, the Americans and the Russians to win because, "They'll be the ones to get anything out of it in the end." Many *Canadiens* agree with him, but not the majority.

It is true, however, that French Canadians are the economic underdogs in the country. Their wage rates are lower than those of English-speaking Canadians, for both male and female labor. The average wage in British Ontario, for instance, is about four dollars a week more than in French Quebec. About 70 per cent of the residents of British Toronto own their own homes, while only 12 per cent of those who live in French Montreal can afford to own property.

Rich Ground for Demagogues

Their inferiority complex (what of it is real and what is imagined) breeds the *Canadien* opposition to the war and provides a lush political soil for French-speaking counterparts of our Gerald Smiths, Father Coughlins and Huey Longs. The poor showing of the *Canadiens* in conscription wasn't altogether due to plain isolationism, nor was it inspired totally by ambitious political bully boys.

The training in the Royal Canadian Air Force, for example, is done in English. The French-speaking boys were at an enormous disadvantage here. They had to learn English at the same time that they mastered the complexities of combat flying. Those who got through the courses made excellent records overseas.

The French Canadian educational system—they have their own schools and universities in Quebec—was largely at fault here. Not only is English not a compulsory language in the primary and secondary schools, but all the studies are pointed toward preparing *Canadiens* for the clergy, medicine and the law. At one time, there were only 53 science students preparing for engineering in the French schools.

Those who presented themselves for service in the R.C.A.F. and in the modern mechanized army usually didn't know a wrench from a hand tap, even if they did know enough English to get by. The *Canadiens'* enrollment record in the navy, where language and technical requirements were less rigid, was slightly better than in the other services.

There was another factor involved. Large families on small wages mean poor health from malnutrition and inadequate clothing and housing. The number of rejections for physical disability in Quebec and among the *Canadiens* generally was inordinately high.

As Canada approached a general election, the conscription issue became as hot there as our government appeasement of labor threatened to be here. There were charges by the Progressive-Conservative Party of widespread corruption. It maintained that of the 900,000 called for military service in Canada, 390,000, mostly French, ignored their orders.

The Liberal government in power says that's not true, and finds only 49,000 guilty. To this, the Progressive-Conservative opposition replies that "political poltroonery" in Quebec (meaning vote-getting appeasement, and all-round indulgence of the French elements) is responsible.

Any way you look at them, relations between Canada's Jacks and Jacques haven't improved. Perhaps after the war, in a long period of peace, those evolutionary healing processes Mr. St. Laurent talked about will have a chance to work. Until then, Jack and Jacques will continue to call each other nasty names and to provide for those experts who will try to redraft the frontiers of Europe into a pattern for permanent peace a neat example of the difficulty, if not the near-hopelessness, of their job.

THE END

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The Sergeant Isn't Serious

Continued from page 39

His head jerked up sharply. "I know the time," he said, politely but firmly.

"It's nothing to me," Win answered. "But you said you had a detail. I thought you'd forgotten."

"I'm used to remembering my own duties."

But after one more hand, the sergeant said as though he had just thought of it, "Getting late. I've got to catch the bus. Good night, everyone." He rose and turned to Win. "When will you be here again?"

"Friday," she said.

"I may drop in if I have a chance. We'll have another game."

If he had a chance. . . . As though she'd begged him to come.

She said, "*I* may be too busy for bridge," but he only smiled and settled his cap on his cropped head and left.

Friday she would find out just what he was after and why. Friday, however, it did not appear that the sergeant was coming back to offer any information. The evening passed without sign of him, and Win stopped casting glances at the street. Just as well, she told herself.

But then at nine-fifteen he came. Fresh and purposeful as ever, he ran up the porch steps and came directly to her. "Hello, Win. Sorry I'm late." Suddenly she felt annoyed. His manner assumed that she had been waiting for him; that they had a date.

"*Are* you late, Sergeant Harris?" she asked.

The privates with whom she had been talking melted away. The sergeant sat down by her and lighted a pipe. "We haven't much time for bridge. Let's just talk." He leaned back comfortably. "About you. Married?"

"No."

"No ties? No love?"

She smiled. She was beginning to edge him back to his pigeonhole. "Not yet."

"That's too bad," he said. "Most women are more interesting when they're tied to someone else. It keeps them from being edgy."

WIN bridled. "Sergeant, I'm not edgy. I have no ties because I like the way I am."

She saw the flash of his grin in the dark. "Oh, independent."

"I always have been. Mother died when I was small. Dad was away a lot. Now he's married again and moved to Washington. I have my own place here. And what about you, Sergeant? I wouldn't imagine *you* had any strings on your heart."

"Lord no!" he said as vehemently as though she had said she didn't imagine he had bubonic plague. "I've been all through the soft-boiled stage."

Win said, "Now don't tell me you've been hurt by a woman—terribly—and your heart is full of sorrow and novocain."

He laughed. "My heart sticks to its business of pumping blood through me."

If anything had his heart, he told her, it was St. Paul, Minnesota, where he had owned and operated two large garages before he was drafted. He spoke briefly, directly, giving her only the most sketchy account of himself. He was twenty-nine. He had lived with his widowed mother before he went into the Army; he had a younger brother, a Marine flier. He thought the Army was great.

Yet, as he puffed comfortably on his pipe, she was able to be comfortable with him; there was no need to feel alert, to strive to be amusing, as she was with most of the boys. Perhaps it was because he was older, because his uncommunicativeness was restful rather than strained. But as the talk went from the personal to the impersonal, she found that she was beginning to enjoy herself.

Before he left, she had softened enough to say, "Sergeant, I'm here again Sunday. If you come around then I think we could get up another bridge game."

"I can't come Sunday," he said abruptly.

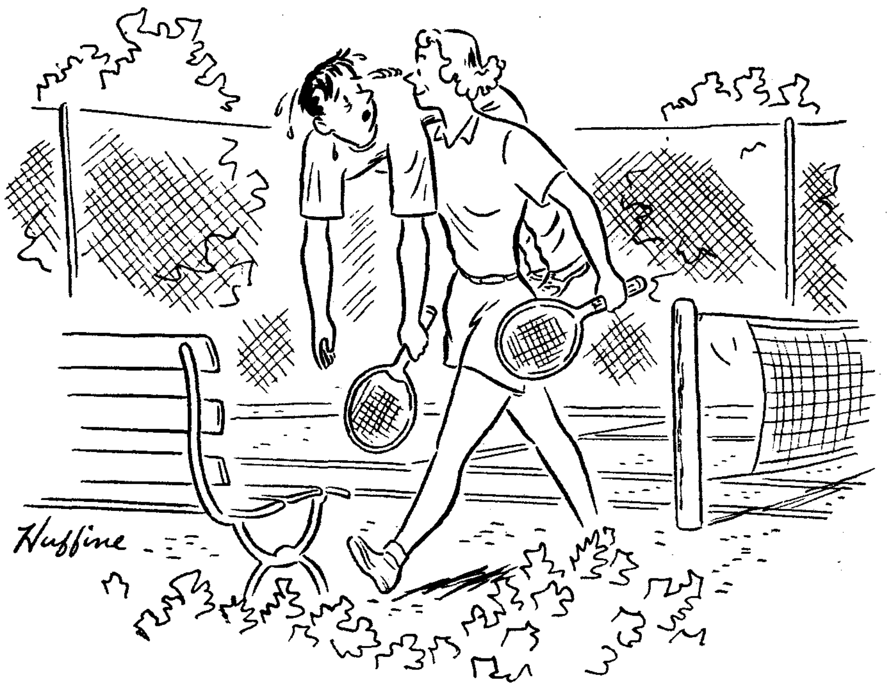
"Oh. . . . Well, any time you can."

"I'm afraid I'm not going to be able to spend much time at the USO," he said. "I'm going to be pretty busy."

She was immediately rebuffed and angry. *He* was the one who had approached *her.*

"Do as you please," she said coldly.

"I do," he said and marched off. No, decidedly, she did *not* like him.



COLLIER'S "You play a nice game for a woman, Martha" DAVE HUFFINE

But he did come Sunday. He had brought the papers with him and, after giving her a nod, went into the sunroom to bury himself in them, and she was annoyed to find she was hurt.

"You'd think I'd been chasing him and he was dismissing me," she thought, furious. "Me, Win Sands, who never chased a man in my life. Sergeant, some day I am going to know what makes you tick."

Later, when she heard the Philharmonic coming from the radio, she went in to listen and found the sergeant in a chair, his tie loosened, his pipe in his mouth, his eyes closed. There was something vulnerable and curiously appealing in his face, relaxed like that. But when he heard her, he opened his eyes and looked at her suspiciously.

"You didn't come here to shut that off, did you?" he asked, his voice very cool.

"I didn't," Win said. "I came to listen."

They sat in silence until the program was over. The sergeant leaned forward and turned off the radio and looked at Win, speculatively. "So you like music?"

"I love it."

"So do I. We're having a concert at camp this week. How about coming out for it? We could have dinner there first."

Her mouth must have dropped open, for he laughed. "Don't tell me you aren't accustomed to invitations from men."

"You know it's against the rules for us to go out with servicemen we meet here," she told him.

"Suit yourself," he said, as though it did not matter one way or another, and she was seized with sudden female pique.

"I'll go," she said decisively. "I'd like to."

He grinned.

THE afternoon before the concert a florist's box arrived at the office. Two gardenias, chaste and dewy. From the sergeant. Both surprised and pleased. Win pinned them to the lapel of her scarlet linen suit. She felt strangely lightheaded and gay as she rode out on the bus to camp.

She waited for the sergeant on the steps of the service club. And then, when she saw him coming up the dusty road from his company area, his face dark mahogany under the lighter tan of his cap, her heart outraged her by cutting one of those up-the-stairs-two-at-a-time capers. Wait a minute, Win, she thought. I wouldn't if I were you. Not for the sergeant.

But when he came up to her and took her hands, his blue eyes lighting when he saw the corsage, she was smiling.

"You get so mad at me, I thought you might not wear them," he said.

"A corsage is hardly the sort of gesture to make a girl mad, Sergeant Harris."

"Can't you relax with 'George' after all these years?"

"George," she said, and they smiled at each other.

They ate at a canopied table on the terrace of the service club, and George was all charm and attention. She had never had a more pleasant dinner companion, and could feel herself thawing, physically, like a patch of snow in strong sunlight.

AS THEY were rising to leave, he turned his back on her, and she saw a long white thread on his shirt, between the shoulder blades. She reached toward him to remove it. "You have a thread on your shirt, George," she said indulgently. "Let me take it off."

He spun around. "How do you know I want it off? Maybe I put it there on purpose."

His remark was so angrily abrupt, that Win gasped. "For heaven's sake!" she said. "I've heard of men putting hairs on their coats so people would think they had been out with blondes. What do you want *me* to think? That you've been dating a spool of Number 60, white?"

"There's no need to worry yourself about what I wear," George answered.

"I don't," she said furiously. "You can go naked, if you can get away with it at inspection."

They had been getting on splendidly and now they were out of tune. Because she had noticed a thread on his coat. It was absurd.

She could not enjoy the concert. All through it, out of the corner of her eye, she could see that white squiggle still on his shirt, defying her. She was puzzled and angry. If she had been on the verge of becoming fond of George, that danger had passed. No woman could stand such a man. She would not let him see her back to town after the concert, and thanked him coolly and perfunctorily for the evening.

But the next day he called her at work, quite as blithely as though the incident had never occurred. "How soon am I going to see you again?"

"You're not," Win said.

"Saturday? We'll go dancing at the Mayfair."

"No, thank you."

"I'll sit on your doorstep and howl until the neighbors call in the S.P.C.A. to arrest you for cruelty to dumb animals. Eight-thirty."

She was a weak and vacillating female who did not know her own mind. She said, to keep out of jail, she would go.

Saturday afternoon three gardenias arrived. She shut them hastily in the refrigerator. But at eight-thirty they were pinned in her black hair and she was ready, in a soft black sheer, and waiting. At quarter to nine she was still waiting. And at nine. And quarter past. At nine-thirty she was stationed at the window, peering through the branches of the pecan tree at the street.

Why didn't he come? He couldn't be standing her up? Why hadn't he phoned? He'd been on the firing range today but he must be in by now. An accident? Her mind leaped at all of which she had ever heard. George hurt, or . . . *And sooner or later he'll go overseas.*

Why, I couldn't stand it if anything should happen to him, she thought. Then she saw him coming, and a wave of relief went over her, leaving her weak. She clung to the sill looking down at the top of his head, seeing the cap cocked jauntily over his left eyebrow, and she knew there had been more in that wave than relief.

She was in love with him. With George Harris, who maddened and infuriated her, and suddenly she didn't care. In one easy sweep she threw out sense, career, everything but her awareness of his sure step on her staircase. She went to the door to let him in and she was shaky and hot and cold and stammering.

"George . . . I was so worried. I thought . . . when you didn't come . . ."

He came into the room. "I suppose you'd like to smell my breath," he said.

It was like a slap. "No," she said. "Why would I?" She turned away so he could not see her lips trembling.

"So you could tell how many bars I'd stopped in on the way."

THE remark seemed so cruel and uncalled-for that she could not answer, could only stare at him. Then, with unexpected gentleness George said quickly, "I know. That's not fair. I was held up on the range and I had just time to dress. I'd have missed the bus if I'd phoned." He came and stood behind her, putting his hands on her shoulders. "Please, Win, this is all noise. It's just that I have to try to prove to myself I'm the master of my fate. After so long of my soul belonging to my mother and my wife, I . . ."

Win stopped breathing. She stood completely frozen. His wife.

She had never thought that he might be married. He had made her think . . .

"I see," she said stiffly, trying to draw her consciousness away from his touch on her shoulder. "I didn't know you were married, George. I . . . you'd better go."

His hands dropped from her. "I should have told you. I had a wife, Win. But we're divorced."

She turned. George had straddled the arm of the couch. Her eyes leaped to him hopefully, but he was delving for his pipe, not looking at her.

"I told you I went through the soft-boiled stage," he said. "I've had my first and last fling at matrimony."

When she didn't answer, he glanced up at her. "I don't mean to be unpleasant, Win, but I haven't escaped for long. Every time a woman seems to be running me, I see red. It isn't you. It's just that, now I'm in the Army, I can call my soul my own for the first time. That sounds funny, doesn't it?"

Win said, "Not so very funny."

"You wouldn't think I've been a mother's boy all my life, would you? But I've had to be. Howard could get away; I had to stay because Mother had a heart ailment. She couldn't be alone. Worrying over me would kill her. I couldn't take out a girl without bringing Mother to tears. You'll say I was soft to take it."

"No, it can happen like that."

"I couldn't hurt her. Couldn't leave," he went on. "Then I met Carol. She was little and sweet and all she seemed to care about was making me happy. We were married secretly. I thought when Mother knew about it, she'd see I'd have to have a place of my own. I thought Carol would stand by me." He shrugged. "I didn't know her. She said we ought to live with Mother, and, I found out it was the idea of a big house that she liked, and the maid Mother had, not having

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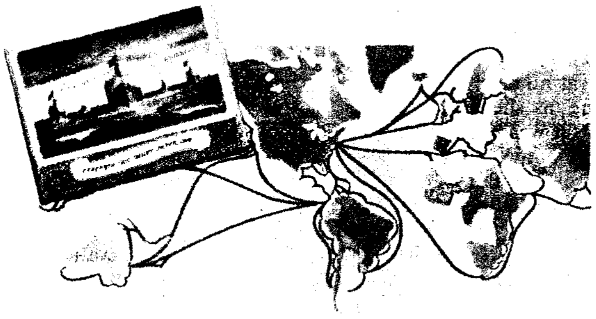

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It charts the world-wide trade routes which our Merchant Marine must serve, locates natural resources by countries, includes interesting facts about our foreign trade. Write to Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Dept. 1-NB, P. O. Box 868, Pittsburgh 30, Pennsylvania.

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Keep our Merchant Marine to help keep peace a life alone with me. But I was too crazy about her to care about that then. It wasn't until I wanted to enlist, after Howard did, that I knew Carol didn't love me. Neither she nor Mother would hear of my going—Carol because she simply couldn't face the chance of being left high and dry.

"I lost all my feeling for her then, but I still never could have left her. And then out of a clear sky, *she* announced she'd met someone else. Someone with the money she thought she was entitled to. She wanted a divorce. She got it and I was drafted. That's about all there is to it."

"So now you're free," Win said.

"So now I'm free. When the war is over I'll go back to St. Paul, but this time on my own. Mother has shown she can get on without me, and I'll never take a chance again on losing myself that way."

So, Win thought, so now all I need to do is let you see I love you . . . and you'll walk out and never come back. You said you hadn't been hurt but you have.

He rose and came to her, taking her hands to pull her out of her chair. "Win, I picked you for my girl, the moment I laid eyes on you, just the way I'd dreamed of being able to do with a girl. But it wouldn't be right to let you get any wrong ideas. I'm not serious. I never will be."

"I understand," Win said. But she wouldn't meet his blue gaze.

"I thought you would. . . . Win, the Fifty-second is breaking up. The cadre will be transferred to other regiments or overseas. I'd like to see as much as possible of you before I have to go. We're adult; we know what we want; we could keep it free and easy." He put a finger under her chin, tipping up her face. "We could have a lot of fun."

She could say "No." She could save herself any deeper scars. But she met his eyes and the moment when she could have sent him away was past.

"Yes, we could have fun," she murmured.

And they did have fun. They danced that night at the Mayfair, and a good many nights after that. George came to the clubhouse on her nights as hostess. They had dinners in her apartment. George thought it was wonderful. He said it proved a man and woman could enjoy each other's company, without loss of individuality to either.

IT WAS lovely for George, but for Win, falling more in love with him each time she saw him, watching him remain serenely untouched by any thought of love, it was misery. If she had been able to give up hope, it would have been easier, but there was always a weak and baseless belief that sometime he would turn to her and say, "But you aren't like Carol, Win. I love you."

He never did. There was only once when she really thought he might be going to: a night when they were sitting over coffee in her apartment before the gas fire she had lighted against the cool October night. For the first time George suddenly turned to her and took her in his arms and kissed her. It went on and on, and then George laid his cheek against her face and Win put her hand against his clipped hair. "George, darling," she whispered.

She thought he would say it then. She felt it in the touch of his hands.

He sat up, straightening his tie. "I'm sorry," he said.

Win looked quickly away. "I know," she said wearily, "you're sorry you had to let that happen to mar the purity of our relationship."

"Why, no," George said. "I'm sorry I didn't do it before. It wouldn't be any good if we didn't feel like that, would it?"

"No," Win said.

"Sex," George said reasonably, "is fine in itself. It only becomes ugly when a man sells himself into bondage for it."

"Is that it?" Win asked, miserable.

All she could hope was that he would get his orders to go, and soon, before she broke down and humiliated herself by letting him see how she felt. But when his orders did come, she would have given anything to retract them. He told her one night, when they were sharing a bowl of chili.

"This is about our last date, Win. I heard today. I'm leaving for Florida Thursday. I'll be there about three months and then, I hope, draw overseas duty."

Win felt herself falling through the earth into nothingness.

"So soon?"

George said matter-of-factly, "We knew this would happen. I'll get in Wednesday and I guess that will be the last. What do you say we have dinner at your place?"

"If you'd like it," she said. The world was spinning. When he goes, she kept thinking, there won't be any me left.

She clung to him in the shadow of the pecan tree when he took her home. And for a moment he seemed to cling to her, too, catching her hungrily against him. But he said nothing. Nothing but his usual, cheery "Good night" and left her to stumble blindly up the stairs.

He came in earlier than usual on Wednesday, finding her at the office, and waited for her to finish up some copy. Just seeing him there, with his close-cropped head bent over a first run of the night's paper and knowing she would not see him again, made her eyes blur so that she could scarcely type.

She tossed the last sheet of copy into the basket on the editor's desk. "We can go now."

"It's funny," George said. "I even like to be around when you're working."

"Do you?" That never-stilled hope flared again. In a sudden desperate flash of inspiration, she said, "By the way, George. I've made up my mind to quit here and join the Wac." It was partly true. She had seriously considered doing it before.

Jefferson Machamer

"Last night I had a super dream about me and Charles Boyer, but it turned out to be just a publicity stunt!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"Good for you!" he said heartily.

She stared at him. She loved him and was losing him; her heart felt like a pillow after a pillow fight, split at the seams, its stuffing scattered. And when she told him she was going into the Wac, where he might conceivably lose her quite thoroughly, he said, "Good for you."

She thought: If only I could hate him.

NO ONE was in the office and as he slipped her jacket over her shoulders, he kissed the back of her neck. She closed her eyes. How could she hate a man who made her feel like this when he kissed her?

"I don't know how I'm going to get on without kissing you any more," he said against her ear.

"You'll find somebody else."

"Never like you."

She turned and faced him, suddenly sure that he loved her. If she could just make him see . . . but this was the last night. She had no more time. If there were only some chance . . .

She started from the office, George following her. "What are we going to eat tonight?" he was saying. He tapped a bundle he had brought with him. "I've got something for before the feast."

"What do you want to eat? I have to stop and shop."

He laughed. "Anything. You're the best darned cook I ever knew. As a matter of fact the only thing I really don't like is codfish, so you can't go wrong."

Now that's the first time George ever expressed a like or a dislike I didn't agree with, she thought. Because I do like . . . She stopped, an idea hurtling into her mind.

She shrugged, smiling a little. "Come on."

Out on the street George said almost shyly, "Even if we're not going anyplace, I'd like to buy you a last corsage, Win."

It was hard, very hard, but she forced her voice to indifference. "If you want," she said. "I'll meet you at the market."

SHE left him and went straight to the meat counter of the market and bought two codfish steaks, and tucked the package under her arm, a dangerous gleam in her eye. When she met George he handed her the familiar corsage box.

"Don't tell me. Let me guess," she said. "Gardenias!"

He looked at her sharply. "Don't you like gardenias, Win?"

"Sure," said Win. "But sometimes . . . well, it's the smell really. It's so funereal."

"But I thought . . . You should have told me before. Let me get something else."

"Don't be silly. Any girl would be thrilled to death with them."

"Yes, but if you're not . . ." he said with a bewildered expression. But she would not let him go back to the florist.

He opened his package at her apartment. "Real grain gin," he said proudly. "I bought it from a fellow at camp. What do you want me to make? You've got vermouth. We could have a Martini, or . . ."

"Anything you want, George."

"Win, what's the matter tonight?" he asked puzzled.

"Are you so dependent on what other people choose?" she laughed. "Remember, you told me you were a free agent."

"Well, I'll surprise you then," he said, and gave her a quick, anxious grin. She returned an absent-minded smile and moved off to start preparing the meal. George busied himself with a creation that included egg white, powdered sugar, lemon juice, and pounded mint leaves.

He held out a frosty shaker to her. "Try one."

"No, you go on in the living room and have one yourself. I'm still busy."

"It's no fun without you."

But in the end he went, because she told him he got in her way, and dispiritedly drank a cocktail alone. When Win joined him, he leaped up eagerly and poured her a drink. She took a taste and set it down.

"Would you mind," she said sweetly, "if I just made a Tom Collins for myself?"

George looked as disappointed as a child. The cocktail hour was not the gay, easy-going time that previous ones had been. Nor was dinner a success. She set the main dish before him to serve. "When you said you didn't like codfish I decided it was time you learned," she said lightly. "*Everyone* loves it the way I fix it."

George ate the fish, but it was clear he was not among those who loved Win's way with it. After dinner she banished him again, not allowing him to help with the dishes as he usually did. She returned to find him standing broodingly before the fireplace.

"Win . . . I can see something's wrong," he said, his voice low. He came to her and put his hands roughly on her arms, searching her face. "Win, you've got to tell me what's the matter. This isn't like you. This is more like . . . Carol. What are you trying to do? You know how I feel about you."

"No. *How* do you feel about me?" Win asked brightly.

"Like this." He pulled her to him.

For just a second, she yielded, her arms about his neck, her mouth warm and soft under his.

"I'm crazy about you," George said. "You must know that. Win, this is our last time together." His palms were pressing hard against her back. "We could end it so beautifully. . . . We could . . ."

SHE broke away. She faced him and little points of green fire sprang from her eyes. "No!" she cried. "It gives me great pleasure to say 'No,' George Harris, to whatever suggestion for ending a beautiful friendship you're about to make."

"Win . . ." he began. "Listen to me . . ." but she turned away from him.

"Why should I listen?" she asked wildly. "I can be independent, too—exactly the way you feel people should be. I'll go my way and you'll go yours, that's how you want it, isn't it?" She stopped, horrified to hear her voice breaking. Suddenly everything seemed futile, the whole plan she had worked out for the evening was pointless, absurd. She stared at him as he stood there before her, bewilderment in his eyes.

"Can't you see, George?" she asked, her voice tired and low. "You can't always be independent, not the way you mean. Nobody is. You want to make love to me now . . . but you aren't free to do it, unless I want you to. If you want other people in your life, there are lots of times when you have to be dependent. Even *you* haven't gotten away from it." She took a breath. "And now," she said, "you can go to Florida . . . and I hope an alligator . . . bites you."

George said nothing. He moved quietly to the chair where he had left his cap and tunic and put them on and went out. She heard him go down the stairs, and then she sat down heavily on the couch.

So that's that, she thought. You wanted the whole cake, and now you don't even get the icing. She sat very still, staring straight ahead, feeling only numbness.

Then someone knocked at the door, and she heard footsteps entering the apartment.

"Win," George said, "I love you."

He was standing in the doorway. He must have tiptoed up. Win looked over her shoulder. "Be careful, George," she said in a muffled voice. "The trap might shut on you."

"I want it to," he said. "I must have been thinking all along how I could renege on what I've said."

Win made a helpless little gesture. "I was so horrible to you. . . ."

"I deserved it. Win, come to Florida and marry me. The only way I can ever be free now is with you. You're the girl I want to pull the threads off me."

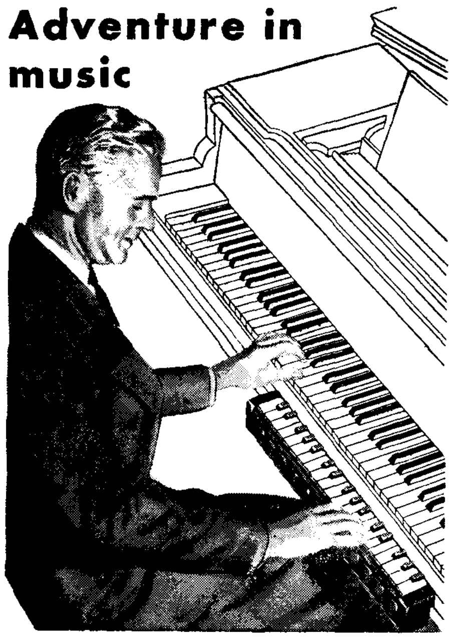
Win said, "George, it would give me great pleasure to say 'Yes.'"

"Then say it. Come over here and say it."

But it was a long way across the floor. He met her before she got there.

THE END

Adventure in music



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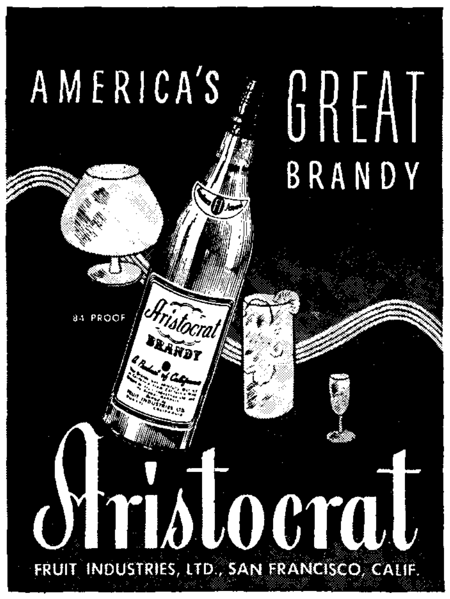

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London Fights the Robots

Continued from page 17

Walker. Greb, placed on the scales, weighed exactly 12 pounds over the 162 he was to make at two o'clock that afternoon. Now suppose you had seen the weight rubbed and pounded off of him and got rid of by several other means, and him carried on the scales too weak to walk and almost too weak to curse you.

Then suppose you had seen the meal he ate and seen him enter the ring weighing exactly the same weight he had left bed with that morning. Then suppose you had seen the great, crowding, smashing, take it, come in again, thumbing, butting, mean, nasty, bloody, lovely fight he made, and you had to sum up the whole business in these terms: One of our fighters named Greb whose characteristics have not been revealed was reported to have encountered an M. Walker last night. Further details will be released in due course.

If this ever seems a screwy story, remember that through the sky at all times are passing pilotless aircraft which look, in flight, rather like an ugly metal dart with a white-hot bunghole, travel at speed up to 400 miles an hour, carry, as of this writing, 2,200 pounds of explosive in their noses, make a noise like a glorified motorcycle and, at this moment, are passing overhead the place where this is written.

One of my most esteemed colleagues told me in New York that he was not returning to the European theater because anything he might write would merely be a repetition of what he had already written. At this point I am authorized to state to my esteemed colleague that the danger of repetition in a story is one of the more negligible hazards that his old co-workers are at present confronted with.

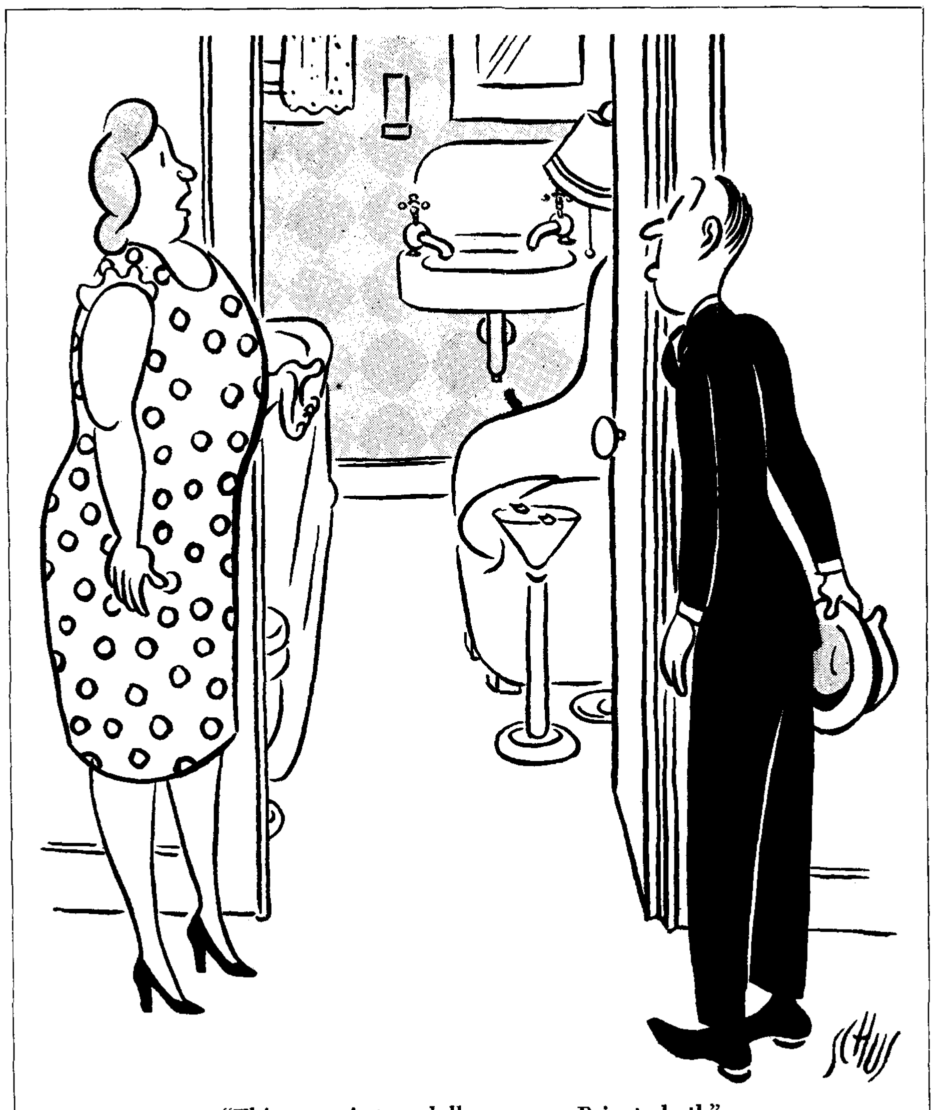
Now if you are following this piece closely —which I am not, due to a certain amount of windowpane trouble—we should be somewhere in southern England where a group of Tempest pilots have in seven days shot down their share of pilotless aircraft. Lots of people call this weapon the doodlebug, the robot bomb, the buzz bomb and other names hatched in the brains of the keener Fleet Street types, but so far nobody I have ever known who has fought him has referred to Joe Louis as Toots. So we will continue to refer to this weapon as the pilotless aircraft in this release from your pilotless-aircraft editor, and you can call it any of those quaint or coy names you wish, but only when you are alone.

The day before your pilotless-aircraft editor started studying the interception angle, he or I (I guess it is I, although sometimes it doesn't seem the right man in the right place and I have thought some of leaving the whole thing and going back to writing books in stiff covers), went out in one of forty-eight Mitchell bombers—that is, eight boxes of six bombers each—to bomb one of the sites from which the pilotless aircraft are launched.

These sites can be readily identified by the merest tyro by the quantity of old Mitchell bombers which are strewed around them and by the fact that, when you get close to them, large, black circular rings of smoke appear alongside of the vehicle you are riding in. These circular black rings of smoke are called flak, and this flak is the author of that old piece of understatement about two of our aircraft failed to return.

Sky View of the Target

Well, we (that is Wing Commander Lynn, who is nice company in an airplane and who has exactly the same voice on the intercom when Kees, the bombardier, has her held in on the run and is saying, "Bombing—Bombing—Bombing—Bombing—" as though you were not on the last mile) bombed this site with proverbial pin-point accuracy. I had a nice look at the site which appeared to be a gigantic concrete construction lying on its side or its belly (depending on whether you saw it just before the run or just after it) in a woods completely surrounded by bomb



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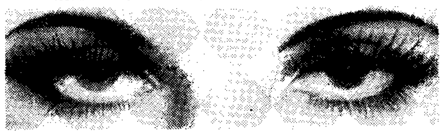

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craters. There were two small clouds that didn't look lonely the way the clouds were in "I wandered lonely as a cloud."

There were many rings of the black smoke in a line coming right straight alongside of us inside the box between us and where the other Mitchell on our right was going along in the air, looking just like a picture of a Mitchell in an advertisement by the manufacturers. Then, with the smoke rings forming along her side, the belly of this kite —looking just like in moving pictures— opened, pushing out against the air, and the bombs all dropped out sideways as if she were having eight long metal kittens in a hurry.

We all were doing this, although you could not see what anybody did except this one. Then we all went home just as fast as we could go home, and that is bombing. Unlike a lot of other things, the best part is afterward. I suppose it is something like going to college. It isn't so much how much you learn. It is the wonderful people you meet.

Your pilotless-aircraft editor never went to college (here we call it a university), so now he is going to the R.A.F. instead, and the main subject he is studying is trying to understand English on the radio telephone. Face to face with an Englishman, I can understand almost everything he says. I can speak, read and write Canadian clearly and have a smattering of Scottish and a few words of New Zealand. I can understand enough Australian to draw cards and order drinks and to shove my way into a bar if it is crowded. South African I dominate as a spoken tongue almost as well as I do Basque. But English over the RT is just a glorious mystery.

Close up, over the intercom in a bomber, I get most of it. When you press the button on the stick, that isolates conversation to what is said in the cockpit, so you have those long, intimate chats that go, "Wonder who that b— is that's talking," and you answer, "Don't know. Must be the same Jerry that on the night of D-Day kept saying "Turn back. Turn back. The operation has been canceled!"

"Wonder how he gets on our wave length?"

You shrug your shoulders and take your thumb off the button. That close conversation I get all right, but when real Englishmen speaking English start talking to one another between one kite and another kite and back and forth from control, I just study it hard like homework, as if you had brought home somebody's calculus book and were still on plane geometry.

Actually, I cannot understand English very well yet on the ordinary telephone, so, having been indoctrinated in the Good Neighbor policy, I always say, "Yes," and just make them repeat the time the car will be around in the morning to take us to whatever field we will be starting from.

How Not to Avoid Danger

This accounts for many of the curious sorties your pilotless-aircraft correspondent goes on. He is not a man who has a perpetual urge to seek peril in the sky or to defy the laws of gravity; he is simply a man who, not understanding very well the nature of the propositions offered over the telephone due to faulty earwork, constantly finds himself involved in the destruction of these monsters in their hellish lairs or in attempts at interception in that fine, 400-mile-an-hour airplane, the Mosquito.

At present, your pilotless-aircraft editor has stopped all telephone calls of any description in order to attempt to bring the story up to date before someone proposes something so startling and so generous to your editor in the nature of an operation that he would fail in his duties to this great book to have recorded what has happened up to this time. However, before all calls were stopped, two or three rather lovely propositions were received, and I understand that there is a feeling freely expressed in some quarters that, "Ernie is yellow. With a chance to go on absolutely wizard ops, he is up in his room at that pub, doing what do you think?"

"What?" in a horrified tone.

"Writing."

"My God! The old boy's had it!"

THE END

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Sluggers' Sweetheart

Continued from page 34

The landlady takes great pride in "her boys" and she often darns their socks. She also insists on pressing their ring trunks before they leave for a fight, believing it brings them luck.

Mrs. Browne went into the rooming-house business about a quarter of a century ago. Most of her tenants were theatrical people, and she ran many a merry race trying to collect her rent. She has no such trouble now.

The neighbors look askance at her tenants, yet no neighbor has ever had cause for complaint. The fighters awake early, spend several hours at roadwork and then rush off to Stillman's Gymnasium for experimental slugging. By the time the day's work is done, they're glad to hit the hay.

Noisy Parties Disturbed Sleep

Thus it was that Goldman complained a while ago that some of the fighters in the house couldn't sleep because of noisy parties going on in the adjoining building. Mrs. Browne investigated and learned that the host at these parties was one of the conductors at the Metropolitan Opera House.

"Look," Mrs. Browne pointed out. "I got it prize fighters in my house, and it's quiet like mouses. And they got a concertmaster in the other house, and all the time it's noises."

There is one unwavering rule at Mrs. Browne's: poker and craps are barred. Once two Southern boxers in the third floor back gambled constantly, and their quarrels kept awake the lad who lived in the room below.

"Those two got the bummers' rush after they paid their rent," Ma recalls. "That boy under them was a good payer and I not wanted to lose him. Now, no more cards or craps!"

Before the war, one of the fighters who lived at Mrs. Browne's was a leading welterweight named Al Nettlow. He was a smooth talker from Detroit and, according to Mrs. Browne, had only one vice. He liked to go deep-sea fishing all the time. After one expedition, Nettlow returned with a basket heaped with fish. "We were eating fish here for a whole month that time," Goldman recalls. "We had fish coming out of our ears."

Mrs. Browne admits a prejudice against marriage for prize fighters and cites the case of Joe Baksi to prove it. "He was a nice boy and he married a nice girl a couple months ago," she says, "but fighters shouldn't get married. When Baksi got married, I no longer was the boss." The landlady underlined her observation by pointing out that Baksi had lost the first fight he engaged in as a benedict.

Ambers was not the only champion to live at Mrs. Browne's. Joey Archibald, a featherweight from Rhode Island, was rooming there when he managed to gain the world championship. Soon after, however, Joey was married and immediately lost his bauble. He also left Mrs. Browne's, but she didn't miss him. "That Archibald was a college boy and he always was talking big words I couldn't understand," she says. "I was almost glad when he left. Beside, he was married."

Mrs. Browne's prejudice against fighters getting married didn't extend to Arturo Godoy, a South American managed by Weill. Godoy had two chances to win Louis' heavyweight championship, but failed. The landlady doesn't believe her roomer lost to Louis because he was married. Godoy didn't lick Louis, Mrs. Browne insists, because he was a South American. She's never heard of the Good Neighbor Policy.

THE END

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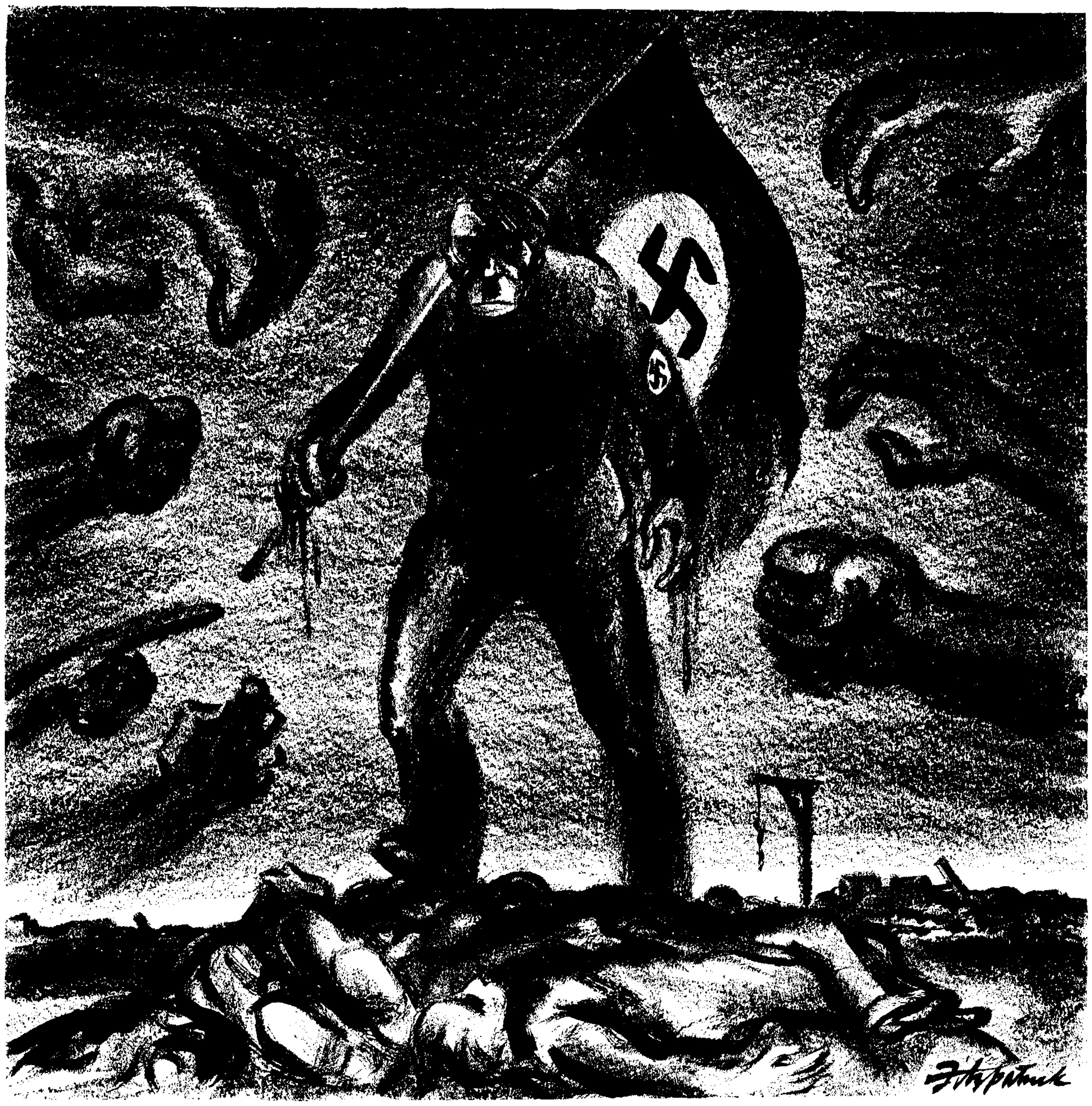


BLACK DAYS FOR GERMANY

It was the black day of the German army in the war. To continue would be a gamble. The war would have to be ended.

THE quotation is from General Erich von Ludendorff, co-manager with General Paul von Hindenburg of Germany's major military efforts in the first World War. Ludendorff was speaking of August 8, 1918. That day, having won the Second Marne, the Allies opened the Battle of Amiens, routed eleven German divisions, and staked out the trail to the concluding Allied victories of the war—Second Somme, Arras, Bapaume, Péronne, Saint-Mihiel, the Argonne, Ypres. Ludendorff at once began to advise the Berlin government to make peace as best it might.

It is now possible to distinguish some black days for the German nation—not for the German army alone—in World War II.

One of these occurred five days after the Allies invaded western Europe. The Germans began to send blind, pilotless flying bombs across the Channel to England, to kill, maim and wreck wherever they might land. This brand of frightfulness stirred up in England, for the first time since this war began, a widespread demand for revenge against the German people.

Another of these black days for Germany was the as-yet-unknown date of the Hitler government's decision to begin exterminating all the Jews it could lay hands on. Between April 15, 1942, and April 15, 1944, the Germans are alleged to have murdered, with cyanide gas turned into sealed execution halls, a total of 1,715,000 Jews in two extermination camps in Upper Silesia. The figure would seem to be exaggerated; but the fact of the Hitler government's resolve to wipe the Jewish race off the earth is not exaggerated.

These and other salient facts of recent German history all converge like a ring of questing searchlights to point out the blackest day for Germany since August 8, 1918. This day was March 5, 1933. On that day, German voters in their last free election gave Hitler's Nazi Party control of the Reichstag, and thereby brushed away the last obstacle to Hitler's assumption of dictatorial power. Thus the German people surrendered their destinies to a little man whose ego was eaten up by hatred, and whose whole philosophy radiated from the propositions that the Germans are a superior race, and that the strong should be cruel to the weak simply because the strong are strong, and the weak are weak.

The consequences of that surrender are closing in on the German nation now. The Western Allies may want to extend a measure of mercy to Germany. But it is difficult to see how anybody can save the Germans from the savage wrath of the Russians, or from the explosive hates the Germans have been careful to build up for themselves among the people of every country they have occupied in World War II.

Fight Malaria Now

WE HOPE none of the customers missed J. D. Ratcliff's article, Killer Coming Home, in a recent Collier's—all about the danger of big and vicious epidemics of malaria in the United States when the troops begin to come home in large numbers.

Surgeon General Thomas Parran's U. S. Public Health Service is getting busy on the problem this summer, and hopes for success *if* the general public cooperates, especially in the 120 Southern counties where malaria spreads most easily, and *if* Congress will appropriate the money needed for a national malaria-control program.

There are three valuable drugs for curing or suppressing the disease—namely, quinine, atabrine, Plasmochin. Synthetic quinine soon should be in quantity production.

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Publisher

HENRY LA COSSITT, Editor

JOE ALEX MORRIS, Managing Editor

But the way to strike at the heart of the malaria menace is to exterminate, if we can, all the malaria-carrying mosquitoes in the United States. The disease is spread only by mosquitoes, and most effectively by adult female mosquitoes of only three types. These go by the jawbreaking names of Anopheles Freeborni, Anopheles Quadrimaculatus and Anopheles Albimanus. They are as mean and dangerous as they sound.

If you see a mosquito on your skin with its stern elevated, it is an Anopheles, and you'd better see a doctor if you don't succeed in squashing the brute before it punctures your skin. All other varieties of mosquito stand with their bodies parallel to the skin.

The threat of malaria epidemics when the troops stream home is not something for us to get panicky about. But it is something to start combating now, by carefully organized, adequately financed and persistently executed mosquito-extermination programs in all U. S. areas that have mosquitoes. As the above-mentioned Collier's article wound up: "This is a job that can't wait. It had better not wait."

Wanted: 125,000 Student Nurses

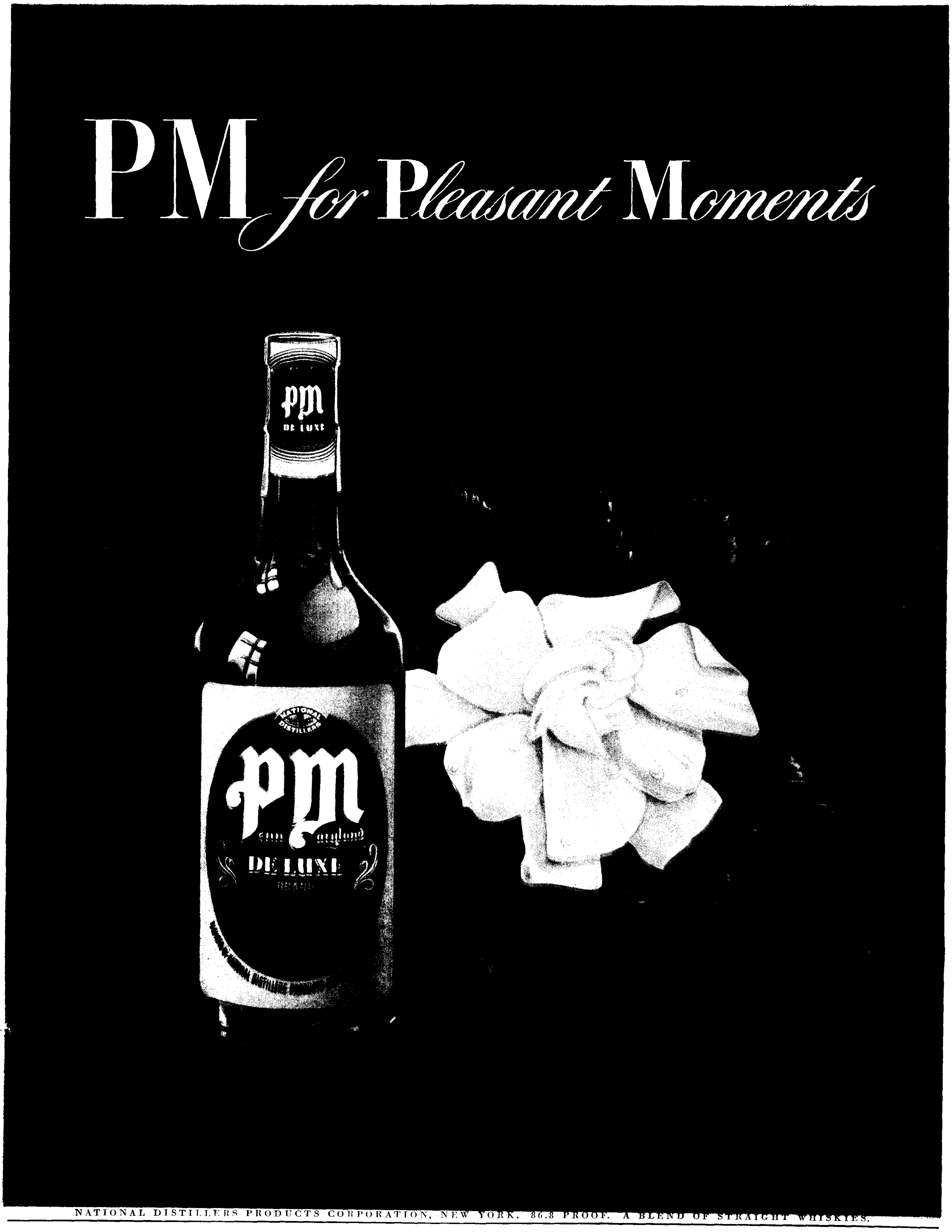
AS ANYBODY who has been hospitalized anywhere in this country in the last couple of years probably knows only too well the war has drained an enormous number of graduate nurses out of American hospitals. They won't all be coming back to the hospitals after the war; and in all likelihood there will be a long-standing and heavy demand for nurses in veterans' hospitals.

It is imperative, therefore, to build up the ranks of the nursing profession; and the U. S. Public Health Service is now actively pushing an effort to do so. The U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps is recruiting student nurses as fast as it can, and hopes to enroll at least 125,000 in the two-year period 1943-45.

Age and schooling requirements vary somewhat among the more than 1,000 schools of nursing now co-operating with the Cadet Nurse Corps program. But you can probably qualify if you can truthfully answer Yes to these questions: Are you a woman between 17 and 35? Are you in good health? Have you been graduated from an accredited high school with satisfactory grades, or had some college education? Interested in people? Interested in science? Sense of humor? Orderly mind? Neat? Deft with your hands? Quick to grasp what you see, read and hear?

Cadet nurses promise to stick with essential nursing throughout the war. In return, all their tuition and kindred fees at nursing school are paid by the government; uniforms, room and board are furnished free; and they are paid $15 a month during the first nine pre-cadet months, $20 a month for the next 15 to 21 months as Junior Cadets, and at least $30 a month thereafter till graduation as Senior Cadets. On graduation, you are eligible to become a Registered Nurse—meaning you have a lifetime profession if you want to practice it.

From both the patriotic and the practical points of view, we think the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps is to be wholeheartedly recommended to any woman who thinks she might qualify. Your neighborhood druggist very likely has detailed information on the subject right now, since the nation's 55,000 drugstores this summer are co-operating in the Public Health Service's campaign for recruits. Or you can get the necessary information from your local hospital, or from U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps, Box 88, New York, N. Y.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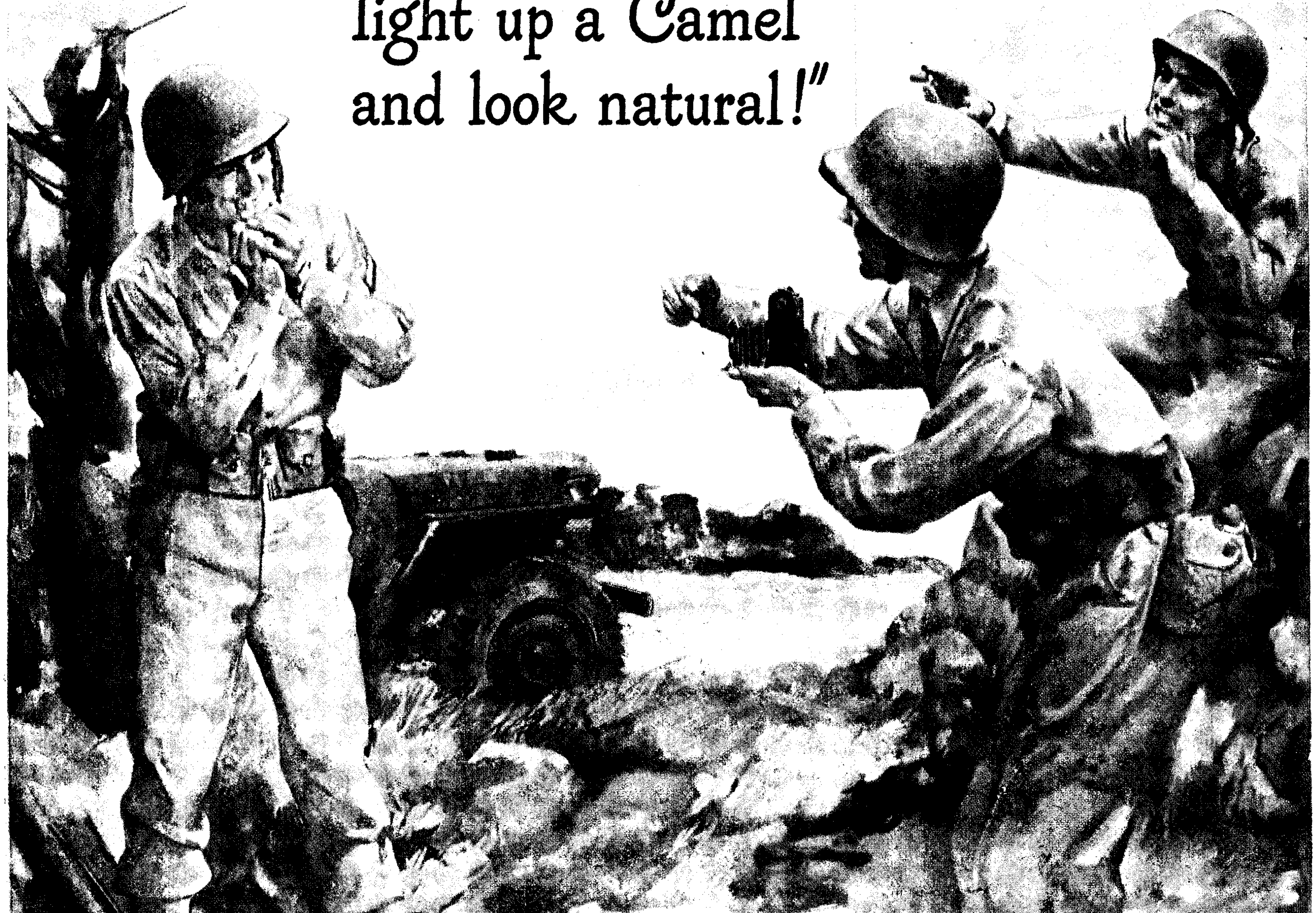

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